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When Louis Napoleon Visited Boston

OUIS NAPOLEON of the Bonaparte family, long before he was made King of ce, visited Boston, as did his cessor on the throne, Louis ope, the real royalist.

was 82 years ago this coming ier that the young man, the Emperor of the French, came ston. His mother was Hor- daughter of Josephine parte by her first marriage, ie was a prince because the Napoleon, who loved his ttep-daughter, had married her e King of Holland. In 1836 leon, then 28 years old, was l up in a Bonaparte plot to the throne from the last of ourbons, Louis Philippe, and promptly a fugitive.

took his cue from his King, followed the steps of that rch by coming to Boston, an in 1837. He was quite into, as relations between the d States and France at the wert quite friendly.

is Napoleon landed at New York, but as some of his ste grandfather Napoleon the Great old soldiers were living in Bosto he came here and was welcome as a Frenchman in distress. Whil here, he sought aid for the Bon partist cause, but received no su port.

He was practically penniless and local Frenchmen contribute to a fund to aid his return to Eu rope, figuring that it would cheaper than to keep him he He finally landed in Londo where money and friends we abundant, and it was large through his machinations that h predecessor in exile in Bost was dethroned and he was chos President. A few years later was made King, continuing h monarch until the Franco-Pru sian war in 1871, when he was co posed. He, too, found refuge England, where he died. Writer have noted the singular coinci dence of visits to Boston as exil of both the last of the Bourbo and the last of the Bonaparte before they became rulers.

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No. 18

MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS

VOL. I

JOHN DORAN, Ph.D.
Born, March 11, 1807.
Died, January 25, 1878.

Monarchs Retired from Business was published in two volumes in 1857. The following verse of Leigh Hunt's appeared on the title-page:—

"I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant-shape of power,
Of the old Kings with high-exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed."

The present edition is a reprint of the second edition of 1857, published by Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

Dr Doran was a voluminous contributor to anecdotal literature, and was Editor of "Notes and Queries" at the time of his death.

A few notes will be found at the end of each volume.

A. R. W.

JOHN DORAN

MONARCHS

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS

VOL. I.

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MONARCHS
RETIRED FROM BUSINESS

THE KING!

"Oh, 't is the sweetest of all earthly things,
To gaze on Princes and to talk of Kings!"—POPE.

THE word *King* has had assigned to it a Germanic derivation, which implies the power of the privileged individual by whom it is borne. The term is derived, we are told, from *können*, "to be able,"—a man who emphatically *can* do, what he pleases. The word is to be traced in many Germanic names borne by exalted personages wielding sovereign power; and the old Kunibalds, Kunigilds, Kunildas, and the like, were, doubtless, irresponsible persons, who were not to be questioned.

In the Old High-German language, the term *Chuninc* (from *Chunni*, a race) signifies the "chief of a race." In the Anglo-Saxon we have, according to Schwenk, the word King under the forms *Cyning, Cynig, Cyng, Cinc, Cing, Cingc, Cining, Cininc.* The Swedish language gives it us in *Konung*, the Danish in *Konge*, the Finnish in *Kuningas.* The word Queen may be traced through the Anglo-Saxon *Cvaen, Cven*, the Gothic *Quino*, and the terms used in various parts of Germany in the ancient time—*Queno, Chena, Kona*, and even the Slavonic *Shena*,—to the Greek γυνή, *a woman.* The word Queen, with a slight difference in the spelling, has still that original meaning in English, where Quean implies "woman," in the spirit with which it is used in the vulgar tongue. Schwenk, in tracing both *King* and *Queen* to the Anglo-Saxon *cennan*, "to know," adds, that the word had originally affinity with *können*, "to

be able," "to beget." There is the same affinity in the Greek γιγνώσκειν and γίγνεσθαι, and in the Latin *noscere* (*gnoscere*) and *nasci* (*gnasci*). In the respective words, then, *King* and *Queen*, there is implied union of knowledge and power. Mr Shandy would make much more of them; but it will suffice to say here that these wise and strong individuals were the actual chiefs and the metaphorical parents of their race.

The Tartar *Khan* is probably another form of the word. The Russians, who are not Europeans, but descendants of the wreck of the army of the Mogul Batou Khan, were accustomed, previous to their sudden conversion to Christianity, to hail their supreme chief by the name of *Konger*. Very zealous antiquaries affect to see the grand original of "King" in Kenan (an uncle of Seth), who was especially appointed by Heaven, ruler of the Universe.

Cun, the British word for chief or sovereign, has been safely asserted to be cognate with *Khan*. Davies, in his 'Mythology of the Druids,' states that British Kings were accustomed to appropriate to themselves some title of the God to whom they were devoted. He cites as an example Cunobelinus, "believed to be the royal name of Bran, Brenus, the Raven, Caractacus's father." Cunobelinus is interpreted *King* or *Lord Belinus*, a title of the Sun,—a title which, we are assured, is often to be found on ancient British coins or talismans.

The word *King* may also be traced in the Gaelic. The patron-saint of Glasgow is Mungo, or *Kentigern*. The latter word is only expressive of the rank and office of the saint. He was Kean-Tigherna, "chief ruler of the House of the Lord."

Adam and Abraham have been included among Kings, both being great chiefs among men. Some persons have even ascribed to the former the title of "King of Kings," on the ground that he was identical with David and Messiah; a proof of which they see in his name, so divinely constituted in the Hebrew as to give the initials A. D. M.

There are a few etymologists who assert that the original of the word is in "Cain," which may mean a "possession," or to "envy," or to "lament," with all of which, Kings have much to do. Abraham Zacutho gravely asserts that there was extant, in his time, a letter addressed by Alexander to Aristotle, in which the warrior informed the philosopher that he had landed on a Persian island, where he heard nothing spoken but Greek (a circumstance not more singular than the fact that at the present day, through a great portion of Persia, little is spoken but Turkish), and that he had seen there the grave of "*Kenan*, son of Enos," who had been sole *King* of the world.

Whatever may be the origin of the term (the Latin form of which, *Rex*, is from the Hebrew *Rosch*, a chief, from which is derived *Rajah*), the first man who wore it is said to have been Shem, who is identified, by persons of more than ordinary acuteness, with Melchizedek, King of Salem. There is probably a truer, certainly a prettier, legend, which makes of Nimrod the first King who ever wore a crown. Pope Gregory VII. used to say that the priesthood was derived from God himself, but that imperial power had first been assumed by Nimrod. The story runs thus, as told in the Rabbinical traditions, and it fails to confirm the assertion of Gregory.

Nimrod was abroad one day in the fields, following his vocation of the chase. Happening to look up, he beheld in the heavens a figure which resembled that subsequently so familiar to man—the figure of a crown. The mighty hunter summoned to his side the most skilful craftsman in gold, who resided in the vicinity, and pointing out to him the still glittering shape in the sky, asked if he could fashion a headpiece like that visibly intended for Nimrod by Heaven, whence the pattern had expressly come. The artist answered confidently in the affirmative, sketched the model, and, in a short time, produced a radiant crown, which the King for ever wore, and at which his subjects could seldom look without peril of being blinded by its dazzling glory.

This is perhaps the first suggestion on record of the right divine of monarchs; and it is not impossible that from Nimrod is derived the grand syllable here discussed. That potentate was styled the mighty hunter; and *Kenaz*, which implies "*hunting*," is thus supposed to typify that regal government to which people of old were subjected by their rulers.

Of old, Kings were not necessarily sovereigns of nations. Some of them were simply chiefs of cities, such as the King of Sodom and the King of Gomorrah. Nicolaus Damascenus even speaks of the ancestors of Abraham as "reigning," because they were proprietors not only of flocks and herds, but also of men.

There is no mention in Scripture of a royal crown, as a kingly possession, till the time when the Amalekites are described as bringing Saul's crown to David. The first Roman who wore a crown was Tarquin, B.C. 616. It was at first a mere fillet, then a garland, subsequently stuffs adorned with pearls. Alfred is said to have been the first English King who wore this symbol of authority, A.D. 872. Athelstan (A.D. 929) wore a modern earl's coronet. In 1053, Pope Damasius II. introduced the Papal cap. Thirteen years later, William the Conqueror added a coronet with points to his ducal cap. The Papal cap was not encircled with a crown till the era of John XIX. (1276). Nineteen years afterwards Boniface VIII. added a second crown. Benedict XII. completed the tiara, or triple crown, about the year 1334. In 1386, Richard II. pawned *his* crown and regalia to the City of London for £2000. The crosses on the crown of England were introduced by Richard III., 1483. The arches date from Henry VII. (1485). The sceptre has undergone as many changes as the crown. Originally it was a staff, intended for the support of the monarch; they who shortened it sometimes turned it into a club, to lay prostrate their people.

The first quality of an ancient King was valour. Josephus especially praises David, for the circumstance that when war broke out, he did not *send* his people to battle, but *led* them. He "went readily and first of all," says

the historian, "into danger, when he was to fight for his subjects." Josephus lays down, that piety towards God, justice towards the people, and care for the public welfare, are the three great duties required of a King. Irresponsibility however was long cherished as an unquestionable privilege of royalty, and Antony said in reference to Herod, who was the mere nominee of Rome, that "it was not good to require an account of a King as to the affairs of his government, for at this rate he could be no King at all; but that those who had given him the authority ought to permit him to make use of it." The Jewish historian has a less exalted idea of the regal office than the Roman Triumvir, and he holds that Kings may be incited to virtue and humanity by the good actions of their subjects. He evidently indorses the old Latin maxim, "Rex datur propter regnum, non regnum propter regem." He would seem to maintain, what indeed is the truth, that the monarch is greater than any single individual, but less than the entire people; or as Bracton pithily puts it, "Rex est major singulis, minor universis."

It may be here noticed, by the way, that although Nimrod be the first King named by Moses,—although his time is fixed as being about three hundred and forty years after the Flood, and that popular gratitude made a god of him, and gave him a place among the constellations, where he still shines, the brilliant-belted Orion,—there is nevertheless a tradition of a royal Chaldean dynasty before the Deluge. Of this apocryphal line there is said to have been ten kings; and the name of the first, whose accession is set down at four hundred and sixty years after the Creation, was Alorus, or "Shepherd of his people,"—a signification which should be very suggestive to all contemporary monarchs in these and succeeding times. Xisuther was the name of the last, and he is said to have been identical with Noah!

There is something very majestic in the details connected with this sublime but cloudy race. One monarch is said to have reigned upwards of ten thousand years! The sway of another lasted, we are told, above sixty-

four thousand years; and the dynasty itself endured the amazing period of nearly *half a million* of years! Some attempts have been made to reconcile this with probability, by substituting *days* for years. The period even then will be found to be one of vast extent; but it is thought that, considering the duration of human life before the Deluge, the alleged era of the Chaldean dynasty may, in its improved form, be less likely to meet rejection. It is noticed here, chiefly for the sake of the tradition which tells us that the name of the first King was one indicative of gentle and careful guardianship,—"Shepherd of his people."

Before proceeding to notice the "King of Kings," in the worldly sense of that title, let us remark that, for a long time, among the Jews, there prevailed an idea that the Divine Majesty, to whom alone such a title belongs, would never dwell in any congregation that did not number more than nine. If ten persons were not present in a synagogue, there was no worship; for the King of Kings was not supposed to be present. Lightfoot quotes Rabbi Jonathan as saying, "When the holy blessed God cometh into the synagogue, and findeth not ten there, he is presently angry; as it is said, Wherefore came I, and there was *no man?*" Among the Jews therefore it required *more* than nine persons to make one individual.

The proud title of "King of Kings" was allowed to monarchs who had Kings for their vassals. It is authoritatively given in Scripture to the King of Babylon; it was a title of Artaxerxes; it was assumed by Mithridates, in Pontus; by Tigranes, in Armenia; by Vologeses, in Parthia. It was the distinctive appellation of the King of Abyssinia in the time of Bruce; and it is this day worn by the most contemptible of the crowned slaves in Asia, the Shah Inshah, King of Kings, who has his sovereign seat in Persia. Some of the old Irish potentates arrogated to themselves this title, but that was before the Christian era. Setting aside the Christian ruler of Abyssinia, the title of King of Kings has never been assumed by Christian monarchs. The Pagan title sounded

sacrilegious in their ears; it was one which belonged, they thought, to the Almighty alone; and the words "Christ is the King of Kings" were impressed on the exergue of the coins of several of the Greek Emperors, with whom this easy homage constituted all their Christianity.

Justinus, when supporting the antiquity of the regal power, remarks, "Principio, rerum gentiumque imperium penes reges erat." Julius Cæsar refused the title, but took the *thing*. He knew the rooted dislike of the people to the royal title, and he retained the then more modest term of *Imperator*,—originally, a military commander-in-chief. The Eastern Emperors however remembered that, of old, King was a higher title than that which they commonly bore; and though they did not suppress the imperial distinction, they heightened their dignity by adding Βασιλεύς, or "King," to their title of Emperor or Autocrat. The Emperors of the West, when they were but very small personages, retained the title adopted by Cæsar, apparently because that of King was assumed by the barbarian rulers of the Goths, Franks, and Lombards. The Emperors of the East distinguished lesser potentates, not by the regal title, but by that of Phyx. In more modern times—that is to say, in the days of the old German Empire—the term King of the Romans simply designated the successor to the Empire. To have such a successor ready, in an empire that was not hereditary, was of great importance, to avoid tumult. In hereditary monarchies the King never dies, and tumult is not apprehended.

The right to create a King is said to reside in an Emperor. The Pope has claimed or exercised the right, but not without protest. Cosmo, Duke of Florence, was crowned by a Pontiff, but the Emperor Maximilian forbade him to assume a regal title. It seemed absurd to Maximilian that a Pope, who could not, with strict legality, create Counts, should create Kings; and yet the Imperial title itself was thought all the more safe for having the Pontifical sanction. Generally speaking, however, Kings derive from Emperors. A decree of the

Senate indeed made Herod, King of Judæa; but Nero appointed Tiridates, King of Armenia. Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, owed his title to the great Emperor Otho; and from the Imperial German throne issued the patent which raised Ducal Poland to a kingdom. On the other hand, Charles the Bald created Bozones, King of Burgundy. The Franks have been mentioned as calling their leader by the regal title; but in earlier times, that warlike people preferred the name of "Leader" to that of "King." *Dux* was, in their ears, a more worthy name than *Rex;* and *Herzog*, "lord leader" (of an army), which is the modern German name for Duke, was the most popular title on the lips of a Frank.

Whether the Popes can, of right, make or unmake Kings, is a question on which opinion is pronounced in various ways. The pontifical court however certainly established the royal table of precedency. It thus stood in the days before the Reformation:—

1. The King of the Romans, heir to the German Empire.
2. King of France.
3. Castile and Spain.
4. Arragon.
5. Portugal.
6. England.
7. Sicily.
8. Scotland.
9. Hungary.
10. Navarre.
11. Cyprus.
12. Bohemia.
13. Poland.
14. Scandinavia.

England does not rank high in this list, but she stoutly claimed to stand third. There was great jealousy touching her royal precedence. It was curiously illustrated a year *after the Battle of Agincourt.* A council assembled at Constance, and the French envoys objected to any representatives of the King of England

being received there, on account of the insignificance of the kingdom and its deeds! It was an ill time to make such a protest, and the representatives of England took their place. With regard to Sicily and Portugal, each claimed to be first; and Scotland, Hungary, Navarre, and Cyprus, each asserted its right to place the dignity of its respective crown immediately after Sicily. In 1564, Maximilian protested against an attempt of the French to disturb an order of precedency established by the Pontifical office; but the French remarked that they did not care a maravedi for such authority, and would rank crowns as they themselves thought most fitting. The representatives of the French King, however, were content to abide by the established order at the negotiations in 1648 for the Peace of Westphalia; and at the Council-board they took precedence of Sweden. The time however had arrived when such forms were no longer true symbols, and the French envoys were told that all crowns were equal;—except that a King, who was the guest of another, always ranked before his host. At the late Conferences in Paris, it will be remembered, the representatives of the different imperial and regal powers avoided all difficulties by adopting an alphabetical order of precedence;—and this will henceforward be the established form.

The old French writer Montreuil, writing upon the subject of his death, remarks that, as persons on going to sleep put out the candle, he is sorry, for his part, that on sinking into his "eternal sleep" he cannot annihilate the universe and extinguish the sun. This ferocious sentiment haunted more than one Roman monarch, few of whom died without hopes that their successors would be greater tyrants than themselves. Tiberius especially chuckled at the thought that the infamy of the ill-promising Caligula would cause himself to be regretted.

St Chrysostom says, that even good kings are not exempt from a feeling which the Saint himself appears to consider rather natural than otherwise. He adds,

that the very best of them like to be aided, but not to be excelled. We have an example of this in the Czar Nicholas and General Mouravieff. At a sham fight the Czar and the General commanded opposite divisions of the Russian army; the Autocrat bade the Commander look to himself, for he would assail him vigorously. Mouravieff let him come on, fled, and caused the Czar to be delighted with the prospect of gaining a victory in the eyes of his holiday people; but Mouravieff so skilfully manœuvred that, by a well-timed charge, he enveloped the Czar and Imperial staff, and took them prisoners. Nicholas kept him at a distance for years, and hated him for ever.

Alva had a better knowledge of Kings than Mouravieff had, or than that Spanish lord who lost his promotion by beating Philip II. at chess. "They will serve you," said the great Duke to a young courtier, "as men serve oranges—throw you aside after squeezing you dry; they will read you as a book, and, as men do with books, cast you aside and forget you."

The pithiest and also the most profound sayings touching Kings, are to be found in that trite but too little-known storehouse of wisdom, the 'Maxims of State of the Marquis of Halifax.' "A prince who falleth out with the laws," he says, "breaketh with his best friends." This sacred respect for sacred law is again impressed on the King in the following admirable sentence:—"The exalting his own authority above his laws, is like letting in his enemy to surprise his guards: the laws are the only guards he can be sure will never run away from him." More "smart," in its way, is the definition of arbitrary power: "it is," says Halifax, "like most other things that are very hard, they are also very brittle." And how exquisitely is a disagreeable conclusion hinted at in the subjoined paragraph!—"If a Prince does not show an aversion to knaves, there will be an inference that will be very natural, let it be never so unmannerly." In another and perhaps even richer form we have a similar sentiment enunciated: "Where the least useful part of the people have the most credit with the Prince, men

will conclude that the way to get everything is to be good for nothing." It will be hardly trespassing on a reader's patience to ask him to read and admire the maxims next quoted:—"The Prince is to take care that the greater part of the people be not angry at the same time; for though the first beginning of their ill-humour should be against one another, yet, if not stopt, it will naturally end in anger against him." A concentrated wisdom may be said to lie in the words which he addresses to foolishly self-opinionated monarchs: "Changing hands," he says, "without changing measures, is as if a drunkard in a dropsy should change his doctors and not his diet." There is something grand too in the solemn warning, which Halifax indeed was not the first to give, but which none has expressed so well, and neglect of which has uselessly shed the blood and squandered the treasures of England, in these our own times. "Quality alone," says Halifax, "should only serve to make a show in the embroidered part of the government; but ignorance, though never so well-born, should never be admitted to spoil the public business." Finally, and to bring back the maxims to their personal application to the King, it may be said that neglect of the truth contained in the following maxim caused nine-tenths of the depositions narrated in these pages, and will cause many others yet to come. "A people," exclaims our political philosopher,—"a people may let a King fall, and yet remain a people; but if a King let his people slip from him, he is no longer a King."

With respect to the style and title of Kings, it may be here stated that the royal "We" represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect, in the august power of the Sovereign. "Le Roi le veut"—the King will have it so—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: "For

such is our good pleasure." The royal subscription in Spain, "Yo, el Re," *I, the King*, has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the Kings of France, that is, by the *married* Kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a Council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his Majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, "Having previously consulted on this matter with the Queen," etc. It is very probable, almost certain, that the King had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had*, seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandees and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the Kings of France. "According to my thinking," says the garrulous old Abbé of Villeloin, "this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time."

It may here be added, with respect to English Kings, that the first "King's speech" ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal "We:" it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English King who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. "Grace" and "my Liege" were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. "Excellent Grace" was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV. was "Most High and Mighty Prince." Henry VII. was the first English "Highness." Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty;" and James I. prefixed to the last title "Sacred and Most Excellent."

D'Israeli, when treating of titles of Monarchs, says that "illustrious" was not known till the time of Constantine; that it afterwards became very common, descending to petty princes, nobles, and (if that be a

descent) to poets, and finally to cardinals. The latter humble individuals dropped the title when it became common, and took that of "Excellence." This last title was the one by which Spanish princes were distinguished at a time when "Highness," as belonging to the King only, would have been accounted as treason if arrogated by any below the throne. At last, the Cardinals, despising to be "illustrious" and not choosing to share "excellence," first with princes, and next with their representatives, pronounced themselves "Eminent," and have since remained so. As for "Highness," an honest curate refused to give it to the Duke of Mantua, because his Breviary contained the words "Dominus solus Altissimus."

When so many were hailed illustrious, the flatterers hailed the Imperial Monarch as "super-illustrious." The abuse of royal titles went to such an excess in Spain, that at last Philip III., weary of them, suppressed all, and commanded that in future "the King our Lord" should constitute the form by which the monarch should be addressed. "Most Serene" was the title of many a royal savage; and "Your Grace" was applied to as many in whom the quality was not to be found. "Highness" was an ordinary royal title, on which petty princes soon seized; just as, when Charles V., in his quality of Emperor, took the title of "Majesty," the high-sounding appellation was immediately adopted by all existing sovereigns, as it has been by their successors. The title, however, is said to have been first assumed in France by Louis XI., the least majestic of monarchs, and to have been first applied to an English King, as just noticed, in the person of Henry VIII., who was saluted under that complimentary name by Francis I.

In treating of sovereign titles, by which barbaric sovereigns have been distinguished, D'Israeli notices a few that may be here cited. The Chief of the Natchez was "the Child of the Sun;" the King of Quiteroa was "the Royal Lion;" and the King of Monomotapa was not only "Great Magician" and "Lord of the Sun and Moon," but "Great Thief." Among the titles of the

Emperor of Arracan are those which show him to be "Possessor of the White Elephant and the two earrings," and "Lord of the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet." The King of Ava combines the blasphemously sublime with the obviously ridiculous: he is "God;" he is "King of Kings;" he is "Preserver of all life," "Regulator of the seasons," "absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea," "brother to the sun," *and* "King of the four-and-twenty umbrellas!"

Something very like divinity was ascribed to our own James I. by many men who addressed him, and in whom we should have expected to find more wisdom and decency. The same ascription was the delight of barbaric monarchs. The King of Achem was said to be "as spiritual as a ball is round," "whose body is luminous as the sun," "whom God created to be accomplished as the moon in her plenitude," "who when he rises shades all his people," and "from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted." This last quality seems to have been insisted upon by other barbarian Kings. Of him of Kandy it is said, not only that he is his people's "god by custom," but that his "feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees." The "rose of delight," as ascribed to the Shah, is probably by way of warrant that his Majesty is not ill-smelling. These potentates were ever like the Laureate's

> "Oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull,
> Smelling of musk and of insolence;"

and their

> "Essences turn'd the live air sick;
> And barbarous opulence, jewel-thick,
> Sunn'd itself on their breast and their hands."

The great Julius refused to be called even "demigod." Napoleon said of the Czar Alexander, that he was merely a cheating Greek of the Lower Empire. It is singular that it is only to the Czars that are now addressed the blasphemous titles of the Eastern and Western Empires. The people who oppose the Czars

are "sacrilegious;" the memory of those monarchs is "divine;" their letters, however mendacious, are "holy;" and Prince Menschikoff did not hesitate to assert of Nicholas, after his death, that he was "seated in the clouds, beckoning his armies to victory!" Mr Tennyson had a more acute vision when alluding to this monarch, before the catastrophe of his death and the downfall of his stronghold; he said,—

"And God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant liar."

The old problem, having reference as to what system of government is most profitable to the governed, still remains unsolved. There was one of the Ptolemys who, like our own Charles II., was very fond of conversing privately on this subject with the ambassadors at his court. On one occasion, the Egyptian King entertained some of these legates at dinner. When they had finished the royal luxury, the goose; when they had enjoyed the dish which very nearly resembled our plum-pudding, and had drunk their barley-wine, they fell into a pleasant discussion, touching the most beneficial sort of government. The haughty Roman referred to the magnificence of the temples, the submissiveness of the people, and the severity of punishment visited on the wicked, as a proof that nothing could equal the Imperial system. The other half-dozen envoys turned restlessly on their cushions as they heard the vaunt. What was proved by a crushed people and glowing edifices? "At Carthage," said the Punic Ambassador, cracking nuts between his knuckles as he spoke, "our nobles are for ever fighting, our workmen for ever toiling, and our philosophers for ever teaching." Upon this, the Sicilian minister remarked, with a smile, "In *our* Commonwealth, judges are not partisans; lawyers do not pledge their consciences in support of falsehood; every man in trade is honest; and all men are really and truly equal." And then the Rhodian, raising a brow which looked as polished as ivory, and extending a hand soft and white as a girl's and jewelled like a king's, said, in musical tones, "At Rhodes there is that

too, and much more: there the old men are honest, the young men are modest, and women of all ages never speak more than is absolutely necessary." The Athenian Ambassador sighed as he heard this testimony in favour of the Rhodian ladies, and thought of his too loquacious Lalage at home. He confined himself accordingly to a political testimony, and he averred that "in the Athenian Commonwealth the rich were not allowed to divide themselves into factions, nor the poor to be idle, nor the governors to be ignorant." The whole company having shaken with laughter at the impudence of the assertion, the Lacedæmonian *chargé d'affaires* roughly and rapidly exclaimed, "At home, in Sparta, there is neither envy, avarice, nor sloth, for one man there is as good as another; all property is common, and every citizen must work if he would live."

"O godlike Majesty!" piped the complacent-looking Sicyonian Ambassador, "how much happier is our State than that to which any one of my colleagues belong! We never permit our people to travel, and so they never acquire new-fangled notions; we do not allow a physician to live among us, being too fond of life ourselves; and, by not tolerating lawyers, we keep our citizens strangers to dissensions and mendacity." The Ambassadors looked to their royal host to decide between them. "What do I know about it?" asked he, sleepily—and truly; for it was to him that Apelles sent the celebrated picture of a King, in which the monarch was represented seated in a chair, with great hands, to denote his cupidity, and great ears, to symbolise his credulity; in waiting upon him were Ignorance, Suspicion, Treason, and Flattery. Ptolemy thought of the allegorical painting, and not well knowing how to apply it and profit by the application, simply expressed an opinion which neither did justice to his state nor settled the question. He wished that kings might ever do as they pleased, and that their attendants would never cease being honest. The Egyptian wish has never prevailed. The greatest despot is compelled to make concessions, and to be surrounded by sycophants. When

Constantine affected to relapse into Paganism, half the nobility of his court set their altars smoking; and when announcement was made in the crowded chapel at Versailles that the *Grand Monarque* would not be present, the whole congregation rushed out, without waiting for the prayers. The people however are seldom flatterers. When Marcus Antoninus declared a levy of a double tax, his subjects replied, they would pay it when he could give them two summers, two harvests, and two vintages in one year. Here was a spirit of liberty; and freedom has often been accepted as a compensation for many disadvantages; always indeed, except by the Cappadocians, who declared to the Romans that they would neither accept liberty for themselves, nor allow the enjoyment of it to others. Not so thought the Arragonese: never, perhaps, were people and King on such independent terms as the men of Arragon and their sovereign.

The little Kingdom of Arragon occupied as rough and unprofitable a locality as could well be imagined. "But what of that?" said the Arragonese; "what matters climate or soil? we have LIBERTY, and that compensates for both!" Assuredly the monarchs of this kingdom were not highly privileged mortals. The kingdom itself stood from the year 901 to 1479, when, by the marriage of Ferdinand of Arragon with Isabella of Castile, nearly the whole of Spain was united under one sceptre. During an existence of nearly six centuries, it saw many revolutions, annexations to, and separations from, other crowns. Its own royal crown was only a little more ornamented than the coronets of the nobles. The royal authority was put in check at almost every move. It seemed the vocation of the people to try and detect their King in a fault, or to "catch him napping," and make him pay the penalty. Each man thought himself as good as the King; and the community together accounted themselves, in their totality, as infinitely better. When the Arragonese accepted a new sovereign, they promised to obey him if *he* obeyed the law, and, in their peculiar phrase, "if not, not!" They had a charter

which authorized them to throw aside their allegiance to a King who did not reign according to law. In 1348 Pedro IV. cut the charter in two with his dagger. He slashed his own fingers as he committed the act of violation, and he cursed a parchment which could not be cut in two without shedding a King's blood. There was a very active legal officer, who was called "Justicia," and who was the mediator between King and people, but generally the defender of the latter against the Monarch. In all grievances the people made appeal to the Justicia; they did so long after the ancient crown had merged into that of Spain. Thus in 1591 they made such appeal, and Philip II. evinced his contempt for it by marching an army into Arragon and hanging the Justicia. After such an act of rigour his Majesty found no one willing to succeed to the vacant office. Gradually the royal power in Arragon grew less responsible, but it was only in 1707 that the Arragonese liberty was entirely abolished, and Philip V. reigned and governed, according to his good pleasure, quite regardless of the "*if not, not,*" of the old compact of the nobility of Arragon with their chief magistrate. Philip, in short, was like Kohendil Khan, who once asked General Ferrier the simple query, "What is a King who cannot, when he pleases, bastinado one of his subjects and cut off his head?" Where such a right was not existing, the Khan declared that "it is turning the world upside down; the most terrible thing that can be seen; it must be permanent anarchy. I think," added the sublime Afghan logician, "I think despotism therefore appears the best form of government for doing good!"

It cannot be questioned that despots generally think like Kohendil Khan. And yet the most stringent of them have been capable of great actions. Such qualification may be given to one particular proceeding of Alexander the Great. When an informer came to him with a criminal charge against an absent person, the Monarch used to clap his hand over one ear, reserving *that*, as he said, for the story of the accused. Even Tiberius so far respected the powers of taxation as to

remark, that a truly royal shepherd would shear his flock close, but would not devour them. Antoninus Pius, who, in spite of his reputation, was a sharp ruler, preferring the weal of his people to military glory, once declared that he should feel more pride in saving the life of one of his own subjects than in killing five hundred of the enemy.

The philosophers too have never ceased to preach good truths to "tyrants,"—a name originally given to all rulers, till "King" was used to distinguish those who were above their fellow-monarchs in virtue. Pythagoras, the great and enlightened reformer of his day, by whose torch Copernicus gave light to the universe, says that subjects are to princes as the air is to fire,—the more there is of the first, the brighter will be the glory of the second. Seneca, with equal force, avers that the inexpugnable force of a King lies in the love of his subjects; and Anacharsis, writing to the Athenians on the choice of a King, sets down as the necessay moral virtues in the person to be selected,—justice in judgment, truth of word, constancy of action, reserve in planning, promptitude in execution, and a liberal spirit towards all. Kings themselves have not always heeded either philosophical or practical teaching. Our Saxon King Seldred was warned that if he did not reform he would come to a bad end; and when we read that he was ultimately killed "by a devil at a great feast," credence may be given to the story, and the name of the devil guessed at with tolerable correctness. In like manner, when old chroniclers inform us that Mamprisius, King of Britain, was devoured by wolves, the account may perhaps be taken in a metaphorical rather than a real sense. For there is a legend in Africa, that a wolf will respect the corpse of a King. This tradition held good as recently as 1828, when Chaka, that grave Kaffir King (who put a merry fellow to death, because the joker made him laugh), was murdered by his brothers; these left the body out all night in the fields, to be devoured by the wolves; in the morning they found it untouched; and they confessed that they should have known

better, for that of course the wolves would never eat a King.

Some sovereigns indeed have seemed to consider that as they were almost above humanity when living, they might defy corruption when dead. Edward I. must have been influenced by some such idea, and have considered that he would be for ever grateful to nose and eye, when he gave orders that his tomb should be opened every year or two, and that his body should then have the benefit of a new cerecloth; he might have been content with what some persons think he meant, namely a new pall for his coffin. The dead Danish Kings at Roskilde have not even that, but vast magnificence encases their corruption notwithstanding. The regal coffins there stand open to view, in chapels or crypts. They "are separated from the spectator," says Dr Clarke, "only by an iron palisade; and as they are very magnificent, being covered with rich embossments of silver and gold, and the most costly chase-work, the effect is very striking. They seem intended to lie in state as long as the Danish monarchy shall endure." We have had less respect for the remains of our own old Kings, as will be allowed by those who remember that the Chapel at Kingston, in which many of those early potentates were buried, was destroyed by digging a grave near the foundation of one of the pillars!

There are instances since that of Ptolemy and the ambassadors, noticed above, of discussions among rulers themselves, if not perhaps as to the merits of governing systems, at least as to the degrees of felicity enjoyed by rulers and ruled. Körner has recorded one such instance in one of the prettiest of German ballads, wherein we are told that several German sovereigns were once at a table in the Imperial hall at Worms, where, over their wine, they made boast each of the wealth and extent of his own dominions. The Prince of Saxony glorified the might and majesty of his territory, and complacently talked of the silver that lay for his use, within many a Saxon hill.

"*I* have no silver," said the Elector of the Rhine, "but

I have a fertile land, where the valleys teem with golden corn, and the hillsides give promise of immortal wine."

"And *I*," exclaimed Bavarian Ludwig, "am inferior to neither of you in wealth. Rich commercial cities and wealthy convents bring tributes as rich as Saxon silver or Rhenish corn and wine."

At this, Eberhard the Bearded, who was sovereign lord of Würtemberg, quietly remarked, "In *my* land there are no large cities nor sparkling mines; nevertheless there is a jewel of great worth to be found there. In the wildest of its woods, I can lay my weary head to sleep, without fear, on any subject's breast." For a moment the Lords of Saxony, Bavaria, and the Rhine looked at one another in amazement; but, suddenly struck with the meaning of the last speaker, they smote the table with their hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, lucky Lord with the stupendous beard, you are the richest of us all! Your territory is full of precious stones!"

That a people's love is the richest jewel in a crown is a truth not to be denied; but even therewith a sovereign is no more secure of unalloyed happiness than ordinary individuals exposed to the common lot; but this love itself will stand for happiness,—compensate for much that cannot be attained, and be a solace for much that has been forfeited.

There is a story told of an anonymous King, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority. The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in counsel as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, "he could."

"I will be brief as my breath," answered the abdicating monarch, "and *that* is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfulls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found

he was dead. The new King commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell: a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied. "I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears."

For a whole month the bell was silent. "I have had my hand on the rope," said the King, "fifty times, but I felt that I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and *to-morrow*—"

On the morrow, as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his Ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private despatches to a neighbouring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return. The King sighed, "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow."

In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart. "There," he remarked to himself, as he went along in that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the first two syllables of the city's name—"there I have never found disappointment." What he *did* find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between *him* and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again, "Would to heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case. "I have been unreasonable," he said; "why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes

as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window,—"nay, I *am!*" and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the very point of ringing at it with goodwill, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause.

A messenger was at his feet. "Oh, Sire!" exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!"

"Now, a curse upon kingship, that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!" cried the King who wanted to be happy. The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people. "By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany," cried the Prince, "thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe? and who commands them?"

The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his despatches been betrayed to the invader; and that the van of the army was under the command of a prince, whose name was no sooner uttered to the King than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed, "*He!*—then I shall ring the bell yet. I will have his life, and the lady—"

He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile vanguard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, weariness upon his brow, but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And *so* he grew

grey and infirm, never turning from his work till the Inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away.

He was sitting upright in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without, a sound of wailing. "What voices are those?" asked he softly: "what is there yet for me to do?"

His Chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on a couch, and whispered, "Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold, in tears."

"Let them in! let them come in!" hoarsely cried the King. "God! do they really love me?"

"If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood." The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old King, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands towards them, and asked, "Have I won your love, children? have I won your love?" One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow on the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died, with a smile on his lips, as he rang his own knell.

The above scene is described as passing in the King's palace,—by which we are not to imagine a splendid mansion. The term *palace* did not always imply a magnificent residence. It is derived from *palor*, to wander; and originally the palace was the house or inn in which the early Kings, who were constantly moving about, sojourned during their endless peregrinations, and lived upon those among whom they were sojourners. This royal fashion did not go out till a late period: it was not extinct in Spain during

the last century. Southey, in his 'Letters from Spain and Portugal,' enables us to have some idea of how a King of Spain travelled at the period in question, namely, with a train of seven thousand attendants, with whom he moved so rapidly as to kill three of his guards in front of his carriage, and to maim a fourth,—seizing on everything, paying for nothing, preceded by fear, and followed by curses.

They who may object to accept the above derivation for the word *palace*, will probably receive with less question that which traces it to the *Palatium*, or residence of the Cæsar on the Palatine Hill; but even then we may go back to *palor*, for the Palatine is said to have derived its name from the fact that Evander, after his wandering, gathered the scattered inhabitants of Italy around him on this spot, the palace, or home of the wanderer.

In these homes, the masters of them have exercised many fancies; but subjects have often been as fanciful as their rulers. Thus, Philostratus mentions an old, and perhaps agreeable, fancy of a certain Indian people, with respect to their King. Every night they treated him with music and singing; and as he passed along to his bed, they not only wished him pleasant dreams, but admonished him to rise on the morrow, full of just and upright intentions towards his people. Where there were such importunate, although harmonious counsellors, the King was probably neither the first nor the happiest of the nation. It would be a difficult question to decide where that "happiest individual" is to be found. The decision however was once dogmatically rendered by the monarch who has been good-humouredly called the British Solomon. James I. has put it on record that the happiest lot of all others was to possess such an estate as set a man below the office of a justice of the peace, and above that of a petty constable. On what grounds James made such a decision is not known. There is, at least, one period when respective positions are not worth consideration. That period was glanced at by an Oriental sovereign,

in the question—"When the soul is about to depart, of what import is it whether its owner sits on a throne or lies in the dust?" Perhaps of all those who have stood in the dust below the throne, none had a more singular fancy with respect to the choice of a King than the Egyptians. They did not particularly require him to be virtuous, but they would not tolerate a candidate who had red hair. There was some connection in their minds between red hair and leprosy. Some persons may recollect having read of a people who annually weighed their King. If the monarch proved heavier than on the preceding year, there was a general illumination; but if there was a falling-off in weight, there was a disposition to believe that remorse for some crime was making him thin, and that it would be as well to get rid of him. This may reckon among the singular reasons for deposition. Not less singular for its fancy is the epitaph, on a Vice-King indeed, written for Pedro, Viceroy of Naples. Its wit will excuse its seeming profanity, for Pedro was a wretched tyrant, as the epitaph signified, which said, "This is he who, for us and for our salvation, went down to Hell!"[1] The Neapolitan Kings, as well as their representatives, were generally cruel oppressors of their people. They had not even the liberal fancy of that Inca of Peru who, in a fit of sublime generosity, determined to enlarge the privileges of his people; and, accordingly, he gave them permission to *bore their ears;* but they were on no account to bore such large holes as perforated the sacred ears of the Incas. The royalty of Peru was distinguished (singularly enough) by the length of its ears; the ornaments worn in which were very heavy. It is curious that there is an Egyptian tradition which speaks of the King of the Crocodiles. This animal is also famous for the length of its ears,—*and* the shortness or non-existence of a tail; too vulgar an appendage for a royal crocodile. In proof of its quality, it was said that this crocodile could do no

[1] There is an epigrammatic epitaph on Louis XV., which is pointed by a similar phrase.

harm; but this was rather unsatisfactory proof of his royalty.

However this may be, there have not been wanting individuals who claimed an equality with their Kings to which the Peruvians dared not aspire, and who, like the Arragonese generally, said to their monarchs, "We, who are as good as you—." Such a one was the Baron of Coucy, who, like many other Barons, styled himself "Sire," to denote his authority, and who thought himself as good as any King who ever reigned: as may be seen in the old distich,

"Je ne suis ni Roi, ni Prince aussi;
Je suis le Sire de Coucy."

In similar spirit the Spanish grandee, in comparing himself with Louis XIV., exclaimed, "I am equal with Bourbon—and more." "Good Heavens!" cried the French Ambassador, "you do not mean to put yourself above the head of the House of Bourbon!" "You forget," said the Spaniard, with a scornful smile,—"you forget that I am a Castilian!"

Proud as this Spaniard was, even a Spanish King himself has been outlawed by a plain English lawyer. Selden, who cites the incident in his Table Talk, was the counsel who advised the step. His client was a merchant, who had gained costs in a suit against the King; but as he could not obtain payment, the monarch, on the advice of Selden, was outlawed for not appearing. The consequence justified the proceeding, for the King had several suits against English merchants; and as the outlawry was an insurmountable obstacle to the prosecution of such suits by him, the money was paid by his Government and the judgment of outlawry was set aside.

The subject of popular fancies with respect to Kings would occupy too extensive a space to warrant being indulged in. Nevertheless, it may be remarked that if the people have had their peculiar fancies, it were but reasonable that monarchs should have theirs also. Some of them however have almost abused their privilege in

this respect. Louis XI. was one of them. He had a conceit, says Burton, "that everything did stink about him; all the odoriferous perfumes they could get would not ease him, but still he smelt a filthy stink." It is clear, supposing that there is no allegory intended here, that Louis would not have been able to select a consort after the fashion adopted by the King of Araca, when that fantastic monarch chose his wives. The swarthy Rose of the Universe did not care for mental or moral qualities in these ladies. He simply tried them by the "odour of complection;" and if the kiss came off like the south wind from a bank of violets, the particularly happy damsel became the fractional part of a Queen-Consort.

Among other sovereign fancies to be told, is that of Cunegunda, who, when engaged in erecting the Cathedral of Bamberg, raised the Devil, and compelled him to carry the heaviest blocks of marble from the quarry to the site, for the sacred edifice. To an ancient and probably apocryphal King is ascribed a no less singular fancy. He did not wish to summon Satan, but to send souls to him. To accomplish this, the King invented the penalty of hanging, and condemned thereto such persons as he held in his hottest hate. The royal fancy was, that by such a punishment the soul escaped from the body in a very ignoble fashion, which gave facilities for its seizure by Satan. Chilperic had a better fancy when he resolved to introduce the ϕ, χ, and θ from the Greek into the French Alphabet. This was done; but there have been few Kings in France who could pronounce the last letter. For many generations it was a very generally royal fancy that despotism was the most salubrious description of government for nations. The system still survives in absolute monarchies and in some republics. It is even more cruelly developed in the latter than in the former, wherever the republic is in more haste to grow great than to be respected. The most beneficent of liberators have often been the most despotic in their characters. Even Luther, when he was asked what he thought of the election of Charles V. to

the Empire, answered that he thought well of it: "The Ravens," said he, "must have a Kite: the world cannot do without stern governors, by whom they may be ruled." This was exactly the royal and ruling theory of Miss Seward's grandfather, Dr Hunter, Master of the Lichfield Grammar School, of whom it was said that "he never taught a boy in his life: *he* whipped, and *they* learned." The despotic system is out of fashion with us both in courts and schools.

OF SOME SCRIPTURE KINGS AND EASTERN MONARCHS

"The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pampered people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No King could govern, and no God could please."
—DRYDEN.

THEY who do not discreetly handle Scripture passages would not be much embarrassed to prove that monarchy was not favourably contemplated by the Mosaic institution,—which was itself divinely inspired. Jehovah was the sole King recognized by that system, from which all worldly regal authority was alien. The first great lawgiver founded a society without a King, and was the chastiser of those Kings who stood in the way between him and the fulfilment of his great mission.

The Prophet nevertheless saw that the period would come when the Israelites would require a King; and the qualifications which are set down as those becoming a monarch might well be the guide of all sovereigns who rule by divine, or any other right. To describe these qualifications summarily—it was demanded of a King that he should be humble, modest, void of ostentation, free from extravagance, observant of economy, not covetous, and so studious of the law of God, so bent to

keep in mind what the law enjoined, and act in all things according to its injunction,—as thereby to acknowledge that even the King was but the Viceroy of Him who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The sacerdotal republic of the Jews was undeniably most hostile to Kings. How these fared at the hands of Moses, it is not necessary to repeat. But if Moses smote them heavily, what shall be said of Joshua? How did that irresistible conqueror sweep them from before his path, when they opposed him on his destined way! The despoiled monarchs were cast under the feet of his captains, hung up to the branches of trees, from which at sunset they were cut down to be ignominiously buried, or they were destroyed by the sword, they and their families, their households and their cattle.

If a feeling of compassion rises in the human heart on reading the melancholy chronicle of early kings, as it is recorded in Scripture, it is perhaps because we unconsciously take our impressions from false ideas, and mentally reason from wrong premises. These Kings were, after all, but savages impeding the march of civilization. They came in contact with a great revolution,—if the use of a modern instance may be permitted,—and they necessarily perished by the collision. As an instance of this kingly character, let us look at Adoni-Bezek. He had subdued seventy fellow-kings; and how did he treat those petty and unsceptred monarchs? Having captured them, he cut off their thumbs and toes, and they had no food but such scraps as he and his family chose to fling to them, while the mutilated wretches lay beneath the table or about the feet of their ruthless victor. But the day of retribution came, and Adoni-Bezek in his turn became subdued, and fell before the might of Judah and of Simeon. His captors, shocked at his cruelty, dealt with him as he had dealt with his royal prisoners. They amputated his thumbs and toes, made him grovel in the dust for his food, and kept him at Jerusalem in this deplorable condition, in which he recognized a well-earned retribution, till he died. Such was the fate of unsceptred sovereigns in the

barbarous times when they warred against each other in the East, or against those who carried with them civilization and the law of God.

In course of time Israel "*would* have a King," despite of the consequences foreshadowed to them by the prophet. The establishment of regality in Israel was by Divine concession; and royalty was at once strictly limited and rendered sacred by religion. Priest and prophet hedged with divinity that monarch, that Lord's Anointed, whom they governed, led, or counselled. The transmission of the royal authority was not regular, and the people often boldly withstood their King. But on such topics it is not necessary to dwell; let us rather briefly glance at the unsceptred monarchs who had once ruled over the chosen people of God. Among the offences of that people was putting the carcases of their kings in high places, whereby they had defiled the place of the Lord's throne. As it is said in Ezekiel xliii.,—"Now then let them put away . . . the carcases of their kings far from me, and I will dwell in the midst of them for ever."

The record of the rulers of Israel exhibits to us but one unsceptred King out of the some dozen and a half who held sway in that much-vexed country during less than three centuries. There was many a monarch of the line who fell by violence, but who did not survive his fall. Of the last, Hoshea, we only know that he was carried into captivity by his great conqueror, and that, on the banks of a foreign river, and beneath the shade of a strange prison-house, he bore the burden of life until he died. What was his *way* of life,—whether he becomingly entertained his destiny, and how he met his end,—of these matters we remain in ignorance. We only know that, sinful man of a sinful race, in his own person he suffered for his predecessors' crimes as well as for his own errors. He had the misery of knowing that there was no remedy for the ruin which had swept over him, and that, as far as this world was concerned, his condition was unrelieved by the smallest gleam of hope. "And so," in the simple words of

Scripture, "and so he died!" It is singular, considering the spirit of the Jewish people, that of the twelve Kings of Israel, one only, and he an evil King (Jeroboam II.), reigned more than forty years.

The roll of Judah bears upon it the names of four Kings out of about a score of monarchs, who were deposed from their sovereign greatness, and who were less happy than those who, with the loss of such greatness, also yielded up their lives. These four sceptreless monarchs of the house of Judah were Uzziah, Jehoahaz, Jehoiachin, and Zedekiah. The fate of the first is a warning to all potentates who presume to take upon themselves to assert supremacy over the priesthood. So, at least, do commentators remark. It is to be observed however that Uzziah was stricken with leprosy, not for presuming to subject the priesthood to his own authority, but for daring to exercise the office of priest, with no other ordination than his own. He entered the temple, stood at the altar, and was about to make profane offering to the Lord, when the high-priest Azariah and his valiant band of fourscore orthodox curates, so to speak, dared to withstand, remonstrate with, and finally repulse him. The attendant earthquake, and its accompanying thunder and darkness, might have convinced the King of the impiety of his attempt; but he persisted in it, until a portion of the temple wall was rent. Through the aperture a sudden outburst of the sun darted its rays, and a beam thereof, falling on the forehead of the audacious King, revealed to the priests the mark of leprosy which had, in that minute, broken out upon the monarch's brow. They saw in it the brand of an outcast, and denounced the unclean prince as stripped of his royalty. Uzziah yielded reluctant assent to this unwelcome conclusion, and withdrew from the temple, a sceptreless King. He had carried the sceptre during the long, and it was an eventful, period of five-and-forty years; and now "the Lord smote the King, so that he was a leper unto the day of his death, and dwelt in a several house." He lived thus divided from the living during the five or six

succeeding years,—years of a slow but sure process of dying; and at the end of that time he lay dead, and apart from the dead; not among the tenants of the tombs of his predecessors, but in unconsecrated ground, where his subjects dug the grave of the leper-king.

It was war that struck the sceptre from the hands of the three other deposed monarchs of Judah. Of Jehoahaz we only know that his vaunting conqueror carried him off captive, first to Syria, and thence to Egypt, where, after a life of unrecorded incidents, he died; of the dethroned Jehoiachin we know something, but not much, more. Nebuchadnezzar kept the ex-monarch of Judah in stringent captivity for more than a quarter of a century, in Babylon. When the next Babylonian King, Evil-Merodach, or Merodach the Mindless, ascended the throne, he exhibited, in this instance at least, a proof that he had a mind which could be moved by generous impulses: he brought the old Hebrew sovereign from his dungeon, decked him in suitable attire, and not only furnished him with a home and a well-provided table, but also conferred upon him a respectable income, which was paid to him daily. If Jehoiachin left debts at his decease (as retired as well as actual monarchs have been so accustomed to do), he was unworthy of the liberality of Evil-Merodach, who went so far as not only to give freedom to his predecessor's foeman, but also to grant him precedence of all other crownless captives at large, who attended the *levées* of the Great King in Babylon.

Zedekiah, the last of the royal masters of Judah, was less fortunate. He too was conveyed to Babylon, after the ruin of his cause, the downfall of his house, and the slaughter of his kinsmen, friends, and servants. The hot irons of the executioner blasted for ever the eyeballs of the last of the Judah Kings, and of melancholy monotony must have been the captivity of him of the sightless orbs. Living, he was little cared for; but dead, he was treated as though his captors held that a Divinity *did* hedge the character of even an unsceptred sovereign. He had been kept in durance, like the veriest felon; but

his body was buried with a magnificence of rite as though he had died in the purple, and was being entombed at the charge of a grateful heir-apparent.

A little compassion vouchsafed to him living, would have consoled him in his sorrow; but all the honours paid to him dead, were but fruitless homage to an unconscious King. So true are the quaint words of old Fuller, in his 'Pisgah:'—"A drought in the spring is not to be repaired by a deluge in the autumn;" and "Two drops seasonably showered would preserve the green blade from withering, when much rain cannot revive the roots once withered."

A consideration of the Jewish regal history might have convinced the Jews that the Psalmist spoke truly, when he said, "the Lord remaineth King for ever," affirmed that "no" earthly "King can be saved by the multitude of a host," and reminded the sons of Abraham that He it was who smote great Kings, slew mighty Kings, and gave away their land for an heritage unto Israel his servant. "I will magnify thee, O God, *my* King," is the expressive acknowledgment of one who wore an earthly crown; and it was *his* injunction which bade the children of Sion to *rejoice* in their King.

One characteristic of the Asiatic sovereignties has been their want of permanency. With an appearance of solidity, there has been a continual crumbling away. There are admirers of Asiatic despotisms who assert the contrary, and who point to China in support of their assertion. But, with regard to the various sovereign families which have reigned in China, from Tai-Long to Lint-Choo, it may be observed that the last and reigning dynasty is *not* Chinese, and also, that of the twenty-two dynasties which have been permitted to govern China, each one, without exception, since the first, has succeeded by rebellion, assassination, deposition, or the suicide of the last King of the preceding dynasty. It was the want of affection and duty on the part of his people, which drove the very last Emperor of the Chinese race, Whay-Tsang, to hang himself, in despair, and leave his throne

to the Mongol line of traitors, by whom it is still usurped.

Nowhere can we find that the effect of Asiatic government was to have permanence. The Caliphate, the most religious of them all, and by far the most glorious and enlightened, the most powerful and widely extended, even that gorgeous succession of Monarch-Priests endured in its splendid unity but from Abu-Bekir, in 632, to Al Mostassem Billah, in 1258. In the latter year, the house of Al Abbas ceased to reign in Bagdad, that city having then fallen before the forces of the bold Holagou Khan, who, with his Tartar mace, shivered the Caliphate into glittering fragments; one of these fragments the sons of Sarah reverently enshrined on the banks of the Nile, where its diminished lustre was finally trodden out by the Osmanli conqueror, Selim.

Again, if we cast a glance at Persia, we are still at a loss to find permanency as the rule either of individuals or of dynasties. In the Pashdadian race we see recorded, it is true, that a certain Feridoon reigned five hundred years; that Menucheher, the Mandaces of the Greeks, held the sovereign power during a century and a quarter; and that, in short, the eleven Kings of this dynasty enjoyed each an enviable rule of upwards of two centuries. But this is a fabulous permanency, in which we have as little faith as in the assertion that Kaiomurs fought with Demons; that Jemsheed invented the "delightful poison," the *zohu a Koush*, which a less poetical posterity has condescended to drink under the ordinary appellation of wine; or that serpents grew on the shoulders of Zohauk, or that that monarch himself fed on human brains. Let us look now to the dynasties established since the period when the great Alexander was stricken dead by the demon of intemperance at Babylon. The result of this view presents to us the fact that if some one of these dynasties endured for a rather lengthened period, the individual sovereigns, even then, succeeded and fell by violence. This is no proof of permanency on the one hand, nor of obedience on the other. And in the general view we discover that, since

the period of the mad Macedonian, nine established dynasties have held sway over Persia. Had these legally and naturally succeeded each other, Persia might have been cited as a country where were to be found permanency of power and examples of obedience. The truth, however, is exactly in the opposite direction. The descendants of Seleucus were exterminated by the rebellion of the Arsacidæ. The latter fell in their turn before the unjust invasion of the Tartars under Timour. The voluptuous Suffavean house, which succeeded, was destroyed by the rebel pewterer of Seistan; and the Suffarree dynasty, of which he was the founder, lasted but for a brief and bloody period. The nation then fell a prey to the irresistible might of him of Ghizni, from whose successors it passed, amid violence and evil, to the robber Seljuks. Anarchy reigned unrestrained over the length and breadth of the land, till the Afghans swept across it with the swiftness and destroying power of the hurricane. Both the monarchs of the Afghan race were murdered. Nadir Shah, who succeeded to the vacant throne, was himself slain; and the four monarchs who came after him were victims of a similar catastrophe. The Zend dynasty next attempted to establish a claim for permanence of power, and the love of the people; but the boasted "principles of Asiatic government" again failed. In thirty-seven years, eight monarchs seized, held, and fell from the unsteady throne. Upon the assassination of their last King, Lootf Ali Khan, the present Kurger dynasty rose to sovereignty. Of the four monarchs belonging to it, the first, Aga Mohammed, the ablest and most execrable tyrant that ever lived, was murdered by his own servants. The second and third were mere phantoms of power. The fourth, Nasr ul Din, surrounded, like the tomb of the Three Kings at Cologne, by tinsel, glass drops, and paste jewellery, gains as little reverence from those who stand before him, is the servant of three masters, hating each and fearing all; menaced by Russia, cajoled by France, and seldom treated with superfluous courtesy by England.

A great admirer of Asiatic rule, Mr Bosanquet, in his collected Essays, styled 'Principia,' asserts that the Asiatic people are not addicted to rebellion. How is this made out, if we test it by India? If we may not so emphatically cite the Ghiznian dynasty in Hindostan against the assertion, the history of the Ghourian, of the Patan, and of the Mogul dynasty would amply suit the purpose. Each King of the short-lived Ghourian race was massacred. Eighteen of the thirty-three Patan rulers of India were slain or deposed: among them was the celebrated female sovereign, the beautiful Mallakeh Doran. The same fate has fallen on more than one-half of the twenty-two Mogul monarchs who have occupied the uneasy seat of royalty since the accession of the illustrious tiger, Mohammed Baber. The last of the Mogul race was dethroned this very year; and the worthless descendant of a line of warriors, at once brutified and enervated by his debauched life, is turning his once resplendent face towards Leadenhall Street, and, bowing his uncrowned head to Sahib Koompany, humbly petitions for redress, or perseveringly remonstrates against the alleged wrongs of which he declares himself the victim.

Among the most ancient of the Asiatic tribes, the so-called kings or chiefs were elected according to a fashion which *perhaps* disarmed intrigue, and which was as likely to secure an efficient ruler as any other mode which could then have been adopted. When a King became defunct, the tribes who had acknowledged his sway sent an arrow, marked with the name and seal of the tribe, to an appointed place. The arrows thus collected were cast before a very young child, and from the tribe whose arrow the child should pick, the King was to be chosen. De Joinville describes such an election during the Crusades; and he adds, that when the child had selected an arrow, fifty-two of the most valiant men of the tribe by whom it had been sent, despatched each an arrow, with a seal or name attached to it, and as the child again selected, so followed the appointment of the King.

To this day, when a grand Lama dies, a child of five or six years old has the power of becoming his successor, by proving that the soul of the defunct Lama has transmigrated into his body. The child may be hundreds of miles away from the spot where the old Lama died; but on his well-prompted declaration that he is the old potentate under a new shape, he receives a universal homage. The test to which he is subjected, is not a difficult one. The commonly used utensils of his predecessor (or of his old self) are placed before him; and when he recognizes each as his own, and explains the service to which he put it, the faithful are in ecstasies at finding the old man in the new child.

The dependence of the Tartar Kings upon their supreme sovereign, the Emperor of China, seems to be of a somewhat loose character. Thus, we are told of one who was recently accused of rebelling against the Chinese monarch, and who was condemned, unheard, to be "shortened at both ends;" that is, to have his head and feet cut off. "The King," writes M. Huc, to whom we are indebted for the story, "made enormous presents to the officials who were sent to superintend the execution of the imperial edict; and they contented themselves with cutting off a braid of his hair and the soles of his boots. They reported at Peking that the order had been executed, and no more was said about the matter." This King of Barains, as he is called, could not, however, save his seat as well as his head. He was compelled to retire from his vocation of King, and, that he might the better pass for dead, he withdrew into seclusion, and left the crown to his son.

In a preceding page mention has been made of various popular fancies in connection with the choice of Kings. Another may be mentioned here, referring to the Bucharians. In the seventeenth century, that people offered to a gigantic Scottish officer, Colonel Thomas Garne, in the Russian service, the throne of Bucharia. The choice was founded on the fact that the Colonel was taller and bigger "than any within six kingdoms about him;" and it was the political system of the

slender Bucharians to "shun equality as near as they could with him of whom they should make choice to be their sovereign." That a sovereign should be small enough to stand on a level, face to face, with a subject, they considered derogatory to kingship. That his shadow should not be large enough to cover the person of a petitioner, they deemed a matter to be deplored. The system may have sprung from a principle of selfishness, for we hear of Eastern Kings who are weighed every year, and who give their weight in sugar-plums to the people. The latter must have had considerable interest, then, in keeping their monarch fat. However this may be, the old Scottish Colonel declined the honour offered to him by the Bucharians. It could not be enjoyed without his subsequently undergoing a Jewish ceremonial rite which the Colonel did not admire, and he accordingly remained a private individual, distinguished as the man who had refused to be a monarch.

The Eastern Courts of which mention has here been made, present an abundant field of illustrative incidents. Of these, one or two may be cited, by way of conclusion to this discursive chapter. And first, it may be observed that there was a prospect of as much peril as profit in offering advice to a Persian King, in a difficult matter. He who did so was made to stand on a golden plate. If his advice was found to be good and practicable, he took away with him the plate for his pains. Nevertheless, if the counsel, wholesome as it might be, proved to be contrary to the King's opinion, he who gave it took away with him not only the plate, but a sound scourging into the bargain.

The Persian King must have been a dangerous person to advise, for he often had no opinion of his own, except when a sentiment was expressed by a counsellor, and then the monarch adopted a contrary opinion, out of mere spirit of wanton opposition. His dignity was accounted to be so great, that in his leisure hours reading was not to be thought of: he sat on his cushions, and whittled, like a Yankee. It is an indisputable fact that the Persian Kings were the original whittlers; and

our Republican cousins, in adopting the fashion, follow an example set by the most despotic monarch who ever existed. That he might not find his leisure hours tedious, he carried in his hand, says Ælian, "branches of birch, and therewithal a knife, wherewith he did cut off the small sprigs from the stalk, and hacked and hewed the rest in little slices." His Majesty, not caring to read, and being unable to think, took up a stick and whittled. He might have done worse.

Tryzan, an Eastern tyrant, for instance, *did* much worse. He forbade the use of speech altogether, even between persons the most nearly connected. The people obeyed; but notwithstanding, they foiled the despotic King, for they invented the finger alphabet, and conversed without speaking! The instrumental music parties in the kingdom alone benefited by this decree. The *conversazioni* must have been rather heavy.

OF SOME SOVEREIGNS OF THE OLDEN TIME

"An unjust King pulls himself down with his own teeth."
—ARAB PROVERB.

IN the histories of Kings of the ancient period, who have been deposed or who have voluntarily abdicated, although there are not wanting examples of wrong done to sovereigns, it will be more frequently found that the people have been driven to exercise a right which they appear to have possessed from the earliest times. Some, like Strato, King of Sidon,—whom Alexander dethroned, and put a gardener of royal descent in his place,—have been hardly used by their conquerors. The sole offence of Strato was that he courageously refused to surrender. On the other hand, the Lydians very properly hung their King Achæus, because of his extortion: in other words, he taxed them without their consent,—a proceeding perilous to most kings, and fatal to many.

Injustice of any sort seems to have been considered as justifying war against the guilty King. They who remember how Cotys served Adamas, will not doubt that the youth justly led a rebellion against the King of Thrace. So the Epirotes, almost beggared by the wars that their King Æacidas carried on against Macedonia, and indignant that he would not heed their remonstrances, at length expelled him from the kingdom. But the royal Spartan Agis shows us how an indiscreet reformer, backed by friends unworthy of the name, may suffer loss of throne and life by excess of zeal; nevertheless it was a hard case—to be deposed and strangled for nothing worse than attempting to restore the laws of Lycurgus. His case will be found admirably discussed in Alfieri's preface to his 'Agide,' dedicated to the Ghost of Charles I.

Agis deserved success; other Kings have been unable to bear it. Thus, the Illyrian King Egron, or Agron, lost crown and life by drinking to excess, in joy for his victory over the Ætolians. It was a more ignoble death than that of Agamemnon, whose shirt-sleeves had been sewn up by Clytemnestra, and who was butchered by that exemplary wife and her confederate, while the King was vainly striving to find an outlet from the sleeves of the shirt, or tunic.

It is justice to the really *great* Antiochus to state that he gave his subjects permission to disobey and depose him, if ever he issued commands contrary to the laws of the country. Here was solemn sanction of the popular right of insurrection, in a certain contingency.

Irreverence to the Gods, lack of hospitality, ill-treatment of the sacred persons of ambassadors,—all these offences have lost various monarchs their thrones, and even their lives. Tantalus was so punished, with worse and well-known after-penalties, for stealing or losing Jupiter's dog, which guarded the Temple of the Olympian, in Crete. Thiodamas, King of Mysia, suffered the losses above-named for refusing hospitality to Hercules and his son.

We have another ground for deposition offered by

Pompey. He dethroned Antiochus Asiaticus, for the sole reason that when a usurper had got possession of his crown, Antiochus had hid himself, and trusted to others to aid him without helping them or himself.

Again we hear of Lycaon, King of Arcadia, being deposed by Jupiter, and turned into a wolf for his impiety,—a myth which is supposed to mean that the Church may deal very decidedly with Kings, if these will not hear the Church. But this myth may be a little misunderstood. A similar conclusion however is drawn from the case of the Arcadian Aristocrates, who was deposed and put to death by his subjects, for offering violence to the Priestess of Diana. In this case it is to be observed that the people took the matter into their hands, and evidenced their religious feeling by deposing and slaying their irreligious King. And it was not merely the person of the Priestess, but the place itself was sacred. Tmolus, King of Lydia, it will be remembered, lost crown and life for his insult to Arriphe, at the foot of Diana's altar. He was killed by a bull, as Kings have been even in Christian times.

Great as the loss of a crown and kingdom may be, it would be difficult to find many sovereigns on whom the loss inflicted a broken heart. Ariarathes, the ninth King of Cappadocia, was however one who so suffered. On the other hand, after the Parthians deposed Tiridates, that monarch may be said to have been rather sulky than indignant or afflicted; and he was as troublesome to Augustus as James II. to Louis XIV.

It was the lucky destiny of some, on being deposed from one crown, to gain another. Thus Vonones was not ill off when he lost Parthia, only to gain Armenia; but Ptolemy Lathyrus, or Ptolemy of the Pimple, made a less favourable exchange, on being ejected from Egypt, by ascending the throne of Cyprus; it was not much better than Elba for Imperial France. Cyprus however became annexed for a time to Egypt; and the gross political error of the twelfth Ptolemy, Auletes, or the Flute-player, in ceding the island to Rome, caused him to be dispossessed of his Egyptian throne.

The popular voice in Egypt was a powerful voice, whether expressed satirically or seriously. Historians called the third Seleucus of Babylon *Ceraunius*, or the *Thunderer*, out of ridicule for the royal meekness. It was the popular voice in Egypt which gave to the second Ptolemy the surname of *Philadelphus*, or lover of his brothers, two of whom he murdered. By similar antiphrases, the fourth Ptolemy, who killed his father, was called *Philopator*, and the sixth, who hated his mother, was distinguished by the title of *Philometor*. The adjunct of *Epiphanes*, or illustrious, was given to the fifth Ptolemy, as much for his extravagant vices as his extraordinary ability. The most remarkable of the Kings who bore this name was that "tun of man," the obese Ptolemy *Physcon*. It is ordinarily said that fat men are good-natured: the huge Physcon is an exception to the rule. His predecessor, *Philadelphus*, had been also named *Euergetes*, or the "Beneficent," by a people who knew how to distinguish between a man who murdered his brothers (as our Edward murdered Clarence, and buried him in a wine-cask) and a monarch who had respect for popular rights. Physcon also required his people to drop the title which alluded to his fatness, and to speak of him with the addition of *Euergetes*; the Alexandrians however would not heed their Sovereign, although he had the power to slay half of them. They continued to name him *Kakergetes*, or the Evil-doer, and with some reason. Physcon married the wife of his brother Philometor, and on their wedding-day he killed the infant son of Philometor in its mother's arms; he subsequently repudiated the wife, married her daughter, by his brother, and murdered his own two sons by these two Queens. He sent the limbs of one child to its mother as a present, on a day of festival. His atrocities caused the people to burn him out of his palace; but Physcon recovered his throne, after a period of exile, and calmly died in his bed. This inhuman monster was not only fond of literature, and had an extensive knowledge of languages, but he wrote a comment on Homer, and was the author of a general history in twenty-four

books, celebrated for its elegance. This seems inconsistent with what is otherwise reported of him; and, as Athenæus tells us that learning was greatly promoted in Greece by the Alexandrine scholars driven into exile by Physcon, we may entertain well-founded doubts touching the report of his refined literary predilections.

The subjects of Physcon could not tolerate their obese monster; on the other hand, the Thracians could not tolerate their good King Lycurgus. This sovereign is said to have abolished the worship of Bacchus. In modern phrase, he established a "Maine liquor law," and drove all his subjects into sobriety and sedition. The oracle informed them that no wine would be tasted in Thrace, as long as Lycurgus was on the throne. The priest or priestess of the oracle was probably not averse from a bowl of the *vin du pays*, and thus gave a hint which was quickly followed. Lycurgus was deposed, and, to make the growth of the vine doubly sure, he was, soon afterwards, slain; a terrible example to legislators who fancy themselves wiser than Paul, and who see their patron saint in the Thracian Lycurgus!

The instances in which *men* assumed the right of deposing their Monarchs are very numerous; there is one instance of women successfully exercising a similar privilege. It will be remembered that the ladies of Lemnos once resolved to kill all the men in the island. Their provocation was rather strong, but the ladies may be said to have "provoked the provocation." However this may be, Thoas, the King, hastily abdicated in favour of his daughter Hypsipyle, who, in return, protected him in the general massacre. Thoas is supposed to have passed his remaining days in obscurity, in Chios. His obscurity must have been of the deepest; and we know less of the occupations of his private life than we do of those of Attalus, the third King of Pergamus, who gave up his throne, that he might keep his little garden in order with his own hands, make experiments on metals, and study philosophy.

This was a preferable course to that pursued by the great Sesostris, who, after a career of glory, characterized

by the captive kings who drew his car, became impatient when he grew old, infirm, and blind, and only laid down the sceptre to commit suicide.

They who examine the respective rolls of Kings who ruled in Rome and in Athens, will find that kingship was suppressed in the two localities for exactly opposite reasons. In Rome royalty perished in the person of the seventh King, because of his vices, a crime of his son leading to the destruction of the father. In Athens, royalty was suppressed on the death of the seventeenth King, because of his virtue.

Of the seven Kings of Rome, only two, Numa and Ancus Marcius, died natural deaths. Romulus, Tullus Hostilius, Tarquinius Priscus, and Servius Tullius were severally "disposed of." The crime of the son of the last Tarquin was the excuse for banishing the proud and able but detested King, rather than the real ground for deposing and driving the latter and his family into exile. His tyranny raised against him an aristocratic rebellion, into which the people plunged, because of the popular hatred for his oppressive character and his numerous crimes. Royalty in Rome had lasted about two centuries and a half; "after that," says Livy, "in an assembly of the Centuries, held by the Prefect of the city, were elected, in conformity with a plan found in the commentaries of Servius Tullius (a slave who had become a King), two magistrates, called Consuls."

Tarquin the Proud, when he turned away from the gates of Rome, then closed against him, and the multitude had decreed his banishment, had reigned a quarter of a century. The next fourteen years were spent in banishment, and in vain attempts to recover his throne. He had left, in the days of his power, the rich to oppress the poor: he had changed the laws, of his own free will, disregarded both Senate and people, and carried his cruelty to that extent that "in the days of Tarquin, the tyrant, it was happier to die than live." But "*the people*, at a critical moment," says an ancient writer, "*remembered that they were legislators*, and the reign of Tarquinius came to an end."

When Livy reaches the record for the year of the city 249 (B.C. 493), he remarks,—"This year was rendered remarkable by the news of the death of Tarquin: he died at Cumæ, whither, on the reduction of the power of the Latins, he had retired for refuge to the tyrant Aristodemus. By this news both the Patricians and the Commons were highly elated; but the former suffered their exultation on the occasion to carry them to unwarrantable lengths; and the latter, who until that time had been treated with the greatest deference, began to feel themselves exposed to insults from the nobility." The two parties united had restored liberty: the stronger of the two denied the enjoyment of freedom to their confederates of yesterday. We must not conclude that the nobility alone act thus selfishly; the most democratic patriot of the French Convention declared from his seat, and in the hearing of the people, that when a party had achieved liberty, it was often found necessary to suppress freedom, in order that it might be preserved.

From the strange logic of the Conventionist let us return to the era of the Kings of Athens. We shall there find that from Ægeus to Codrus there were seventeen Kings. The second of the line was that wonderful Theseus, who is the hero of an historical romance by Plutarch. Had Theseus been content to tarry at home, instead of wandering abroad in disreputable company, coveting what Christians are expressly forbidden from having a longing for, he would not have been a sceptreless monarch. In his absence, the proto-demagogue, Menestheus, contrived to seize the throne, and the son of Ægeus saw himself a rejected sovereign. He found refuge at the Court of Lycomedes, King of Scyros. The host and his guest were for some time fast friends. At banquet, review, or sacrifice, Theseus was ever at the elbow of Lycomedes, till Menestheus grew jealous of such hospitality, and remonstrated against the kindness extended to the deposed monarch. In old days such remonstrance was attended to after a different fashion from that which would follow such remonstrance now.

The insular King invited Theseus to ride out with him to view some beautiful prospect from a neighbouring height. They trotted up the eminence in friendly conversation, and the Athenian was unconscious the while of his impending fate. When they had reached the summit, Lycomedes directed his friend's attention to a fair spot in the far distance, and, taking advantage of his averted face, suddenly thrust him over the precipice. He was slain; but Lycomedes, as clever as a Russian Chancellor in making crime look blameless, addressed a diplomatic letter to various courts and cabinets, in which he proved that the death was accidental, and the author of it the purest of monarchs and of men.

Virgil tells us that Theseus lost his throne through descending to hell and attempting to carry off the bride of Pluto. The poet adds, that in the Lower Assembly he took a permanent seat, as representative of fallen royalty. The naked monarch adhered to the stone, literally "like wax." Hercules, like a too zealous friend, rescued him, it is said, from his wearying position, but it was at the expense of the ex-sovereign's skin. The unhappy Theseus left the whole of the covering of the *ossa innominata* behind him.

The seventh King of Athens, Thymœtes, lost his kingdom because he was cowardly enough to refuse a challenge from his royal cousin of Bœotia. The latter potentate, all Bœotian as he was, had the good sense, when he and Thymœtes had a difference upon the subjects of annexation and boundaries, to propose that they should "fight it out" themselves, and not sacrifice the lives of thousands of men in a quarrel in which they had no personal interest. The Athenian refused the proposal, was ejected from his throne in consequence, and died, a despised private gentleman, in another land. He was succeeded by Melanthus, who was himself a runaway King, or the son of one, from Pylos. The latter stepped into the sandals of Thymœtes as cleverly as Louis Napoleon seated himself on that three-legged stool of the Republic, "Liberty, Equality, and Frater-

nity;" — stool which he has so neatly covered with imperial green velvet, "powdered" with the busy bees of Charlemagne.

The Athenians abolished monarchy after the voluntary death of Codrus, who had heard that the Oracle had promised victory to the side which should lose a King in the battle. Codrus thereupon rushed disguised into the fray, and found a glorious death. So satisfied were the wise men of Athens they should never find another such a King, that they decreed the abolition of royalty. This is the only instance of monarchy falling by power, and in consequence of its own virtue. The result may be read in the record which tells of the three centuries of Archons for life, of the period when those high magistrates ruled but for ten years, and of that when they were chosen yearly, like a common Lord Mayor, and, unlike him, were bound never to be the worse for wine, either before dinner or after. The result closes logically with the vesting of the legislative power in three assemblies, the Areopagus, the Council, and that wonderfully consistent body—the Assembly of the People.

The era of Codrus, 1070 years before Christ, is divided from that of Dionysius the Younger, 357 years before the Christian era, by a wide space. During the seven intervening centuries, many a sovereign, and several of those noticed in preceding pages, underwent deposition, followed by banishment or death. The name of the Tyrant of Syracuse has ever stood prominent on the list of fallen Kings of the olden times, and for this reason he may claim some notice in this Chapter.

Among the sovereigns of Ancient times who were driven from power, Dionysius the Younger is perhaps the most remarkable for the great reverse of fortune by which he was visited. Both father and son of this name, who reigned in Sicily, were eminent men; they were remarkable for their ability and their tyranny, and in both there was a strange mixture of good sense and insanity. The elder Dionysius raised himself to the supreme power in Syracuse about B.C. 436, at which period he was not more than twenty-five years of age.

He was distinguished both as a general and as a poet, and he experienced the ordinary destiny of soldiers and authors. He lost as well as won battles; and if at Olympia his poems were received with groans and hisses, at Athens he was awarded a poetical prize. Like the individual who declared that he would rather have written the ballad of 'Hosier's Ghost' than have accomplished what is ordinarily accounted a more distinguished achievement, Dionysius declared that he was more gratified by having gained a public prize for his verses, than by having won laurel crowns for stricken fields. And yet the man who confessed to this refinement of feeling was the same, if history be true, who ordered the famous "ear," or cave, to be constructed for his prisoners, all the sounds in which were conveyed to one common tympanum, close to which Dionysius sat, for the pleasant purpose of hearing what was said against him by the captives.

In his character of father he is again presented to us under a double aspect. He once reproved his son, the second Dionysius, for some acts of terrible licentiousness. He angrily asked the offender if the latter had ever heard of his father being guilty of such brutality, in his younger days.

"Certainly not," was the reply of the hopeful youth, "and for a very good reason—you were not the son of a King."

"Boy!" exclaimed the monarch, "remember this, that never wilt thou be the father of a King."

The prophecy proved true, but the prophet was an impostor. He was the most licentious prince, and the most sacrilegious scoffer, of his days; he could not enter a divine temple without robbing the altars of the Gods, and making very bad jokes on his worse deeds. It may seem, in our eyes, a venial fault, or even a justifiable act, to tear the golden mantle from the statue of Jupiter, pluck the gold beard from Æsculapius, or carry off the costly adornments of Proserpine; but in the old time there were worshippers who looked on those images with awe. These were as disgusted by the crime as we

should be, were the Prince Consort to purloin the communion plate from the Sacramental Table, or as our neighbours in France would have been, had the Emperor walked away with the rich vessels of the Mass to confer them on the successful Taureadors, on that Sunday when divine service was followed up by a bull-fight.

The elder Dionysius was rendered so suspicious, by his own tyranny and cruelty, that he even dreaded the children to whom he gave such fatherly counsel as that noticed above. This dread and suspicious humour was carried so far, that he never allowed wife, son, or daughter to enter his apartment, until their garments had been examined, for the purpose of discovering whether they carried concealed weapons.

There was only one person in the Court of the younger Dionysius who was exempt from this matter of search before entering the Royal presence, namely, Plato. When that great philosopher left the conduct of the Academy, to visit the renowned sovereign at Syracuse, Dionysius sent a vessel for his special conveyance. When the ship came in sight, the monarch drove down to the beach in a car drawn by six high-blooded steeds; and when the philosopher stepped ashore, Dionysius not only seated him in the royal car, but leaped into the place of the charioteer, and drove the broad shouldered son of Ariston to the palace.

In that palace were assembled all the celebrated sages, scholars, artists, and wits of the period. His power seemed so unassailable that he was wont to describe it, proverbially, as "founded on a diamond." Syracuse was defended by an immense army, and protected by so large a fleet and such formidable fortifications as to be the wonder and terror of other governments; the arsenal alone excited the speculation and fears of contemporaries. The place, in fact, was the Sebastopol of the period; but, mighty as it was, it fell before Dion, a handful of troops, and the few vessels which brought them over.

Dion, the kinsman, and Plato, the friend, of Dionysius, were the only two persons at the Court of the tyrant

who had the courage to give him good counsel. They united even in advising him to surrender supreme power, and retire with wealth which he could yet call his own. The King banished his "cousin," and made of the philosopher a slave. The outrage to the former led to the overthrow of the monarch. Dion went to Greece an exiled man; but he returned from it with a force which drove Dionysius from Syracuse, from which place however he contrived to carry off a vast amount of valuable property.

The deposed tyrant found refuge at Locris, the native place of his mother, Doris. His wealth enabled him to attain here the supreme power, which he did not wield with any of the wisdom acquired by experience. He had no respect for either persons or property, and his cruelty was only equalled in intensity by his unspeakable licentiousness. It is almost incredible that this unclean monster was able to hold the sovereignty of Locris during ten years, and that he then quitted it, not only unmolested, but with so little suspicion of his unpopularity as to leave his wife (or one of his wives,—for he had two, one lady accompanying him in his travels, the other enjoying the chief honours only at home) and children without any more than the ordinary protection.

The cause of the departure of Dionysius from Locris was the anarchy which prevailed in Syracuse. Amid the factions there contending for power, the once fugitive now appeared, not more welcome than Louis Napoleon was in Paris to the strugglers for government, in 1848. He had not yet arrived in his old capital when the Locrians seized on the princes and princesses of his family, whom he had left among them. The citizens wreaked a diabolical vengeance upon the women especially of this wretched household, in revenge for old outrages on Locrian girls and matrons. Finally, they tied up the prisoners, thrust long needles under their nails, slew them cruelly, brayed their bones and flesh in a mortar, and, offering this as pleasant food for patriots, devoted all who were too disgusted to taste thereof, to the Furies.

Dionysius, easily consoled for this catastrophe, maintained himself on his recovered throne during three years, at the end of which period the gallant Timoleon arrived to free the Greek cities from his tyranny, and consummated the work by ejecting the monarch from his island throne for ever. It is said that the unsceptred King was permitted to retire to and establish himself at Corinth; and it is from this period that commences the course of his really uncrowned life. There is some difficulty in determining whether he resided at Corinth under a feigned name, or openly, yet miserably, as seems most probable from the terms granted by Timoleon. Under either aspect, the career of Dionysius as a private individual was in the most striking contrast with his career as a sovereign.

Cicero sneers at him for the most creditable of his occupations in the time of his adversity. The monarch turned schoolmaster. He took a class and taught grammar, on the public square. Cicero will have it that the ex-tyrant did this in order that he might indulge in an oppression over boys which he could no longer exercise over men. But the adoption of such a pursuit was perhaps the result of a spirit of humility. Such a course was sometimes taken by those who had fallen from a high estate, in proof that they accepted their lowliness of condition with corresponding submission. We shall find a similar sample of humility in the chapter devoted to the Kings of Wales; and we may remember that what was done by Dionysius under necessity, was performed by Pittheus, King of Trœzene, out of love. This wise monarch gave lessons in a school of his own capital, and wrote a book which pleased Pausanias.

Justin says of Dionysius, that he probably thought he could purchase safety by humility. Not however that he was exactly what any dispensation would call humble. He descended to the habits, dress, and speech of the very lowest class. He was not ashamed to look like, and be known as, a vagabond; he was often seen drunk, and his bloated face and bloodshot eyes denoted

the habitual drunkard. Dirty, ragged, squalid, a true "Corinthian blackguard," he either for the most part lounged away his time in the idleness that comes of debauchery, or in the practice of the latter in its most crapulous forms. At taverns, in barbers' shops,—where small matters of surgery and a vast amount of gossip were done every day,—there Dionysius was to be seen, making the customers laugh by his coarse wit, and earning a few pence by the practice, wherewith to purchase the indulgences in which he most delighted. When these failed, he might be seen moodily hanging about the doors of the drinking-houses, or staring at the dishes in the cooks'-shops with eager and hungry eye. He was often mixed up in squabbles before the magistrates, and chiefly with the owners or frequenters of those places of evil resort which Seneca aptly styles *loca Ædilem metuentia*, — "places which dread the magistrate." But we are told that all this was done out of a certain cunning. He knew how hateful was the name even of a penniless ex-tyrant; and he was desirous to appear contemptible, in order that he might not be considered dangerous. It was not exactly the course to take by an ex-prince who wished to establish a public academy. There may, too, be some exaggeration in the story. Ælian, whose gossip is quite as good as the solemn nonsense of more pretentious but not more enlightened writers, describes the ex-king as being an admirable barber-surgeon. The old Italian has told the story in good Greek; but old Abraham Fleming, some three hundred years ago, rendered the graphic Greek into quaint English; and in this quaint English he tells us that the sceptreless Dionysius "was curious in curling and cutting, in lancing, in boring, in burning, in searing, and in everything besides appertaining to those sciences."

"How came you," said Philip, the son of Amyntas, to the illustrious exile,—"how came you to irretrievably lose the great prize left to you by your father?" "Because," said Dionysius, "when my father left me the inheritance, he did not also leave me what enabled him to get and helped him to keep it—his good luck."

Perhaps the most melancholy guise in which the fallen King appeared to the eyes of the multitude was when hard necessity drove him to become an assistant to the priests of Cybele. Then might he be seen, like the monks who pester travellers for contributions at foreign inns, addressing himself to newly-arrived strangers and to the pious generally. He solicited alms for the altar, the goddess, and the servants of both. This he did, not after the fashion of a grave friar in Italy or Germany, but rather like a street mountebank. He bared his arms, tucked up his robe, played vigorously on the tambourine, danced till he was breathless, and then, with supplicating smile, held his rattling instrument for the "collection." His welcome at the temple depended upon the amount brought in by him. It was in this way that charity sermons were preached by the priests of Cybele. Tender consciences may think this profane; but is it less revolting to see the "Reverend" Mr Spurgeon at the Sunday Gymnastics in Exeter Hall, and to hear him holding funny conversations with Gabriel, and beating the Archangels in argument?

Finally, let us part even from Dionysius on good terms. How long he lived has not been clearly ascertained, and Aulus Gellius is incorrect in his statement of the period of his living. Of the manner, though not of the time of his dying, we have something told worth repeating. It is affirmed that the ex-monarch died of excess of joy, at hearing that a tragedy of his own had been rewarded at a public competition by a poetical prize. If he had the spirit to compose tragedies, we may suspect exaggeration in the details which exhibit him in the most degraded positions. Nevertheless, strange things were done in the old times, and a little of truth may be mixed up in the various stories told of him. However this may be, we may not regret to see an old man, not one of whose children survived him, or had funeral rites after death, die of joy at gaining a prize for poetical excellence. His own history might have furnished him with good subject-matter. He had learnt at Locris that the people considered insurrection against a lawless tyrant,

a duty. He had seen in Sicily that a people too weak to resist oppression may find avengers in foreign governments. The King of the Two Sicilies would not do ill were he to think deeply upon the causes of the fall of Dionysius.

A concluding word will perhaps be allowed, whereby to notice the most remarkable of unsceptred Queens,—namely Zenobia. Her fall dates from the two hundred and seventy-third year of the Christian era. Septimia Zenobia was probably not quite the heroine which imagination and legend make of her. She was addicted to drink, is suspected to have hastened the death of her husband, and was mean and treacherous in adversity. Egypt and Asia Minor acknowledged the authority of the renowned Queen of Palmyra. Her learning, her beauty, and her virtue have been themes of universal admiration. She commanded seven hundred thousand troops, spoke several languages, and wrote historical works which had the good fortune to be commended. The "Queen of the East" was only the regent for her children, when her ambition and arrogance drew down upon her the terrible hostility of Aurelian. He found in her a skilful enemy, whom it was hard to conquer; and when the chances of war threw the descendant of the Ptolemys into his hands, his anger was aroused by her fierce opposition, and he was only appeased by her tearful and abject submission. To calm the imperial wrath, she betrayed her dearest friends; and her treachery did not spare that sublime Longinus, who had sat by her side and taught her lessons of philosophy. "She did not sustain in adversity," says Madame de Staël, in *Corinne*, "the grandeur of her destiny. She neither knew how, like a man, to die for glory, nor, like a woman, to perish rather than betray her friends."

Gibbon observes that Aurelian behaved towards the unfortunate adversaries in his power, with a clemency unusual to ancient conquerors. "The Emperor presented Zenobia with an elegant villa at Tibur, or Tivoli, about twenty miles from the capital. The Syrian queen insensibly sank into a Roman matron, her daughters

married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century." Her greatest merit, perhaps, was that she protected the Christians of the East; and in this light, Zenobius, Bishop of Florence, in the time of St Ambrose, had no reason to be ashamed of the great sovereign, of whose family Baronius supposes him to have been a member.

THE CANONIZED EX-KINGS

"Earth's but an atom: greedy swords
Carve it among a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree!
Let greedy swords still fight and slay
I can be poor, but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee."—WATTS.

THE number of Kings who have been canonized is very limited; particularly when reference is had to the many who have offered abundant homage to the higher power recognised by them in the Tiara. They amount, in all, only to twenty; and five of these belong to England,—namely, the rather apocryphal Lucius, the pious Anglo-Saxon Sebbi, the bold Ethelbert, the ill-fated Edmund, and the royal Confessor Edward. Of the nineteen sovereigns whom Papal authority has registered on the roll of Saints, only four were monarchs who resigned their crowns. These were Lucius, King of Britain, Elesbaan, King of Ethiopia, Sigismund, King of Burgundy, and Sebbi, King of the East Saxons. These are the only male sovereigns who so distinguished themselves by their piety, after exchanging their crown for the cowl, as to merit the honours of canonization. Of two of them, at least, very little is told, and that little is doubtful. Lucius is confidently spoken of as being alive under Marcus Antoninus, Verus, and Aurelius Commodus; and we are informed that, in the year 182. he wrote to Pope Eleutherius, expressing a wish to be made

a Christian. By the Papal command, two bishops were despatched to baptize the royal neophyte, and Lucius has the reputation of being the first Christian King in Europe. Although no one can tell in what part of England the kingdom of this potentate with a Roman name was situated, there is abundance of assertion as to his having abdicated, in order to preach Christianity among the Heathens on the European continent. He fell a martyr to his zeal. Two Roman lieutenants, who could not tolerate the form of dissent upheld by the Royal Missionary, ordered him to be beheaded; and a pond and a cave, in the county of the Grisons, called after his name, are said to be the places in which he bathed and lived during the years following his abdication. As no one can positively affirm that King Lucius ever lived, it is hardly worth while to consider if he can be identified with the so-called missionary. A manuscript in the Vatican pronounces affirmatively on both questions; and upon such venerable authority Lucius claims notice as being the first King in Europe who became a Christian, and who straightway discovered that a crown but ill agreed with Christianity.

More than three centuries and a half passed by before another sovereign made the same sacrifice and reaped the same reward. The potentate in question was that May-day King, Sigismund, of Burgundy, the orthodox successor of his Arian sire Gondebald. Sigismund was an eminently pious, but also insanely passionate monarch. He built many churches, and murdered his only son. To do him justice, it should be mentioned that he repented him of a deed, into which he had been driven by suspicion that his son was engaged in a conspiracy against him. The murderer became uneasy at the thought that mere suspicion could not justify him in being the assassin of his child, and he retired to a monastery, at a place called Agaune. His religion does not appear to have been founded on very sound principles; for Sigismund, we are told, made a bargain with Heaven, whereby it was arranged that by incurring condign punishment in this world, he should win

Paradise in the next. Accordingly, when the course of war brought the ferocious Clodomir near Agaune, Sigismund became the captive of the savage warrior, by whom he was flung into the Loire, and drowned. They who have visited the Cathedral at Prague will, perhaps, remember the evidences there that the body of this eminently pious assassin was recovered; and, if they touched upon the subject with the Sacristan, they will probably not have forgotten the good man's perplexity when endeavouring to show that this slayer of his son very properly wore the crown, brightness, and *prestige* of a saint.

While Sigismund was in retirement in Agaune, there was a swarthy Christian monarch, reigning over the Ethiopians, in his splendid capital, Axuma, and the name of this monarch was Elesbaan. He was so powerful as to be respected by the Emperor Justin the Elder, at whose request he headed a large force, with which he invaded Arabia, overthrew a Jewish autocrat there, who was cruelly oppressing the Christians, and established a Christian ruler in his place. Elesbaan returned in triumph, and reigned some years in glory, at Axuma. But suddenly he was smitten with a conviction that, to use an Eastern phrase, "it was all wool!" and he acted on the conviction. He privately sent his diadem to Jerusalem; and on a dark night he issued from his palace, so meanly disguised that no one who met him, that night, proceeding towards a monastery a few miles from the capital, with a coarse mat hanging over his arm, and a little wooden bowl in his hand, could have guessed that the humble wayfarer was the once proud monarch of the Axumite Ethiopians. Elesbaan, after he crossed the threshold of the monastery, never issued from it again. He fed very scantily on the meanest fare; read much, thought more, and spoke never. No duty he was called upon to perform was offensive to any sense of refinement which he may be supposed to have possessed; and he consequently died in an odour which was decided, by competent authority, to be an odour of sanctity. Canonization ensued, as a matter

of course; and Elesbaan sits among the thousand mediators honoured by his church.

About the year, on one night of which he was furtively gliding through the gates of his capital with all the worldly property he retained—his mat and bowl,—the warlike kingdom of the East Saxons was founded by Erkenwin. Tenth in descent from the founder was Sebbi, or Sebba, who, after an active reign of thirty years, placed himself in the hands of the Bishop of London, and received the permission he sought, to resign his crown and assume the cowl. He died after two years of monastic privacy; and his tomb, in St Paul's Cathedral, was, down to the year of the Great Fire, 1666, one of those metropolitan sights to which youthful visitors and strangers generally were conducted, as to a spectacle of no insignificant quality. It would seem, from the fact that of about a score of Kings who have been canonized, only three or four had changed their palaces for monasteries, that he who remained faithful to the duties of his calling to the end, was more accounted of than he who abandoned his perilous vocation to find security in the cell of a monk. Edward the Confessor, King and God-fearing man to the last, dying with his hand on his sceptre, and his heart full of love for his people, affords a more pleasant and profitable example than Elesbaan, who, descending from his high estate, did scavenger's work for his brother monks.

Although Ethelbert, the first converted King of the Saxons, did not win canonization by making sacrifice of his crown, he was as warmly regarded by the Church as if he had really accomplished the sacrifice. This may be seen in his very satisfactory epitaph, which says,—

"Rex Ethelbertus hîc clauditur in Poliandro;
Fana pians, certè Christo meat absque Mæandro."

"Famous King Ethelbert lies here,
Closed in this Poliander;
For hallowing churches he goes clear
To Christ without meander."

Turning now to the Queens, we find that a dozen female sovereigns adorn the register of canonized ladies; and of these not less than seven resigned all royal privileges before they died, and worked out their object in communities of religious sisters. The first may be said to have been the most celebrated; namely, the witty, beautiful, meek, modest, pious Burgundian Lady Clotilda, cousin to that King Sigismund spoken of above, and wife to the redoubtable Clovis, King of France. She managed his household with particular vigilance, we are told, "over the maids;" and she managed her ferocious husband by that exquisite art eulogized by the poet—ruling by seeming not to rule. She converted her husband to Christianity; that is, to the profession, but not the practice, for Clovis could not keep his hand from the murder of his kinsmen. After the death of the King, Clotilda saw her son Clodomir drown her cousin Sigismund; and the mere horror of the iniquity which reigned around her, drew her to that monastery at Tours, where she spent the last twenty years of her life, not as a mere sentimental pietist, but a busy, bountiful, true-hearted woman. She died in the year 545; and, thirteen hundred years after the death of the royal nun, her name not only adorns, but sanctifies that glorious church in Paris which has recently been erected in honour of her memory.

Her example was followed by her daughter-in-law, the Thuringian Radegundes, who had been the captive, before she became the wife, of Clotaire I. The early Christian Kings of France were brutal savages; and it is in no wise astonishing that Radegundes solicited permission from her lord to retire into a nunnery. Clotaire complained that she had made a nunnery of his palace, but he yielded consent; and the joy of his lady was only once dashed, when her husband attempted, but without success, to force her from her retreat.

This unqueened Queen was a woman of intellect and feeling, and was so highly accomplished as to be able to read the Fathers in Greek and Latin. Her condition

as a nun was in stronger contrast with her queenly condition than was the case with many royal ladies who gave up troubled thrones for undisturbed cells. She is described as "living wholly on bread made of rye and barley, and on roots and pulse, and never drinking any wine; and her bed was a piece of sackcloth spread upon ashes. She wore next her skin a chain which had been given her by St Junian, a holy priest in that country, whom she furnished with clothes worked with her own hands." She died at Poitiers in 587.

France again furnishes us with the next example, but this time in the person of an Englishwoman, Bathildes, the purchased slave of a nobleman, who re-sold her to the second Clovis, whom she first served as housekeeper, and subsequently as his wife. Sixteen years after the nuptials, during which she had especially distinguished herself by her liberality in building churches and monasteries, she withdrew in 665 to the "truly royal nunnery" at Celles, of which she was herself the founder; and there she passed the same number of years which she had spent upon the throne.

A short time after the death of this English Queen of France, we meet with another instance of a female sovereign who renounced royalty and received the honours of canonization. This is Cuthburga, who went through the form of marriage with Alfved, King of the Northumbers, but who, with the sanction of her consort, "devoted herself entirely to her heavenly spouse, in the Monastery of Barking, in Essex." The old records do not furnish us with a more perfect example of an entirely voluntary withdrawal from greatness—but also from duty—than this, in the person of "Saint Cuthburga, Queen, Virgin, and Abbess," who died in the beginning of the eighth century. Her supposed remains were objects of veneration in the olden time. Such veneration has often been thrown away, as in the case of the princely San Fernando, at Madrid. The nether part of this royal relic is apocryphal, but we are told that valuable indulgences are granted to those who look on that part with implicit faith.

The eight years passed in a monastery by that Empress Theodora, whom the Greek Church acknowledges as a saint, were years of a forced retirement, after a reign, not without glory, of twelve years. The filial ingratitude of her son, Michael III., compelled this hard necessity upon her, from which she was exultingly relieved by death, in the year 867

Kunegunda, the wife of the last Emperor of Germany of the Saxon dynasty, Henry II., of whom the head of the Church has made a St Henry, in return for his endowment of the Bishopric of Bamberg out of his private resources, was so moved by the example of Cuthburga of England, that she consented to be married only on the stipulation that she should lead the life of a nun. It was she who, on being subsequently accused of having, herself, disregarded the stipulation, proved the falsity of the report by walking uninjured over a row of red-hot ploughshares. This alleged fact, and the additional circumstance that she impoverished herself for the honour of the Church, caused the latter to glory extremely when Kunegunda, in 1025, then a widow, resolved to take the veil. "On the anniversary day of her husband's death, 1025, she assembled a great number of prelates to the dedication of her church at Kaffingen; and, after the Gospel was sung at Mass, offered on the altar a piece of the true cross, and then put off her imperial robes, and clothed herself with a poor habit; her hair was cut off; and the bishop put on her a veil and a ring, as the pledge of her fidelity to her heavenly spouse." Fifteen years Kunegunda lived in strict observance of the duties of an austere nun; and sixty years after her death, Innocent III. added to the list of saints this uncrowned empress, virgin, — and simple sister, in a monastery founded by herself.

The last example is presented to us in the person of a lady who is well known to the general reader, in the Princess Joan, of the novel of 'Quentin Durward.' This daughter of Louis XI. was married in 1476, when she was only in her thirteenth year, to her cousin the Duke of Orléans, who detested her. Twenty-two years

after, her nusband ascended the throne as Louis XII.; and as the new King had an old affection for Anne of Brittany, the widow of his predecessor, Charles VIII., he easily procured a sentence of divorce from Rome, espoused Anne, and drove Joan into a rather richly endowed retirement at Bourges. The ex-Queen both dressed and lived as a nun, and instituted the Order of Nuns of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, of which the Superioress bore no more dignified title than that of *Ancilla*, or servant. Joan did not take the habit till 1504, and she died the year following. Canonization rewarded her virtues,—but rather tardily, as it was not till 1738, above two centuries after her death, that Clement XII. raised her to the rank of a Saint, and made of poor Joan a new intercessor for man, with the Mediator who alone stands between man and God.

Walsingham, when treating of saints and relics, sharply remarks on the custom of dividing the bodies of royal and noble defunct personages, in connection with the death of Queen Eleanor, whose body was buried in the monastery at Amesbury, and whose heart was given to the Minorite Friars in London. These friars, he says, "like the friars of all other orders, challenged part of the bodies of all great persons dying, like greedy dogs, every one snatching for a piece of a dead corpse." If there be some truth in this, it must be recollected that all the time spent by ex-royal ladies in nunneries, was not idly spent. The Corcyrian Nymph, Aganella, when she had invented the ball, took it to Nausicaa, the daughter of King Alcinous, and taught her to use it, princesses having nothing to do, as she said, but to amuse themselves. The mother-superiors, in convents inhabited by *ci-devant* queens, were also lenient with inmates who brought dowries with them, but they gave better instruction nevertheless than Aganella imparted to the youthful Nausicaa.

Of Kings in Purgatory there must have been vast numbers, if we may rely upon painters and poets. There is only a single instance, however, of a king

having been seen in limbo, and that was by a visionary process. Tundal thus beheld a deposed Irish king, who suffered an intermittent purgatory. His majesty had three hours of it out of the twenty-four; during one-and-twenty hours he was unmolested; during the other three he was plunged in purgatorial flames nearly up to his waist, his offence being a disregard of his conjugal vows. He wore also a red-hot tunic down to the waist, in expiation of having killed a friend near a church, and told a lie about it when questioned. All his other sins had been forgiven him. Is it more charitable than logical to conclude that as this was the only king who was ever seen in Purgatory, he is also the only sovereign untrue to his wife, faithless to his friend, and false of tongue?

The idea of a quiet, crownless lady, has induced an English poet to make a "retired queen" of CONTEMPLATION, to whom he also gives the more humble name of "virtue's nurse," seen only by saints and hermits. To Contemplation the elder Tom Wharton addresses himself, saying—

"Teach me St James's to despise."

In another poem this writer, who sees nothing

"In crowded courts, but schools
For fops, or hospitals for fools,"

says, in somewhat better taste,—

"From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,
Pleas'd I return, unenvious of the great."

A sentiment similar in spirit has been cordially confessed by some British sovereigns, and has been acknowledged, under compulsion, by others. Of these some notice will be found in the following section.

BRITAIN

DETHRONED BRITISH AND SAXON KINGS

"Mortality! behold and fear!
What a charge of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones;
Here *they* lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.'
Here's an acre, sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died;
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of Kings;
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

BEAUMONT, *On the Tombs in Westminster.*

IN the legendary period of our history, this pleasant island bore a poetical name: it was called "the water-guarded green spot;" some of its early inhabitants gratefully named it the Honey Island. Its present name is a memorial of its deposition from independence, and the Isle of *Britain* preserves in its appellation the name of the great conqueror, Prydain, the son of the renowned Aedd Mawr.

The unicorn in the Royal Arms is of heavenly descent, like the first crown ever worn by mortal man, Nimrod, of which notice has been previously taken. When

Ambros, a British King, was dying, a star with a single bright beam appeared in the sky; in the beam there was the figure of a dragon, which Uther, the brother and successor of Ambros, took for his crest, and was called Uther Pen Dragon. The dragon remained a dragon as late as the reign of Edward I.; and some writers declare that this animal, attached to the star *with one beam*, is to be recognized in the monoceros who, with the lion, now upholds the shield of England.

The mutual jealousies of the half-hundred tribes into which Britain was divided, at the period of the Roman invasion, were as fatal to the natives as the arms, valour, and discipline of the invaders. The conquest of the island took half a century to complete. During that time there are two British names which shine with more than ordinary lustre, namely the Chief, or King, Caradoc or Caractacus, and the Queen Victoria or Boadicea. When Caradoc was dragged through Rome to the tribunal of Claudius he expressed his reasonable wonder that the imperial possessor of the magnificence he beheld around him should envy him the possession of a rude hut in Britain. When Boadicea found herself dethroned by the victorious Romans, she swallowed poison, rather than live dishonoured. The two boldest of the enemies of Rome in Britain present to us these respective traits of their quality, in their fallen condition: the King was patient, and profited by his patience; the Queen of the Iceni, foiled in her vengeance, took impatient revenge upon herself. Mason, in his grand dramatic poem of 'Caractacus,' has not forgotten the tradition that Caradoc had voluntarily resigned his sceptre, but had resumed it to head his last assault against the Romans, which was followed by his betrayal to his foes by Cartesmunda, of whom he had asked an asylum. "Caractacus"—so sings the stately semichorus of Druids,—

"This night demands admission to our train:
He once our king, while aught his power avail'd
To save his country from the rod of tyrants,

That duty past does wisely now retire,
To end his days in secrecy and peace;
Druid with Druids, in this chief of groves,
Even in the heart of Mona."

The ex-King rushed to arms, and tempted Fortune, under adverse omens and against the will of the Druids. There is reason to believe that Claudius restored him to his home, if not to his former power; and probably the brave old man died, not indeed "in the heart of Mona," but amongst the Ordovices, after all. One of the finest pictures ever painted by Tacitus in words is that which shows us the captive Caradoc standing erect before Cæsar, the Prætorian bands, and the trophies which spoke of Roman triumph. Of all the British captives, he alone was not abject; and when he turned from listening to the compliments of Claudius on his valour, to salute Agrippina, who sat in state at a tribunal near to that of her husband, the crowding spectators could scarcely have told in which spectacle there was the most cause for wonder,—a woman seated amid the ensigns and the armies of Rome, or a barbarian King shaking off his fetters, and rendering her an unembarrassed homage.

Three centuries and a half had elapsed when, in the reign of Honorius, the Roman force at this extremity of the Empire was withdrawn to defend the provinces, menaced by invasion, nearer to the capital. In the year 420 the enervated Britons found themselves helpless against Picts and Scots, and, by the advice of their old Roman masters, they invited to their assistance those *Sakai-sunæ*, or Saxons, who were originally sprung from Asia, and who had fought their way to the shores of the German Ocean.

About the year 449 those equivocal protectors entered Britain, under banners bearing the figure of a mare and a horse, from which symbols the chiefs of the Saxon force derived their names—Hengist and Horsa. The Saxon Heptarchy was the result, although not the immediate result, of this invasion; and seven Kings

reigned in Kent, Sussex, Essex, Wessex, Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumberland, professedly united, but for ever seeking the bloody arbitrement of war. Sharon Turner repeats the assertion that it was no uncommon circumstance for a Saxon King to surrender his greatness, and seek in a monastery for the peace which he had failed to find on his rude throne. There are however only a few of these potentates in whose retirement from sovereignty there are any features of sufficient singularity to warrant their being produced before the reader.

Among these is Sebbi, King of the East Saxons, already mentioned. From his early days it had been remarked that he was much more fitted for the Episcopal than the Royal throne. After occupying the latter for more than a quarter of a century, with credit to himself and little advantage to his people, he expressed to his Queen a desire to lay down his sceptre, and retire to a monastery. In order that he might become a monk, he requested his consort to agree to be divorced from him; but to this request the lady remained for a long time obstinately deaf. Ultimately the conclusion was accomplished, with her reluctant consent; and Sebbi received the religious habit at the hands of Waldhere, Bishop of London, to whom he resigned all his worldly wealth, for the benefit of the poor. The ex-king became an exemplary monk; and after his death, in 694, a circumstance occurred which is held to be good proof of his monastic virtue. When his conventual brethren were depositing his body in a stone coffin, they found the latter a span too short: they hewed off the end, and lengthened it to the requisite extent. On again putting in the body, they found it had either lengthened, or the coffin had shortened. They thought to adapt one to the other by bending the knees of the deceased Sebbi; but the defunct King, having a respect for seemliness, at once adjusted his remains to the limits of the coffin, and the brethren carried him respectfully to the church of St Paul, London, with exultation moderated by reverence.

We find a contrast to the case of Sebbi in that of a sovereign of a subsequent period.

That monarch was Ina the Pious, King of Wessex, who obtained regal authority by means which were not strengthened by legal sanction. He was great in arms, —was still more renowned for his piety. He founded Glastonbury Abbey, and willingly surrendered his own sisters to be shut up in convents, wherein dwelt companies of virgins, dead to earthly inclinations, and living with their aspirations unceasingly ascending to Heaven. Ina had reigned in glory for more than thirty-six years, when, in the early part of the eighth century, his Queen, Ethelburga, pressed upon him the reasonableness of giving up his sceptre into younger hands. Ina, in his old days, without relaxing in religious observances, had fallen into sensual indulgence, and was indignifiedly addicted to gross feeding and deep drinking. Ethelburga was scandalized at this unseemly conduct in an old man, and resolved to work in him a desired reform. Ina had a rural palace, in which he once entertained a riotous company at a banquet of more than ordinary length, splendour, and excess. The King of Wessex was in a condition which brought tears to the eyes of the more refined Ethelburga; and as soon as he had sunk into a drunken slumber on his bed, she gave some instructions to a faithful attendant, which were to be carried out on the following day. She then lay down by the side of her unconscious consort, with whom she departed at early dawn.

The power of the Queen and the authority of her confidant must have been very great. But a brief time had elapsed after the departure of Ethelburga and Ina, the latter equally sick and sad at heart, when, by order of the official above alluded to, a scene took place which probably astonished the actors themselves. The latter drove cattle into the rooms, defiled them still further with every possible pollution, and finally deposited a sow and a litter of pigs in the very bed where Ina and Ethelburga had rested the previous night, and from which, but for different reasons, both had risen unrefreshed.

As these were on their way to their capital, Ethelburga induced Ina to return to the country residence they had left that morning. She probably had the less difficulty in accomplishing this, inasmuch as that the King of Wessex was too rudely shaken by his late excesses, to care to do otherwise than as he was bidden. When he reached the rural palace, he was aghast at the spectacle which he beheld, and indeed there was before him offence against more than any single sense. The details need not be narrated. "The King," we are told by William of Malmesbury, "was astonished at seeing a place which yesterday might have vied with Assyrian luxury, now filthily disgusting and desolate; and, silently pondering on the sight, his eyes at length turned upon the Queen." The latter is reported by the same historian to have made the following application of this very extraordinary text:—" My noble spouse, where are the revellings of yesterday? where are the tapestries dipped in Sidonian dyes? where the ceaseless impertinence of parasites? where the sculptured vessels overwhelming the very tables with their weight of gold? where are the delicacies so anxiously sought, throughout sea and land, to pamper the appetite? Are not all these things smoke and vapour? Have they not all passed away? Woe be to those who attach themselves to such, for they in like manner shall consume away! Are not all these like a rapid river hastening to the sea? and woe to those who are attached to them, for they shall be carried away by the current. Reflect, I beseech you, how wretchedly will these bodies decay, which we pamper on such unbounded luxury! Must not we, who gorge so constantly, become more disgustingly putrid? The mighty must undergo mightier torments, and a severer trial awaits the strong." Had the brain of Ina not been too seriously disturbed by the last night's wine, he might have at once detected that Ethelburga drew illogical inferences from ill-founded premises. As it was, the old and nervous monarch allowed himself to be persuaded. He threw away his sceptre, gave his mantle to a successor, and, proceeding

to Rome, "he was shorn in secret, and, clad in homely garb, grew old in privacy." Although he is praised for his constancy, some suspicion is excited upon this particular point by the fact that the Queen (who accompanied him in his voluntary exile) is spoken of as making it her constant care to soothe his sorrows by her conversation, and stimulating him, "when wavering," by her example. Some historians say that Ina even kept a school at Rome, and all agree that Ethelburga took the veil. The King died at no great period after his arrival in the Eternal City, in 728. His predecessor, Ceadwalla, had died in the same locality; and, indeed, so numerous were the abdications of the Saxon monarchs, that, as we are assured by the learned and exact author of the preface to the 'Monasticon,' not less than thirty Anglo-Saxon Kings and Queens, within the limits of two centuries, resigned their crowns in order to embrace the monastic state.

"Quis non miratur," are the words of Masham, "xxx Reges et Reginas Anglo-Saxons intra 200 annos, contemptis mundi illecebris, religiosam obiisse solitudinem? Quis magnificam in condendis monasteriis profusionem non suspicit?" In these splendid monasteries the way of life of one was the way of life of all. The act of abdication from the throne to a monastery was deemed an "ennobling." Thus Bede, after saying that Coinred "for some time nobly governed the kingdom of the Mercians," adds, "he did a much more noble act by quitting the throne of his kingdom, and going to Rome, where, being shorn, when Constantine was Pope, and made a monk, at the relics of the Apostles, he continued to his last hour in prayers, fasting, and alms-deeds." Speaking of Offa (of Mercia), Bede says, "He, with like devotion, quitted his wife, lands, kindred, and country, for Christ and for the Gospel, that he might receive an hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. He also, when they came to the holy places at Rome, receiving the tonsure and adopting a monastic life, attained the long wished-for sight of the blessed apostles in heaven." Alban Butler, comment-

ing on these abdications, very fairly remarks, that the world never saw anything similar till the Christian era had begun. These examples, however, are confined to two centuries, when the priesthood had a supernatural power, and did not always employ it for unprofitable purposes. Dr Newman, in the 'Life of St Richard,' which he wrote, or edited, ascribes such results to the fact that the hearts of these Kings were the strong soil in which religion naturally produces great fruits. This is partly true; but it must be emembered that in many instances these sovereigns only gave up a position that was constantly menaced by savage enemies, for one of secure calm on earth, and which had the promise attached to it of a brighter calm hereafter.

Bede states that at the tombs of Ina and Ethelburga miracles were performed during a considerable period. When this supposed proof of the sanctity of this famous couple ceased to be "performed," we are not told. That one miracle was accomplished there, was accounted sufficient warranty of the righteousness of those who were honoured in the performance.

Ina's Queen was a more reasonable woman than Etheldrida, the royal consort of King Egfrid. There was a story current touching the extraordinary purity of this wife of two husbands, which Bede was not inclined to take upon hearsay. That celebrated writer questioned Bishop Wilfrid on the subject; and the prelate vouched for the truth of the report, partly on the authority of Egfrid himself, who very unwillingly resigned her, at her own request, to the Bishop, by whom she was covered with the mystic veil, at Coldingham, in Berwickshire. Subsequently she became abbess of the monastery at Ely, where she was, in the words of Bede, "the virgin mother of very many virgins dedicated to God." Among the good deeds of this renowned unqueened Queen, are reckoned—her wearing woollen instead of linen garments, and her reluctance to indulge in the pardonable luxury of washing in hot water. She would never do this, we are told, except on the eve

of some of the great church festivals; and even then she would not use the water till she had first washed therein all "the other servants of God there present." St Thomas of Ely, her biographer, seems to have an idea that fastidious Christians might sneer at these ablutions of the consort of Egfrid. To such persons, he very curtly observes, that they who are washed in heart, are always sufficiently washed in body. The royal abbess died of the plague, after suffering an operation which laid open her jaw. She was buried in a wooden coffin; but some years afterwards, when this was opened, not only was her body perfectly free from corruption, but the gaping wound in the jaw was healed; and such purity was inherent in her, that the very touch of her garments expelled the most obstinate of devils from the bowels of the possessed.

It should be noticed that these "ladies," or queens, occasionally enjoyed as much splendour in a monastery as on a throne. Eadburga, the criminal wife of King Beorhtrine, sought refuge at the court of Charlemagne; and that potentate placed her in a monastery, expressly, it is said, that she might live in a splendid style! This royal lady ended her days a beggar in the streets of Pavia. In testimony that monasteries were not necessarily mean places, we have the story of the Abbess Edith, daughter of King Edgar. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, saw her when he was engaged in reforming the lax discipline of the Benedictines. Her splendid dress shocked the austere notions of the prelate. "Daughter," he said, "the Spouse whom you have chosen delights not in external pomp: it is the heart which He demands." To this the royal abbess replied, "Very true, Father; and my heart I have yielded to Him. As long as it is His, He will not be offended with a little external pomp." Dr Lingard, who cites this story from ancient records, emphatically asserts that the virtues of Edith justified the reply.

That a monastic life glorified the monarch who adopted it, was typified by an act of St Berach. He received a little mean-looking King, anxious to abdicate,

and this monarch was at once rendered tall and majestic, by the cowl which the infant Saint put upon his head, after setting him to sleep on his lap.

It may be here appropriately mentioned, that amongst the early Saxon monarchs set down in the roll of dethroned sovereigns, is "St Richard the King." His life may be read in the Hagiographies edited by Dr Newman. It must be observed, however, that, in commencing the life of "St Richard the King," the author is compelled to make a rather humiliating confession,—namely, that he knows little or nothing of his hero,—whose biography is very meagre and unsatisfactory. St Richard is *supposed* to have lived during the latter half of the seventh century, but the period is disputed. He is imagined to have been a sovereign, yet nobody knows precisely of what or of whom. His principal claim to reputation is in his having been the father of three Saxon Saints, and in having received the honours of canonization, out of compliment to his connections. The eldest of the three Saints, of whom "King Richard" was the father, was Willibald, who not only persuaded his brother Winnibald and his sister Walburga, but also his royal sire, to accompany him on a pilgrimage to Rome. They set out in the year 721. It was not, however, given to Richard the King to behold the Eternal City. He died at Lucca; and at his tomb were performed miracles—which seem to have been lumbering, motiveless, and profane. The very dust of the tomb of this so-called King, who gave up his princely condition to turn pilgrim, was long an object of veneration with all who visited the shrine —where the dust was sold and eagerly purchased. Why not? asks Dr Newman: the dust of St Richard the King was surely more valuable than "a bronze from Herculaneum or a coin of Caligula."

We have a less apocryphal "unprinced Prince" in the person of Athelstan, the brother of Alfred, who is known in Hagiography by the title of St Neot. It was after gaining a great battle that he walked on the shore at Sandwich Bay, and, in utter disgust at the bloody

affair, although it had ended in triumph for him, he hurried away, entered a monastery, and was never after heard of, save by the name of St Neot. In proof that the little Saint was identical with the lofty Athelstan, the hagiographers certify that a calf-skin, which was suspended in his hut to keep the wind from his head, was for many years afterwards a specific against swellings in the face. It is added, that if St Neot happened to wish to leave the monastery after the gates were locked (the Saint, it must be remembered, was too short to reach to the key), key and lock would descend to a level with the saint, and perform the operation of unlocking, without troubling himself to use his hand! Had not very serious, earnest, and excellent men given their warranty for the identity of Athelstan and St Neot, the subject would hardly have been worthy of notice; and as even at this day, at Lucca, the traveller hears of "St Richard the King," who changed a crown for a cowl, the introduction of both personages will, perhaps, not be thought misplaced.

In the year 827, the Heptarchy is popularly said to have given way to a monarchy, and Egbert is set down as the first "King of England." To Athelstan however, the sixth successor of Egbert, some authors assign the proud title of first undisputed King, as it was not till his reign, which commenced in 905 and concluded in 938, that the King of England ceased to have an adversary in his territory—in the persons of the Danes.

Fourteen Saxon Kings had governed since Egbert, when Edmund Ironside made a partition of his kingdom with the Danish sovereign, Canute. Canute himself became, like many other kings of this and a subsequent century, an unsceptred monarch, by occasional retirement to a monastery for prayer, penitence, or simple relaxation. Monarchs frequently left public business undone, by taking up their residence in monasteries during the periods of great festivals of the Church. The Abbey of Ely was a favourite place of resort with Canute, for the monks sang merrily, and the King loved a cheerful song. The holy community received him

with much pomp, as he stepped out of his boat, or leaped lightly, in winter-time, from his sledge, near the gates of the sacred edifice. Three of the Danish line reigned successively, and then, in 1041, the Saxon line was restored in Edward the Confessor, between whom and the Norman Conqueror, William, there stands only Harold—a usurper by guile, who made way for a usurper by power of the sword. Harold himself is placed by early legends among the unsceptred monarchs; and there was long extant a tradition that he had escaped from Hastings, entered a monastery, and died penitent, in an honoured old-age. William received the submission of the inhabitants in the year 1066, about six hundred and seventeen years after Hengist and Horsa had pitched their banners in the Isle of Thanet,—the symbol on which is still perpetuated in the figure of the steed that remains to this day the crest or representative of the county of Kent—where Roman eagle and Saxon horse first found footing.

Hitherto, it will have been seen that the influence which ruled the resignation of the Anglo-Saxon Kings came from the priests, by whom the much-troubled though not always reluctant monarch was either pushed or persuaded into the cloister. The Druids, before them, exercised a power scarcely inferior. To this, allusion is aptly made by Mason, in the words addressed by a Druid to Caractacus, when the latter sought to re-assume his kingly authority, yet promised obedience to the sacred will.

"Thou art a King, a sovereign o'er frail man;
I am a Druid, servant of the Gods;
Such service is above such sov'reignty,
As well thou know'st. If they should prompt these lips
To interdict the thing thou dar'st to do,
What would avail thy daring?"

Neither Briton nor Saxon monarch might be bold enough to give a defiant reply to so confident a query. This irresistible influence however gradually ceased to

exist, but not without long and obstinate attempt at resistance.

Indeed there were symptoms, before the Conquest, that the 'people' were beginning to share in a potentiality which for a long period was enjoyed only by the priests. The learned King Ceolwulf, who read and corrected Bede's manuscript History of the Angles, was sufficiently troubled by subjects as well as saints to induce him to resign the crown of Northumbria with a declaration that earthly troubles were beneath the consideration of a Christian King. The royal and luxurious scholar found the ease and leisure he most loved, in a monastery. A more marked symptom of increasing popular power is to be found in the history of Hardiknute. He ordered the levy of "ship money;" but as this order was not made in a "general assembly," the recalcitrant people expressed their opinions in such a formidable guise, at Worcester, that the Dane, fearing deposition, yielded to the popular will.

It may be added, that if there were both leisure and secure ease for uncrowned Kings in monasteries, there was no lack of interesting occupation and amusement for retired Princesses. It was the favourite sport of the Princess Edburga, in the nunnery to which she retired, to rise in the middle of the night, steal away all the "socks" of the sleeping sisters, wash them, perfume them, and replace them on the beds of the nuns, ready for use again. The nightly wonder afforded a pleasant staple of gossip when the ladies met at breakfast, in the refectory, on the following morning. Nor was their only amusement made to consist in such trifles; they evidently understood and practised the enjoyment of private theatricals. We hear of a very accomplished royal nun, named Hroswitha, who, from the year 970 to 980, wrote half-a-dozen plays, "in the style of Terence," all tending to show the uses and advantages of living in a condition of perpetual and cloistered virginity. If they were as dull as the letters of Sulpicius Severus on the same subject, the audience deserved some commiseration; but at the readings or recitings of these

plays, the audience, including the spiritual men who had once been sceptred monarchs, were deeply interested in the subject; and we may be permitted to fancy the applause which followed sentiments wherein the hearers were told that, if it were good for Kings to lay down their crowns, there was a crown which their daughters, the *sponsæ Christi*, should preserve for ever.

It is thus we see that a "religious" life was not in all cases either a dull or a quiet one. In the eighth century we find Alcuin begging the uproarious Yorkshire priests not to go scouring over the country, shouting at fox chases:—"Non per campos discurrentes, vulpes agitando, declament."

The luxurious Kings of early times in England, who passed, of their own accord, into comfortable cloisters, would have done well to remember the example of Abraham, who was as great a King as they, in his way, and who

> "Chaldea left, to till
> The moss-grown Haran's flinty soil;
> Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
> The commonwealth of weeds rebell'd,
> But labour tamed th' ungrateful plain."

Certainly, when William left Normandy for England, he quitted no rich Chaldea for unrequitive Haran, but he was first of a line of monarchs remarkable for their untiring energy, in good or evil. Since his accession, no English King has voluntarily withdrawn from the exercise of power. In few cases can the expulsion of a King from the throne, however unmerited the catastrophe may seem, be said to be the result of any cause, but one residing in the King's weakness, folly, or wickedness. Sympathy for the least erring among them, and aversion from those whose tyranny was often more oppressive than that of the monarchs whom they overthrew, should not cause this fact to be forgotten. It is stated here, rather than asserted in the following section, wherein there will be found, not so

much a detail of causes, as a narrative, however imperfect, of consequences. The difficulties of Kingship, however, are well defined in the next quotation, from Cowper.

DEPOSED KINGS, FROM THE CONQUEST TO JAMES THE SECOND

"To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
E'en when he labours for his country's good,—
To see a band called patriot, for no cause
But that they catch at popular applause,
Careless of all th' anxiety he feels,
Hook disappointment on the public wheels;
With all their fluent flippancy of tongue,
Most confident when palpably most wrong;—
If this be kingly, then farewell, for me,
All kingship! And may I be poor and free!"—
COWPER.

SEVEN royal lines have held sovereignty in England since the accession of the Normans in 1066. These Normans not only intruded themselves without right, save that of the sword, but they succeeded each other irregularly. Allowing William to have established his right by the sword, he should have been succeeded by his son Robert; but the rightful monarch, wronged by two brothers, lingered during more than a quarter of a century, a melancholy and neglected captive, in Cardiff Castle. It was for attempting to escape, after he had renounced his claim to the throne, that excuse was found for depriving Robert of his sight. He had fled on horseback; but his steed carried his rider into a quagmire, and had not strength to carry him out of it. The unhappy Prince was easily captured by his pursuers; and his jealous and usurping brother satisfied an unmanly but not unusual vengeance, by putting out his eyes. The first Christian Emperor, Constantine, had

forbidden the practice of such revenge: the face of man, he said, should not be deformed, for it was the seat of celestial beauty. But Constantine, who wrote very excellent sermons, if we may judge by the sample afforded by the single discourse which has survived to our times, murdered his son Crispus, and did not always practise what he preached. Henry's act, which incapacitated his brother for the throne, was one of mercy, compared with that of the great Constantine towards his son. After four Norman Kings had irregularly held sway, commenced the brilliant yet ill-fated Plantagenet line, whose eight kings occupied the throne during a period of nearly two centuries and a half. Young Arthur, of this race, like Robert of the Norman, was the "true prince" who never came to his own. John held the kingdom as a tributary of the Holy See. Edward II. and Richard II. form the two great examples of monarchs violently deprived of both greatness and life. In Edward's case there was but short space between his prison and his grave. The terrible death at Berkeley Castle closed in horror a reign of twenty years.

The catastrophe which crushed Edward II. has gained for him a sympathy which he little deserved. He was the great oppressor of his people. He had shed more blood than any King since the Conquest. For the first time in England, it was in his reign that a prince of the royal house and a peer of the realm perished on the scaffold. The victim was Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. William the Conqueror, however, was the first who beheaded a peer, Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland. Peers and people united to deprive Edward of his authority; and he was the first King of England who was formally deposed. It is worthy of observation that the old Saxon spirit had never been trodden out by the heel of the Norman; and Saxon and Norman together united at last in sharp scrutiny of the actions of their sovereigns. It was the people, as well as the Barons, who compelled John to sign the charter of their freedom at Runnymede; and the people had the

greatest share in the deposition of Edward II. Their representatives were strong in the Parliament which dethroned an unworthy King; and so little idea was there of contesting the right of the Parliament to do so, that when the resolution had been confirmed, the Archbishop of Canterbury rose and preached a brief but smart sermon, from the rather illogical maxim, *Vox populi vox Dei;*—and yet no one knew better than that prelate that such was *not* the case when, as Professor Rose has remarked, that popular voice called out, "Crucify Him!"

The forms used on this occasion of the first solemn deposition of a King of England (1327) were exceedingly simple, and a brief notice of them may be interesting to the general reader. Edward was in safe keeping at Kenilworth, whither commissioners were sent by the Parliament, to announce to him the irrevocable decree. These commissioners were delegates representing every class, from the Prince to the multitudinous Commons. The delegation was universal England in little, proclaiming the downfall of their King,—a consequence of an act of their own will, legally exercised. When they had assembled in the hall at Kenilworth, Edward entered the apartment, attired in complete mourning, and looking as pale as a spectre. The episcopal delegates, after a few words of ordinary courtesy, took upon themselves to communicate to him the resolution of the people, which deprived him of his kingdom. Edward's conduct may have authorized Victor Hugo to assert that

"Les rois ne lâchent que quand le peuple arrache."

When Edward heard the popular sentence, he demurred, murmured that he had been ill-advised, hinted that if further opportunity were allowed him, he would rule more discreetly, and finally, seeing that all remonstrance was useless, he submitted to the people's sentence. This effort however cost him so much, that he fell down in a swoon, from which, had he never recovered, he would have been a happy man. Such

officious zeal was employed to restore him to consciousness, that he was soon enabled to be a spectator of the remainder of the ceremony of his ruin. The delegates requested him to surrender the royal insignia; and these he made over, most reluctantly, to their keeping. Judge Trussel then stepped in advance of his fellows, and thus pronounced the words which definitely took from the monarch the sceptre which he had borne so unwisely:—

"Unto thee, O King, I, William Trussel, in the name of all men of this land of England, and prolocutor of this Parliament, resign to you, Edward, the homage that was made to you some time; and from this time forth, I defy thee, and deprive thee of all royal power, and I shall never be attendant on thee as King, from this time."

Edward groaned in spirit, but his attention was further aroused by the action of Sir Thomas Blount, Steward of the King's Household. That official, as Judge Trussel retired, took his place; and Sir Thomas, breaking his staff of office before the King's face, resigned his employment, and proclaimed the dissolution of the royal household.

Thus far the people generally were confederates on with another in this solemn and salutary act; but they were not responsible for what followed. It was private vengeance that offered the imprisoned King ditch-water for drink, which kept him scant of food, treated him with ignominy, and consigned him to the horrible death by which his enemies finally got rid of their victim. There was a tradition long preserved, that his murder was the consequence of a direction, craftily worded and cunningly unpunctuated, addressed by the right-reverend Bishop of Hereford to Gurney and Maltravers, who were specially employed about the royal victim. The direction was said to have been conceived in these terms:—"Edvardum Regem occidere nolite timere bonum est." Such a commission might be read by assassins, as an authority to do their dread office; and by him who gave it, as a prohibition against committing murder.

It may be considered that if murder itself was ever lightly thought of in England, the fault lay with our Danish Kings. Under them the Carnifex, or executioner, was a person of great dignity. He ranked with the Archbishop of York, Earl Gordon, and the Lord Steward.

When Richard the Second, in 1377, succeeded his grandfather, Edward III., the people entertained hopes that the administration of the son of the Black Prince would be of advantage to the nation generally. But the unhappy monarch was soon governed by unprincipled favourites, and was too indolent and too much addicted to pleasure, to withstand their pernicious influence. His rapacity and prodigality provoked the rebellion, at the head of which stood Henry, Duke of Lancaster. When a great part of his army passed over to Bolingbroke, Richard put on the suit of a monk, made his way to Conway, and sat down among his few friends, "all sorrowful, all sad and distressed." They wandered from castle to castle. These were unfurnished, and the wanderers had nothing to rest upon but straw. The forlorn King, in his utter extremity, surrendered himself to the Earl of Northumberland. The Earl had called Christ to witness that not a hair of the royal head should suffer; and he led Richard, still in the unwarlike guise of a monk, to the feet of Duke Henry. When Duke Henry took possession of the King at Flint, and the deposition of the latter, although not declared, was made manifest, the Earl of Salisbury recalled to mind that the catastrophe had been foretold by Merlin and by Bede; and therewith they especially who had betrayed King Richard were reconciled to their treason, as having been useful in accomplishing what had been thus solemnly predicted.

The old poet Daniel, who succeeded Spenser as Poet Laureate, has described the ride of Bolingbroke, and the deposed Richard, into London: the latter,

> "Most meanly mounted on a simple steed,
> Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
> Thereby neglect of all respect to breed."

The poet makes the young bride of the fallen monarch a spectatress of the triumph of Henry and the degradation of Richard. As the two approach, she exclaims—

> "Oh, what delight mine heart takes by mine eye!
> I doubt me, when he comes but something near,
> I shall set wide the window: what care I
> Who doth see me, so him I may see clear?
> Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
> (Sweet lady!) in the thing she held so dear;
> For nearer come, she finds she had mistook,
> And him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke."

As the eye of the youthful wife turns from the proudly mounted usurper to the meek and deposed sovereign, on the sorry jade, a little apart;—

> "'What might he be,' she said, 'that thus alone
> Rides pensive in the universal joy?
> Oh yes, 't is he! That princely face doth bring
> The evidence of majesty to prove.'"

One circumstance connected with the deposition of Richard deserves to be mentioned. Although he "voluntarily resigned," and read his act of resignation with a "complacent countenance," it was deemed expedient that he should be solemnly deposed by an act of the Estates of the Realm. Richard read the act to aspiring Lancaster and a group of his friends, in the Tower, at nine o'clock in the morning, on St Michael's day, 1399. The affair is described, in an old Life of Richard, "by a Person of Quality," as being of an exceedingly merry cast, as if it were a very excellent joke. Bolingbroke even suggested that Richard should not trouble himself to read the act, but spare his voice, and have it read by deputy. The King not only would not hear of this, but he read the act through, as if he approved highly of what he was reading; and having expressed a wish that his cousin, to whom he gave his signet-ring, might reign in his stead, the company separated on the most amicable terms!

However this may be, it is certain that in Parliament, on the following day, the august assembly of legislators and representatives of the people were solemnly asked if they would accept this act of renunciation on the part of Richard. The Estates of the Realm, thus appealed to, and having heard the thirty-three "articles of objections" cited against Richard, pronounced that the King was justified in resigning; but that the Estates of the Realm, "for greater security," would pass against him a decree of deposition, which was done accordingly. Bolingbroke thereupon claimed the crown by right of his descent from Henry III. The power of the Parliament, however, is again made manifest by the fact that "the said Estates with the whole people" rather elected him King than recognized his claim; and indeed he boasted the double title of election by the Estates, as well as that held by him by his own inherent right. Henry VI. had scarcely taken possession of the throne, by the side of which he had been hitherto standing, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, as loyally eager to greet him as the Bishop of Hereford had been to hail the downfall of Edward II., arose and preached an extremely brief, but a remarkably pointed sermon, from 1 Sam. ix. 17, "VIR *dominabitur populo*"—"A MAN shall rule over my people." The text was corrupted, but the application of this discourse—quite as shallow as it was short—was of course to the effect that Richard had been a sorry child, and that Henry was, to use a modern illustration, the right man in the right place.

Whether Richard perished by famine or the sword, in "bloody Pontefract," there was a report subsequently raised by Sir John Oldcastle that he had not so died, but that he had been transferred to some Scottish monastery, where he long survived, in the character of a monk. Walsingham however describes not merely the death, but the burial at Langley, with so much distinctness, and with such an amusing piece of sarcasm on the gastronomic ecclesiastics of the day, that the romantic story may be dismissed. Speaking of the funeral, he says, "Confestim corpus reportare jubetur ad

Langley, tumularium in ecclesiâ Fratrum Prædicatorum, perfeceruntque ibidem supremum officium Episcopus Castrensis, Abbas Sancti Albani, et Abbas de Waltham, sine magnatum præsentiâ, sine populari turbâ, nec erat qui eos invitaret ad prandium post laborem :"—"Forthwith his body was conveyed by order to Langley, to be buried in the church of the Preaching Brothers. The Bishop of Chester, the Abbot of St Albans, and the Abbot of Waltham performed the last duties: there was no attendance of nobles, nor any crowd of people. There was not even any one there to invite them to dinner after their labour had been concluded."

Popular affection or caprice loves to keep alive the sovereigns who have mysteriously disappeared. It was so with the fabulous Arthur; with Harold, when it was known that there was difficulty in discovering the body. Such too was the case (as shown above) with Richard II. "Which way soever he came by his end," says "A Person of Quality," in 1681, "King Henry, it seems, was willing to let all the world know he was dead; for his body, embalmed and covered with lead, all save the face, was brought to London, where for three days together it was exposed at Paul's to public view, and then buried in the Church of Predicant Friars at Langley in Buckinghamshire, but afterwards by King Henry removed to Westminster, and there honourably entombed. Yet some Scottish Historians affirm that he escaped out of prison, and led a solitary and virtuous life in that Kingdom for divers years, and lies buried (as they say) in the Black Friars at Stirling. So different is the report of fame touching this unhappy Prince's exit out of the world, who livèd therein about thirty-three years, and reigned twenty-two years and three months."

Weaver, when speaking of the removal of the remains of the deposed King, says, that all was done "with great honour, in a chaire royale, himself (Henry) and his nobility attending the sacred relics of the anointed King, which he solemnly here interred [at Westminster] among his ancestors, and founded per-

petually, one day every week, a dirge, with nine lessons and a morning Mass, to be celebrated for the soul of the late King Richard; and on each of these days, six shillings and eight pence to be given to the poor people, and once every year, on the same day of his anniversary, twenty pounds in pence to be distributed to the most needful." He made for him a glorious tomb, and this glozing epitaph, deciphering the lineaments of his body and qualities of his mind, which, to any who knew upon what points he was put out of majesty and state, may seem strange, if not ridiculous :—

"Prudens et mundus, Richardus jure secundus,
Per fatum victus, jacet hîc sub marmore pictus.
Verax sermone, prudens fuit et ratione,
Corpore procerus, prudens fuit ut Homerus,
Ecclesiæ faxit, elatus suppeditavit.
Quemvis prostravit regalia qui violavit;
Obruit hæreticos, et eorum stravit amicos.
O clemens Christe, tibi devotus fuit iste,
Votis Baptiste, salves quem protulit iste.
Hîc jacet immiti consumptus morte Richardus,
Fuisse felicem, miserrimum."

Never had murdered man such testimonial rendered to his virtues by those who profited by his murder, as Richard had in the epitaph set over him by Henry. Every line praising the dead, condemns the living monarch. Unfortunately, too, the testimony thus rendered is not altogether true. Weaver remarks that "Fabian, who translated this epitaph into English, desirous, as it seems, to extenuate the force of such palpable, gross flattery, annexeth this stanza :—

'But yet, alas ! although this metre or rhyme
Thus doth embellish this noble Prince's fame,
And that sound clerk which favoured him sometime
List by his cunning thus to enhance his fame,
Yet by his story appeareth in him some blame :
Wherefore to Princes is surest memory,
Their lives to exercise in virtuous constancy.'"

Harding too has shown in rough rhymes, that the clergy and laity in Richard's household, were men of ill-regulated lives; and where such is the case in a household, it is very certain that the cause may be partly found in the evil example set by the master. A better memorial of the deposed Richard was set up in the Abbey Church of Westminster. "That beautiful picture of a King, sighing, crowned in a chair of estate, at the upper end of the quire in this church, is said to be of him, which witnesseth how goodly a creature he was in outward lineaments." And this was the end of the eighth and last monarch of the House of Plantagenet; a House which furnished England with a greater number of Kings than any House that has reigned since the Conquest; and among whom may be found the most glorious, the most worthless, and the most unhappy of English monarchs.

During threescore years and two, from 1399 to 1461, the three Henrys who formed "the House of Lancaster" ruled in England. The house rose and fell by rebellion. The mental incapacity of Henry VI.; his illnesses, recoveries, and relapses; his struggles against York and the Yorkists; his triumphs and reverses; his imprisonments and releases; and the fatal day at Barnet, which sent Henry to the Tower, and ultimately led to his assassination,—are subjects familiar to every reader.

Even in the dispute which transferred the crown from Lancaster to York, great respect was expressed for the law, and great regard had for the will of the people. When the Duke of York, after the affair at Coventry, in 1460, held Henry a prisoner, he went up to Westminster, passed through the Hall into the House of Parliament, and stood there in presence of the assembly, with his hand upon the throne. He expected that the Estates of the Realm would have invited him to be seated; and he was angry when, amid the profound silence, the Archbishop of Canterbury asked him if he would not visit the King, who was in another apartment. "I know no one in this realm," said the Duke, "who ought not rather to visit me." And there-

with he strode out of the Chamber of Parliament, and took up his quarters in the part of the palace reserved for the reigning monarch.

York was obliged to petition Parliament to examine his claim. The Lords heard his suit, and then appealed to the judges of the land. Grave debates ensued, and learned counsellors were heard. After all, a compromise was effected, by which it was agreed that Henry should retain the crown for life, but that at his death it should revert to the Duke. On the first opportunity, however, Henry, in a moment of temporary freedom, announced that this award had been extorted from him by violence. But Edward, son of the late Duke of York who had been recently slain at Wakefield, obtained possession of the capital, in 1461. There was no obstacle to his taking possession of the throne; but he preferred owing his crown to the award of popular authority. He ordered a review of four thousand men to be held in the fields near Westminster. At this spectacle, Neville, Bishop of Exeter, entered among the throng of citizens, and harangued them on the just title and ability of Edward, son of Richard of York. The prelate vehemently denounced the incapacity, the unfounded claim, and the treachery of Henry. The exulting crowds hailed Edward, King. Strengthened by this exhibition of popular feeling, Edward assumed the title, but he took care to go down to the Parliament, where, from the throne, he explained how he had hereditary right to that crown which had been awarded him by the voice of the people. The Parliament offered no opposition. Still, Edward was not yet content. He now entered the Abbey Church, and to those assembled therein he repeated the enumeration of his claims; and was recompensed for his apparent deference to law and the popular will, by the recognition made of him, in the cry, "Long live King Edward!" A ten years' struggle, however, ensued, with infinite variety of fortune, before the hapless murder of Henry left the Yorkists without an adversary.

The house of York held dominion over England thirty-eight years less than that of Lancaster, from 1461 to 1485,

and, like the rival race, consisted of only three Kings. The only English monarch who suffered forfeiture of sovereignty and life, without any guilt or even blame attaching to himself, was of this family—the young and hapless Edward V. His murderer, when he fell at Bosworth, made way for the line of Tudors, which lasted during one hundred and eighteen years, gave five Sovereigns to England, and, having died out without its course having been marked by the calamity of abdication or deposition, was followed by the Sovereigns of the ancient House of Stuart. This was in England, as it had been elsewhere, the least dignified and the most unlucky of sovereign races. From the accession of James, in 1603, to the death of Anne, in 1714, we have a period of a hundred and eleven years; but this, of course, does not properly describe the length of Stuart rule; we must deduct the years of the Parliament, the Cromwells, the brief Military Government which preceded the Restoration, and the period during which William III. reigned alone.

"Milton's organ pealed applause sublime" on the work which, in the person of Charles I., showed "discrowned misfortune trampled in the dust:" and then—

> "Tongue-saintly Cromwell in his stalwart clutch
> Seizes the sceptre, knocks the gilding off,
> And makes it homely as a grandam's crutch;
> But woe to the malignants, if they scoff
> At him who wields it!"

His heir could not wield it in like fashion; but neither was he in like circumstances; on this subject however nothing need be said. Nevertheless, considering that Richard Cromwell was Lord Protector during eight months, and that he survived his deposition above half a century, some account of him in his private condition may be allowed, perhaps, to pass without challenge. Between the Parliament and the army, he illustrated a very popular proverb, and lost the support of both. He was pushed almost as unresistingly into privacy as any

Saxon King in the olden time. He had no faith in his cause, nor confidence in himself, nor reliance on those around him ; and his unceremonious ejection from power was a natural consequence where such premises existed. If they who ejected him had paid his father's debts as well as his own, they would have made him a richer, but not a much happier man. They would have added some dignity to his retirement, but, as it was, he had enough for enjoyment,—such enjoyment as he could find in the pursuits he most cared for—those of a country gentleman and boon companion. These pursuits however were not always practicable. From May 1659 to the middle of 1660 he lived at Hursley, in some fear of creditors, whom even now he could not satisfy, and in some doubt as to what his fortune might be if Charles II. were recalled; he then retired to Paris, where he lived in obscurity, and under the fictitious name of Wallis. Twice he visited Geneva, and on one of these occasions he was spoken of, to his face, by the Prince de Conti, who received him under his assumed name, as "cox-comb," "rascal," "coward," "base fellow," "fool," and "sot."

About twenty years after "Mr Wallis" first buried himself in obscure lodgings in Paris, a Mr Richard Clarke settled at Cheshunt. It was by this name that Richard Cromwell, no longer in fear of creditors, chose to be known. He was a hearty, church and conventicle-going, hunting, joyous gentleman; loving good wine a little, and fair ladies more. He was choice in the selection of his company, seldom referred to his past greatness, and was never sarcastic, save when he alluded to the addresses of the people of England, who, on his being proclaimed Protector, laid their lives and fortunes at his feet.

There was a touch of King Lear in the old man's destiny, after all. His daughters opposed his having life-possession of an estate left him by his son, on account of mental debility. Queen Anne was then reigning, and old Mr Clarke came up to town, appeared personally in Court, where his suit was carried on, and was not only courteously treated by the Judge, but was requested

by him to remain covered during the proceedings. It was at this period that he strolled into the House of Lords. A stranger present asked the country gentleman if he had ever been in the place before; a small remnant of venial pride prompted the answer, as he pointed to the throne, "Never since I sat in that chair." He won his suit, was reconciled to his daughters, and in 1712, being then in his eighty-sixth year, he died at Cheshunt, in the house of Sergeant Pengelly, who was said to be his son, and who became a Chief Baron of the Exchequer. His enemies ridiculed him under the names of "Tumble-down-Dick" and "Queen Richard;" but even *they* could not deny that he was an honester man than he for whom Richard was compelled to make room. It was the return of the Stuart Prince, and the raising of the brazen figure of Charles I. at Charing Cross, that inspired versatile Waller with the lines,—

"Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again."

James II. is the only King of England, since the Conquest, who died in exile. The principles of the government of the Stuarts naturally led to that result. The pacific government of James I. gave the people breathing-time for the preparation of their struggle against a monarchy which would have held the people as tightly as their rude ancestors had been held in the grasp of the Normans. Of the ten great battles fought between the people and the army of Charles I., three only were triumphs for the Royalists, namely Chalgrave, Stratton and Roundway Down. The drawn, or indecisive, battles were those at Edge Hill, at Lansdowne, and the first battle at Newbury. In the second battle, at the last place, night alone saved the Royalists from total defeat. The great and undoubted triumphs of the popular and Parliament army were also three in number,—Marston Moor, Naseby, and the battle fought in 1646, at Stow-on-the-Wold, where final ruin fell on the resisting power of the Royalists. Charles I. did not suffer till 1649, but his death followed promptly on his "legal" deposition, and even before

this it was the popular cry that the Parliament, in its turn, had committed all the crimes with which it had charged the King.

Charles II. lived some years deprived of a crown, but he does not enter into the category of "retired monarchs." He died in unworthy possession of the throne, and was quietly succeeded by his brother James II.

James was not even cunning in *his* tyranny. He braved the law from the beginning, went openly to Mass, provoked the rebellions of Argyle and Monmouth, took bloody revenge by the hands of Kirk and Jeffreys, and crowned his infamy by claiming a right to dispense with the Acts of Parliament, and to rule in direct opposition to the statutes and constitution of the realm. Under a hypocritical affectation of regard for religious liberty, he attempted to place Popery in a position to crush Protestantism. The union of Whigs, Tories, and Dissenters frustrated this attempt; and the successful invasion of William of Orange drove him into an inglorious exile in France.

The maxim which James thought good for the regulation of the people, with regard to their connection with royalty, was the one laid down in "Euphues his England," but it was one which the people did not sanction; nor was it likely they would, since it was to this effect: "This should be the order, to understand there is a King, but what he doth is for the Gods to examine (whose ordinance he is), not for men, whose overseer he is." People and King could not agree with respect to this maxim, and accordingly James was driven to seek an asylum within the dominions of a monarch who fancied he had bound his subjects, and their posterity for ever, to be governed by a maxim similar in principle. We shall see how James bore his diminished state in the majestic yet melancholy château of St Germains. In spite of all that has been said by, for, and of James, he is the last man of whom it could have been sung, as Phineas Fletcher sang of his "Shepherd,"

"Less he could like, if less his God had sent him."

JAMES THE SECOND AT ST GERMAINS

"Better to be born a peasant,
  Than to live an exiled king;
. . . . . .
Suppliant-like, for alms depending
  On a false and foreign court;
Jostled by the flouting nobles,
  Half their pity, half their sport.
Forced to hold a place in pageant,
  Like a royal prize of war,
Walking, with dejected features,
  Close behind his victor's car:
Styled an equal, deemed a servant,
  Fed with hopes of future gain,—
Worse by far is fancied freedom
  Than the captive's clanking chain."

PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

ASSUMING that the story of the reign of James is fully known to every reader, and that all are more thoroughly acquainted with the details of his flight than with those of his daily life which followed his flight,—the struggle to recover, and the ultimate downfall of his fortunes,—the following pages will be devoted to the story of his residence abroad. It will be remembered that James did not arrive in France until after his consort and the heir-apparent.

The first meeting of James with Louis XIV. was in part touching, partly humiliating (in the conduct of the ex-King), and in some degree farcical. The French monarch had already received the fugitive Queen and Prince of Wales, with lavish hospitality and delicate gallantry. It was six o'clock on a dark and cold evening in January, 1689, when Louis was sitting at the bedside of the Queen of England, conversing with her Majesty as she lay in bed. Announcement was made that King James had just arrived. Louis immediately rose and went to the *Salle des Gardes*, followed by a brilliant

court, to offer a welcome to the crownless King. As soon as James had reached the summit of the staircase, and saw Louis before him in the apartment above-named, he began to stoop, approached his host in a crouching position, and by the time he reached Louis, James was bent so low that the French King found himself in considerable difficulty. He was bound by etiquette, and led by inclination, to embrace the fugitive monarch. To do this he was obliged to descend to his level. Bowing himself therefore, he stooped as low as the new-comer, and in that posture the two repeatedly kissed each other and murmured words of welcome or acknowledgment. This scene is described as lasting "the space of a *pater noster*."

Louis, then taking the left of James, conducted him to the chamber of the ex-Queen, saying, as he entered, "Madam, I bring to you a gentleman with whom you are acquainted." James warmly embraced his wife in presence of the whole court. Subsequently Louis led his guest to the apartment of the Prince of Wales, and then back to the side of the Queen's bed. Here he took leave, and James was about to accompany his host to the door, when Louis said, "Sir, I fancy that neither you nor I know much of the prescribed ceremonial for these occasions,—the occasions themselves occurring but rarely; and therefore I think we shall both do well to set aside all ceremony and its embarrassments. At the present moment I am here 'at home' in my own house. You will come and see me to-morrow also in my own house at Versailles; of which I will do the honours. After to-morrow, I will come and visit you here; you will then be in *your* house, and you shall then act as you please."

James was already so well pleased as to wear a gay and laughing air; and the presence with him of two of his natural children did not moderate the excessive joy of the Queen. The asylum they had found was a splendid one, as regards position, furniture, guards, and attendants. A news-letter, quoted by Dr Lingard, speaks eulogistically of these matters, and especially of

the completeness of what was intended for the "toilet" of the Queen. Fifty thousand crowns a month was the *largesse* awarded by the munificent Louis, to console and support the fallen majesty of England.

James survived the loss of his three crowns thirteen years, from 1688 to 1701. During nine years of that period he was not without occasional prospect of recovering his power; how he feebly fought and warmly prayed for such a consummation, is familiar to every reader. It was not till the Peace of Ryswick was concluded between France and England, in 1697, that, if he did not surrender all hope, he certainly lost all chance of a restoration. He bore the announcement of a Peace, which condemned him to perpetual exile, with the greater dignity that it did not take him by surprise. "The King arrived at Fontainebleau the very day that the news of the Peace of Ryswick came. The King, having long foreseen the blow, was the less surprised, and, so far from bursting out into expostulations and complaints, that, forgetting himself, he seemed only to compassionate his Most Christian Majesty, as if he had been the great and only sufferer on the point."

It is especially from this period that James may be considered as entirely sceptreless, for his great ally, Louis XIV., had made terms with the Prince of Orange. William III. indeed had been ungenerous enough to insist that James should be expelled from his asylum at St Germains. Bentinck had urged the point on Boufflers, and the latter, who had promised secretly to remove the ex-King, denied his promise when pressed to fulfil it. Louis, more generous than William, would not violate the law of hospitality. He declared, while the terms of the treaty of Ryswick were being discussed, that, "if the Prince of Orange stood upon that article, he would banish all thoughts of treating with him." William promised that, if the King was removed, the Queen's jointure should be made over to her; but "the Most Christian King chose rather to leave that money in his hands, than exasperate him by demanding it, according to agreement."

The private life of James, in the old palace of St Germains, was one of melancholy dignity. It could not be exactly said of him, as of Parnell's 'Hermit,'—

"Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

He looked like a man bereaved, but not like a man who was without consolation. He had acted like an unreasoning tyrant when power, or the hope of power, was before him; but his acts and arguments were marked by reason, and were worthy of respect, as soon as power had definitively left him, and he was not much more than the "Mr Harrison,"—one of the many names which served to designate James II. to the followers with whom he or his Ministers privately corresponded.

Some time before Louis had made peace with William, James had prepared for the destiny which was inevitable, although he did his best to avoid it. He corresponded with De Rancé, the prior of the abbey of La Trappe; and sometimes withdrew into religious retirement within those walls, where he reasoned more correctly upon what he saw there than one would have expected from a man who was certainly not free from bigotry. He reasonably remarked, that all Christians were as much bound to aim at perfection as the monks of La Trappe themselves. To take shelter with them awhile he thought a good thing in itself, but a man might work out salvation without ever seeing them, provided he possessed the grace of God, and knew how to profit by the possession. If they are famous for the government of the tongue and the eye, for their abstinence and industry, these were matters by the observation of which every one might profit, without being a Trappist. The latter was but a brother Christian, and there were Christian maxims which concerned all alike. He had always been ready with his pen. The religious papers which he drew up with his own hand, even before he came to the throne, and his letters to his son, the Duke of Berwick, are so abounding in expressions of good sense, that we can only wonder how he who gave utterance to them could profit so

little by his intimate convictions, and by the counsels which he could impart with such eloquence to others.

The English public were kept singularly unenlightened by the newspapers, as to incidents in the daily life of him whom they styled "the late King James;" and yet the journalists were not nice as to the source from whence they derived some of their intelligence. Thus we find it stated in the 'Flying Post-Boy,' for Friday, June 7, 1695, that—"A few days since the late Queen Mary's Coachman landed at Dover, from Callise, who gives an account that the Jacobite interest decreases every day very much in the French Court; and that this unhappy Prince is often upbraided by the common people as the principal cause of the present war, and the miserable consequences thereof."

The testimony of Sir David Nairne, with respect to the private life of James II., after his dethronement, is that of a servant who was attached to his master. It may be a little partial, but it is trustworthy as far as it goes. It is that of a partisan, when Sir David speaks of James as his sovereign, or the old servant attests that he had always observed, in that monarch, "a paternal affection for all his loyal subjects and servants." With James, however, loyalty consisted not in that fidelity which would stand between a master and dishonour, but in abject subjection. A righteous opposition was treason.

Nairne was of the small household of the fallen King during nearly the whole period between his fall and his death. He had served him for many years previously, but never more willingly than when he was least rewarded for his service. He cites a pleasing instance of the charitable feelings of the ex-monarch. "James," he says, "was very charitable; and as there were a great many of his poor, faithful subjects at St Germains, who had lost their fortunes to follow him, he was touched with their condition, and retrenched as much as he could to assist them. He used to call, from time to time, into his cabinet, some of those bashful, indigent persons, of all ranks, to whom he distributed, folded up

in small pieces of paper, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pistoles, more or less, according to the merit, the quality, and the exigency of each." Nairne might have added, that the King, in addition to his pension, received a supply from Louis, for this especial purpose.

James had been, all his life, a methodical man, and he was never more so than at St Germains. He rose, walked, worked, prayed, plotted, feasted, and slept, by clock-regulation. He had a "time" for every occupation, and gave the most of that time to religious exercises. At morning and at noon he heard a Mass; and if the day was a festival, he celebrated it by hearing a third, and by attending Vespers and the elevation of the Host at the parish church, the church of the Récollets, or the chapel in the palace. In addition to this, in solemn seasons, like Lent and Advent, he and his consort repaired thrice a week to hear a sermon in their own private chapel. On the festival of the Holy Trinity, this exiled pair might be seen following, on foot, the procession of the Holy Sacrament, devoutly kneeling in the street at every altar, or *reposoir*, at which the train of priests and princes rested for awhile, to perform a brief service, and repairing to the chief church in the town to hear Mass, at the conclusion of the processional ceremonies in the town. In short, the exiled pair were seldom absent from any religious service, let the hour be what it might; and, says Nairne, proud of their excess of zeal in this respect, "when there was no established fund for saying Mass, they ordered one to be said, which kept up a great deal of devotion in the place, and edified everyone." In leisure hours, the ex-King's chief concern was for the conversion of such of his servants, exiles like himself, who were members of the Protestant church, and seemed inclined to remain so. *For* these, it is said, he prayed; with them he conversed and argued, and he made them presents of little tracts, as aids to conversion. He constantly urged them to study these controversial works; and when he found that the result of such study was to bring a lost sheep to

what he considered the true fold, he would walk along the terrace of St Germains with as beaming an air as if he had recovered his three kingdoms.

His outward bearing was exceedingly dignified, and he bore reverses with a patient humility. On one occasion, after the defeat of his hopes at La Hogue, he visited a convent, the sisters of which had previously put up fervent and frequent prayers for his success. As he passed among them, the Lady Superior took blame to herself and the community that they had lacked zeal in their orisons, and that thence came the great misfortune. James walked on without reply. The officious lady, fancying herself unheard, repeated her self-accusations, and lamented that Heaven had not granted all that had been asked. The ex-King turned to her and gravely observed, "Mother, I perfectly heard you when you first spoke. If I did not answer, it was because I did not wish to contradict you; but you compel me to remark that I am not of your opinion. You seem to me to fancy that what you ask of God is better than what is done by Him. But all that God does is well done; and there is nothing done well but what He does."

Even among the religious professors by whom he was surrounded, the uncrowned monarch found occasional flatterers. Some of these compared him with St Louis. He was shocked at what seemed to him a profanation. "I may resemble him," he said, "in my misfortunes; but I am nothing like him in my actions"—which was incontestably true. At his toilet he contrived to edify his hearers by his religious maxims; and he is even said to have declared to his confessor, that if he had thought that the Prince of Orange was better qualified than himself to advance the glory of God, he would have voluntarily resigned the throne of the three kingdoms, and would have been satisfied to live and die in oblivion. His confessor, on the other hand, declared that he could not have easily found a man, in the most religious country in Christendom, more pure in intention, more virtuous in soul, more exactly vigilant, or more deli-

cately conscientious in dealing with his own errors. His impatience and disappointment betrayed themselves however in his occasionally-expressed weariness of life. He was, after all, tired of the burden he had been condemned to carry; and he often brought tears into the eyes of the Queen, who reproached him for his eagerness to lay down his life, and bade him think for his children. It was then that testy human nature would break out in spite of self-discipline. "My children!" he would say, "God will provide for them and for you. But what am I but a poor, weak man, who can do nothing without God, and with whom God will have nought to do! He can carry out His designs without me."

These venial outbreaks of impatience — sometimes indulged in purposely, he said, that the Queen might accustom herself to the idea of his death,—were followed by closer study than usual of the ninth book of the treatise 'On the Love of God,' by Francis de Sales. The works of this author he read even oftener than he did the Scriptures. He founded his rule of life on the works of the "Gentleman Saint," who shared with Thomas-à-Kempis, Granata, and Rodriguez the highest esteem of the royal recluse. He submitted to another sort of discipline also, which was not without severity. It is alluded to in the "Circular Letter from the Religious Convent of Chaillot." In this the pious author states: "We have seen, since his death, the iron chain and the 'discipline' he made use of; but he so carefully hid his mortifications, that the Queen did not find them out for a long time after, having found them (chain and whip) by chance in a closet which he had forgot to shut."

The chief amusements of the uncrowned pair consisted in visits paid to convents and similar religious communities, at a moderate distance from St Germains. These visits were paid when some festival was celebrated; and, the religious ceremony concluded, nothing pleased the King more thoroughly than to assemble an audience about him in some spacious hall of the establishment, and there recount to his hearers the history of

his life and conversion. The tale was told frequently enough to vex the ears of those who were repeatedly called to listen to it; and perhaps some of those who heard the old story smiled at the King's conclusion, wherein he asserted, "I have lost nothing: I have been a great sinner. Prosperity would have corrupted me: I should have lived in disorder; or, if I had not left off sinning till old-age had seized me, I should never have had time nor opportunity for entering into myself, nor of making the necessary reflections on my wretched state and condition. God in his mercy has afflicted me, and has given me time and grace to think on my salvation. I have never desired, on my own account, to be settled on my throne again." And between thus talking, visiting convents, hearing famous preachers, and indulging in the pleasures of the chase with a grave delight which might have drawn a smile from St Hubert, he dragged through the days of his deposition with the assertion, so often made as to excite suspicion of its sincerity, that those days were the happiest of his life. He used to allege, as a proof that he had "little stomach for greatness," that offer had been made to him to elect him King of Poland, but that he had declined the crown proffered to him, as willingly as he bore the loss of that of which he had been deprived.

It is singular to find the most bigoted of the advocates of James breaking out into praises of his toleration; and this, too, in the face of well-known facts. He left Colonel Canon, who had rendered him invaluable service in Scotland, to starve, because the colonel was too honest to turn Romanist against his conviction. The Earl of Dunfermline died in poverty at St Germains, where Christian burial was refused to the remains of that Protestant servant of the Catholic and unprotesting James. On one occasion the Protestant followers of the latter were bold enough to petition that they might be permitted to assemble in a room to celebrate their own form of worship, and to have for their minister that approved supporter of James, Grenville, who had lost the deanery of Durham through his

Jacobite ardour. Turner, the deprived Bishop of Ely, sent letters from England, in advocacy of this request. The urgency of the appeal moved James so far that he ventured to discuss the question with his Queen; but Mary of Modena, with the logic of her party, submitted to him that as his toleration of heresy in England had cost him his English crown, the allowing it in France might be perilous to the French one, under which he could alone find a safe refuge. This reasoning, and the will of Louis, prevailed; and not only was the petition of the Protestant adherents of James indignantly refused, but poor Grenville was driven out of France by the persecuting jealousy of the dominant priesthood. But that priesthood must have entertained more respect for Grenville than for the Scottish Bishop Gordon, who changed his church out of unmanly fear of lacking bread. The fear itself was not unnatural, for Dr Cockburn, whose zealous Jacobitism had driven him to seek an asylum at St Germains, was driven from it because of his faithfulness to the Church in which he was born; and being driven forth from his asylum, he died a beggar, in Holland.

The unforgiving nature of James was manifested by his conduct to "drunken Dick Talbot," the natural son of a rather intemperate father, the Duke of Tyrconnel. Dick commanded a French regiment. In his cups, he spoke of James as a simpleton whom all England hated. The words were reported to the ex-King and Queen, at whose urgent demand Talbot was ruined, by being deprived of his regiment and pension. Furthermore, he was cast into the Bastille. Great influence was employed to procure the restoration of the luckless fellow to his old office and income; but Louis invariably replied, that he could not order this, save at the application of James and his consort. These steadily refused to make the request, although the King of France had intimated that such a petition would be most agreeable to him. It was only with reluctance that they, after many months, asked that Talbot might be set at liberty. When this was done, Dick was compelled

to repair to St Germains, to thank their ex-Majesties for their condescending benevolence! They listened to the grateful expressions of the man whom they had ruined, with the complacent air of people who deserved the homage.

The Council of James consisted of five Roman Catholics, Brown, Innes, Sir Richard Nangle, Caryl, and Stafford. The Protestant Jacobites expressed a desire that *one* of their Church might sit with the other five. This was resented as a disloyalty; and some intrigues having followed, the object of which was to secure the amalgamation in the Council, above noticed, they were summarily checked by the committal of Sir Edward Herbert, a lady, and a refugee Quaker named Bromfield, to the Bastille!

But the principal incidents during the exile of James, subsequent to that Peace of Ryswick, which made shipwreck of the Stuarts, deserve to be noticed in more regular order. The account of them was eagerly listened to by the English public of those days, as the details were communicated to them by such of the journals as received from their Paris correspondents, paragraphs and anecdotes touching "the late King James." The "Postman" for the first week in January, 1698, has a paragraph which shows that while James was being treated as King *de jure*, there was an acknowledgment, on the part of the government of France, that William was King *de facto*. "The Paris Gazette" (says the 'Postman,' with much confusion of pronouns) "speaks with a greater respect than he had done before of his Majesty of Great Britain, for they had hitherto given him the bare title of King, whereas in the account the Gazetter gives now of the affairs of England, he styles him Majesty, and speaks of him with all the respect imaginable." James was no better pleased to read this acknowledgment in French, than he was to read in the English papers, in the beginning of 1698, the announcement that "Count Tallard, Ambassador of France, has taken the house of the Duke of Ormond, in St James's Square, for three years, at the rate of

£600 a year. His Excellency is suddenly expected, after the arrival of the Earl of Portland in France." James, with all his resignation, sighed at these proofs of his dethronement, and turned aside to worship, with more fervour than ever, the "Holy Sacrament." It was a worship, indeed, on which the veriest French rabble insisted; and the Protestant Chaplain to the English Ambassador, the Earl of Portland, had a lesson imparted to him in a matter touching the Chaplain of the Danish Embassy. The reverend Dane saw the holy symbol descending the street, and, to avoid kneeling to it, he ran into a shop. The orthodox mob noticed the act, and the orthodox shopkeeper thrust the poor chaplain out, to the mercy of the pious populace. They treated him with dreadful barbarity, which was poorly compensated for, on the complaint of the Ambassador, by the imprisonment of the principal offenders. Comments upon incidents like these, denoting Protestant irreverence, and discussions upon the spread of Quietism, which seemed to denote a heresy even in France itself, served to enliven the stately but solemn circle at St Germains. These were pleasanter topics at the dull fireside of the saloon in the palace, than that of the splendid reception given to William's Ambassador, in every town between Calais and Paris. Hitherto, also, James, who had sometimes coolly listened to projects of conspiracy against the rival whom he pretended not to envy, had simply dismissed the plotters, who lived in a sort of protection at large. But now, Goodman, a celebrated Jacobite, ready for any evil deed, was imprisoned in the Bastille, and other conspirators were expelled the kingdom, "it being against the common interest and safety of princes," says a newswriter, "to protect any such villains." These however were of the men to whom James sometimes gave pistoles; and we may fancy him inattentive at Vespers, on hearing that his most eager partisans were treated with so little ceremony. He was not better pleased when the English Jacobites came hurrying in from Paris and Versailles, speaking in disgust of

Maréchal Boufflers, who had invented unheard-of honours for the reception of Portland by the Grand Monarque. Two Irish Jacobites, officers to James, adopted a singular means of vengeance: they took to the road, between St Germains and Versailles, and robbed the French aristocracy who had shown such courtesy to the envoy of William of Orange. They were however taken in the fact; James could not but acknowledge that they deserved to be punished, but he chafed none the less at the honours paid to Bentinck, as he called Lord Portland; and he could not understand why the very portrait of William was exposed for sale in every picture-shop in Paris and Versailles. He smiled probably as he read the epigrams of the wits, who compared the enthusiasm for William now with the ecstasy exhibited not very long before, when the report of his death was current in the French capital.

James had some consolation for the pain he experienced at the welcome of William's Ambassador,—who was even cordially received in the convents, to which he paid complimentary visits,—by the treatment inflicted on Dr Wickart, the chaplain of Lord Portland. Information was laid by a Jacobite that the Doctor had administered the Sacrament in a private house. A zealous Commissary of Police immediately arrested the Protestant chaplain, and subjected him to a strict examination. Portland complained that such a proceeding was a violation of the privileges of an ambassador. The Doctor was released, the informer was placed in durance; and Father Saunders indulged in useless ejaculations of wonder, in the presence of James, at the change which had come upon the spirit of the protector of the fugitive and rightful King of England. Neither fugitive King nor his zealous confessor ever expected to hear that the Lieutenant-General of Police actually waited on Lord Portland, and offered ample apology for the wrong done to King William, in the person of the falsely-accused Chaplain of his Ambassador.

These were small but acute trials to the exiled King James. Mary of Modena tried to forget them in visits to the nuns at Chaillot; but James had not energy enough even to arouse himself to pay his accustomed visit to the Monastery of La Trappe. He plied his "discipline" instead, at St Germains. He had more than enough to vex him, for the best soldiers of his body-guard were now drafted into the French King's own regiment, and the rest were set adrift, to go whithersoever they would. The call of the distressed on the pistoles of James was probably now heavier than ever. That he seized readily on opportunities to show, and perhaps to persuade himself, that he enjoyed as much as ever the protection and alliance of Louis, is proved in the fact that as soon as Portland left Paris for Châlons, on temporary business, James hurried over to Louis, and spent a whole day with him in the gardens of Marli. James had hardly found time to boast of this well-spent day, when he had to listen to the encomia passed on the splendid banquet given by Portland, and honoured by the presence of royalty. He and his Queen however were speedily made happy again for a time. The gazettes for the month of April announced their daily presence at the very gayest of courts. But this happiness was a little dashed by the private audiences given by Louis to Portland; and James was deprived even of his solitary pleasure of the chase, while William's ambassador went wolf-hunting with the Dauphin, in whose house he even occasionally slept, an honoured guest, at Meudon. It is possible that the Stuart King's remonstrances may have led to some coolness between him and his royal host, for in the spring of 1698 we find—"'Tis said that the late King James is shortly to undertake a journey to another country, but we cannot exactly learn where he is to go;" and later, it is added, "there is some appearance that he will go and end his days in Italy; yet this is but a conjecture." It is evident that he was ill at ease in such close vicinity with the ambassador of his rival; and it is expressly stated that the ministers of other States were jealous of the

distinguished honours rendered to the envoy from England. Meanwhile there were dissensions in King James's household, and Mr Grosby, one of his most zealous followers, was killed in a duel by Mr Bolger, late Aide-Major in James's own regiment of Guards. Portland too was treated at Versailles more like a royal principal than a diplomatic representative. James, if angry at this, felt that for every bruise there was a balm. Count Tallard, the ambassador of Louis in London, had dared to affix a notice to the French Protestant chapel in the Savoy announcing that facilities would be given to all of that religion who desired to be converted to Catholicism, for the purpose of being permitted to reside in France. This proceeding, styled "impudent" in England, was only righteous daring at St Germains. But while Tallard was daring in London, the honours paid to Portland at Versailles made the orthodox tremble. The latter was not only a favoured guest, he even accompanied his Majesty to his bed-chamber, and witnessed the royal preparations for going to rest. Nay, on one occasion he was even permitted to hold the candle while the King read one or two papers after he lay down. Ordinarily it was only a prince that could be trusted with such an office; but now it was conferred upon Portland, "and this is lookt upon at night," says Our Own Correspondent of the 'Postman,' "as an honour as great as to give the King his shirt at the Levy;" which indeed may be readily believed.

This honour was no sooner paid to Portland, when a report was circulated that King James was about to retire to Avignon. He had indeed more than sufficient to try him at St Germains; his disbanded Irish regiment, men and officers, were hanging about his palace in a state of pitiable destitution. They had no means of living, were not afforded any facilities for removing, were refused employment in France, and were hopeless of procuring military engagements elsewhere; many of them had wives and children, and the general misery of the faithful and unhappy band found sympathy with all, but substantial relief from none. They assuredly

found no relief in the statement that the consort of James was about to accompany her husband to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, in fulfilment of a vow previously registered. The royal pair were "let blood" in May; the ex-King "because of some small indisposition, and the other, because of a nephritick collick." The occasion was deemed solemn enough to induce Louis to repair to St Germains, to inquire after their health. He was probably the more welcome, as Portland was about to return to London, leaving Prior as his Chargé d'Affaires. The court of the sick couple is spoken of in May as "lessening daily." They recovered only to meet with new troubles; they dined in public, as befitted sovereigns, according to the ideas of those times, but their very digestion was disturbed by their wretched followers, who "are reduced very low, and become burdensome and ungrateful to the people here." It is not surprising that James looked longingly towards Italy, and that the Duke of Berwick himself had some thoughts of retiring into a convent. The natural son of James had incurred the anger of Louis XIV. "by some unhandsome words relating to the Earl of Portland," and he was sent in banishment to Alsace, as the penalty of his pertness. He was not permitted to be present at a grand review held by the King, in honour of the English Ambassador. This was a wound to the vanity of James; but Louis found salve for it,—he held a second review, on the Plain of Archers, to which the ex-King and Queen of England were especially invited, with the "Prince of Wales." For this small gratification James was exceedingly grateful; and he paid a visit of ceremony to the French King at Marli, a few days afterwards, choosing a day when he was not likely to encounter the detested Portland, and assuming as much importance as if he were really King of England in possession. This visit was followed by a permission to the Duke of Berwick to appear again at Court. James was once more thankful for very small mercies; and he supped with the King at Marli, not at all in the spirit of a man who had given up the world, and deemed earthly

distinction entirely valueless. In justice to him, it should be added that misfortune had not rendered him morose. At the review last mentioned, he and the Queen suddenly met the son of Lord Portland; James did not visit on the latter the sins of his father. The journalists remark that "the late King and Queen of England, on their arrival, saluted him almost at the same time as he did them." This was a graceful condescension on the part of those who looked on the Bentincks and their master as their worst enemies. They kept the birthday of the "Prince of Wales" in June, at St Germains, with all the more hilarity however when they knew that Portland was fairly on his way to England.

James hated and dreaded the Ambassador. Portland offended him by ordering his son not to speak to the "pretended Prince of Wales;" and James never heard of the closetings of Louis and the English envoy without anticipating a removal, and inquiring about the cost of living at Avignon. It was after one of these long interviews that the Duke de la Ferté spread affright at St Germains, by reporting that the royal tenants of the palace were about to receive "a six months' notice from the landlord."

Other vexations, too, continued to annoy the ex-sovereign. The disbanded troops, lately in his service, were fast falling into evil ways, and achieving a very undesirable reputation. That some of them took to the road has been already mentioned. The route between St Germains and Paris was not safe, because of them; and they added murder to robbery when they met with resistance. One Irish Jacobite trooper, named Francis O'Neil, was broken alive upon the wheel, for the double crime of plunder and assassination. Two other ex-soldiers in James's service, Englishmen, lacked nerve to take their chance against stout travellers on the road; but they practised the double profession above named, in a quieter and more cowardly way. On pretence of being ill, they sent for a physician, and when the latter entered their apartment, they fell upon, stabbed, and robbed

him. The law was stringently applied to these Jacobite ruffians, whose desperate crimes testify at once to their own utter destitution, and the fallen condition of their Sovereign. James and his consort sought for such comfort as they could find, under the disgrace brought upon them by their followers, by frequent visits to convents, adoration of relics, and constant attendance at sermons and the elevation of the Host. These visits were of no avail: the town of St Germains became almost uninhabitable through the sanguinary violence of the Jacobite brigands. No sober citizen dared venture abroad at night, even in the summer-time; and to what extent pillage and murder were carried by the fierce and hungry partisans who had followed the standard of James, may be seen in the fact that, on one and the same day, five Irish soldiers were "broken alive," in St Germains, for the crime of robbery and assassination, by night, in the town or its vicinity. James and his consort went now more frequently to Court than ever; and although nothing is said of the nature of their business there, we may not unreasonably conjecture that it had something to do with the condition and the consequent crimes of their followers, made ferocious by starvation. This affair however did not prevent the royal recluses from being exceedingly gay, a few weeks subsequently, at St Cloud, where the christening of Mademoiselle de Chartres was celebrated with much grandeur and festivity. There were drives in the park, where the exiled Queen rode with the great Louis, and James with brilliant and fair-spoken princesses; there was a grand banquet, a "splendid collation of flesh and fruits for thirty-one persons," at which "the Dauphin and the Duchess of Burgundy served at table;" this was followed by a concert, and the concert by a ball, from which, at day-break, the weary exiles returned to St Germains, safe from molestation on the road,—so many of their predatory partisans had, of late, been broken,—and fatigued enough to feel doubly convinced, at the end of a long series of entertainments which had occupied half a day and a whole night, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit.

During the few quiet days that intervened between this brilliant and wearisome festival and the grand field-days at the camp at Compiègne, the circle at St Germains was startled to hear that the Duke of Monmouth was alive and active in England. None knew better than James that Monmouth had perished; but the report was so circumstantial as to excite, at least, interest. A pseudo-Duke travelled through our southern and midland counties, with a little Court, by whom he was styled "Your Grace," and treated with an infinite measure of respect. He was a handsome fellow, and his good looks at once convinced the women that he was the true Prince. His success was extraordinary, and his exchequer increased hourly by the willing contributions of the simple country-folk. The "Prince for an Hour" was however soon entrapped, to the exceeding grief of the ladies: he turned out to be the son of an innkeeper named Savage, and was tried at Horsham, like a common vagrant or swindler! James, perhaps, would have desired success to the pretended Duke, although he himself had so sternly punished the genuine nobleman. He might very reasonably too have smiled at the difficulty at which the sapient judges stumbled, after the impostor was convicted. They deferred giving sentence immediately, on the ground that the crime was "of an odd nature." After all, he was punished, as he deserved, like any other ordinary vagabond.

During the fortnight in the first half of September, 1698, which James spent amid the mud, rain, fires, sham siege, the dinners, and the drinkings at Compiègne, his Queen shut herself up with the nuns at Chaillot. This female community was the most gossiping one in France, and Mary of Modena loved to pass a portion of her time with the talkative sisters. When James arrived at the convent, on his way from Compiègne, he brought with him an acceptable budget of the article most prized at Chaillot,—fresh gossip. The scene at Compiègne had been most splendid, save when it was marred by the mud and dirt; but the satisfaction of the French Monarch had been considerably alloyed by the conduct

of the ambassadors from foreign powers in Paris. They refused to attend at Compiègne, unless they had the honour of the "*pour*." This serious unintelligibility is thus explained. When the harbingers fixed the quarters for the King, Prince, and the ex-King of England, they attached an inscription on the door, denoting that such quarters were "*pour*," or *for*, such and such great personages. The quarters for all inferior individuals bore the names only of the intended occupants, without the preliminary "for." The Ambassador of Savoy, for himself and diplomatic brethren, demanded equal honours with royalty; they insisted on the "*for*," on the ground that representatives should be treated with the distinction due to those whom they represented. It could not be conceded, and the Ambassadors refrained from being present. Lord Jersey, the new English Ambassador, had probably a double reason for being absent, at least during the time that James occupied quarters ostensibly assigned to him as "King James:" the English Envoy recognized no such King, and James enjoyed a triumph in knowing one cause for the absence of the Ambassador of William. He, of course, added, in telling the story to the nuns, "But, my sisters, every such triumph is but vanity:" and he drove away, full of the pride which he affected to renounce.

Such pride was strong in him, notwithstanding all his assertions. It was sorely wounded too, in the month of October, when he was invited with his consort to the honour of attending in the King's closet at Versailles, to sign the marriage-contract between Mademoiselle d'Orléans and the Duke de Lorraine. James and his Queen showed how they appreciated the honour, by not failing to be present. Difficulties were raised however in the way of their signing the contract. These were founded on the particular position of James, who would have signed as King of England, Ireland, and Scotland, or not at all. The contract, accordingly, was not submitted to him for his signature; and there can be little doubt that he felt, as he left the royal closet, not only that all was vanity, but that there was no lack of bitterness

mingled with it. This disappointment did not affect his conduct, nor that of his consort, towards the bride, who was a general favourite, and for whom James and Mary exhibited much tender affection on the day of her marriage. Their feelings were soon after more deeply affected by the death of Lord Herbert, James's Chancellor. In France, however, consolation was soon found for every calamity. When Louis lost his brother, he retired to his room and played on the harpsichord. Soon after James had lost his old friend, he went hunting the stag with the Prince of Wales, in the forest of St Germains; but then it was on St Hubert's Day, and the amusement was almost a religious observance. It served too to distract his mind from anxieties which were besetting him. William had been followed to Holland by the French Ambassador in London and his own Envoy to Paris. James knew that his own sojourn in France was one of the subjects discussed by them. The subject is described in the journals as "a certain point which makes some people at St Germains very uneasy, for they are afraid to be obliged to leave this kingdom, or else of being reduced to great straits and difficulties." The difficulties of the poor Jacobites were even more so; but the Pope had more compassion for them than the King of France. Early in January, 1699, his Holiness sent 25,000 livres for the benefit of the destitute English, Scotch, and Irish Catholics in France; and to the credit of the Holy Father it may be added, that this was not his first contribution forwarded from Italy.

Intrigue was active this year. James was very frequently at Versailles, where he was closeted with Louis; and portraits of the Prince of Wales, set in gold and diamonds, and intended as presents to partisans, were seized at our Custom-house, on their transit from St Germains to squires in English mansions, and presidents of Jacobite clubs. James too seemed to resume one of the duties of monarchy, by receiving a visit of ceremony paid by the Ambassador from Morocco, to the Court of France. There was as much gratitude as ceremony in

the visit, for in early days this envoy had been captured by the English, and had been treated with great humanity by the express order of James. The swarthy legate came now to acknowledge this service, and the acknowledgment was none the less warm because James himself had fallen to such low estate. The representative of Muley Ishmael presented his gifts of dates and furs, with profound assurance of thankfulness; and James received them with as gracious a condescension as if he had been an enthroned King.

That which ever lacked most at St Germains was money. A supply sent from Paris, however welcome, did not prevent James from despatching his son, Berwick, to Rome, to ask for more. Alexander declined the request; and to a petition from James, that he might be permitted to end his days in Rome, where a residence would be less injurious to the interests of the Prince of Wales than at St Germains, the Pontiff rather curtly replied by an order to remain where he was, as at St Germains he would have greater facilities for recovering his throne, should opportunity be afforded him by an expected rising, which the Holy Father affected to foresee in England.

The pontifical advice, as well as the foresight, was well grounded. The constant arrival of "persons of quality" from Ireland gave a little life to the Court of St Germains, which was ordinarily dull, but which of late, by the daily diminution of the courtiers, had been growing more than ordinarily sombre. The road between St Germains and Versailles was now very frequently traversed by James; but nothing came of the movement, although the show of activity was so considerable as to excite some attention. Perhaps it was to console James for some disappointment, that Louis invited him to a festival at Marli. The great works constructed there had been achieved by hundreds of soldiers, and by beggars seized in the streets of the capital, and compelled to what they most hated—hard labour. Many a poor Jacobite earned his few sous and a modicum of bread by toiling at the demolitions and constructions by which the great King sought to

give beauty and usefulness to a country seat. A great portion of the festival to which James and his Queen were invited, consisted in their inspecting these works, and offering abundant flattery to him at whose command they had been accomplished. There was stately dancing, and solemn feasting afterwards, and the newspapers of the time remark (as if late hours were not common with the exiled Stuarts) that it was past midnight before they arrived at the gates of St Germains.

Did James lay this little excess to his conscience as a sin? It would be difficult to answer this query; yet we may find some help towards an affirmative reply, in the fact that a short time after he had thus "made a night of it" at Marli, he withdrew into temporary retirement among the monks in the convent of "Les Bons Hommes." The good men however did not treat him with excess of hospitality. They put him into a cell which had become damp from disuse, and which a fire could not at once effectually warm. The consequence was, that the royal recluse became exceedingly ill, and was for a long time so infirm that he drank more of asses' milk than of any other beverage, and draughts very cautiously administered even of that.

De Rancé, in spite of his so-called seclusion at La Trappe, was a man who mixed very much in the world, and maintained a vast correspondence with great worldly people, and had a very excellent cellar of wine at the monastery, for the use of his visitors. In a letter to Mademoiselle de Harlay, a nun of the monastery at Melun, he says, that in resignation under affliction, James equalled the most heroic characters of the ancient times of Christianty. He intimates that the ex-king had no desire to recover his "three kingdoms:" and he adds, that James, "unless he be obliged to spend some time about necessary affairs, or in conversations which he cannot dispense with, it may be said that all his employments carry him to God, and entertain him with the desire and will of pleasing Him." Notwithstanding this excellent testimonial to the private character of James, there is abundant proof that he was

not averse to worldly pleasure, nor unconcerned with regard to worldly prospects. His most pleasant festivals were those caused by the arrival of Louis and all his gay court at St Germains; when the two Kings and their courtiers, Queen and ladies, promenaded together in the superb garden attached to the palace, or rode together in monotonous magnificence up and down those forest-drives which centre in the "circle of the nine stars." This condition of James was in strong contrast with that of his officers. The distress of these was too acute to be borne with such resignation as that evinced by their master. The law had put a stop to their brigandage on the highway, and Jacobites no longer stopped travellers on the road, and made them pray for King James. But those who were afraid to rob were not ashamed to beg. The French were shocked to see these gallant and faithful men standing at the corners of streets and on the public roads, soliciting alms, with their swords at their sides!

James soon recovered from the illness last mentioned, to attend, as before, to business and superstition. He heard strange noises in the air around the palace at St Germains, and wondered, perhaps, rather than ventured to foretell, what they foreboded. He was constantly closeted with "Catholic Lords," who passed to and fro between England and France, and was himself almost as constantly traversing the road which lay between his own court and that of Versailles. The little Prince of Wales meanwhile complimented the wealthier officers of his father's guards by standing sponsor to their children. The poorer gentlemen quarrelled or intrigued among themselves, and were unceremoniously confined in the Bastille, to keep them from overt treason, or till they undertook to respect the King's peace. Occasionally there was some embarrassment arising from James being in danger of encountering the ambassadors of William. Once the Earl of Manchester was about entering the residence of the Duke of Orléans, to make an ordinary visit. Some gentleman of the household hurriedly informed him that King James was already

within. At this information, Manchester suddenly turned away, and walked about the court until he saw the ex-King drive out of it, and then entered to pay his respects to the Duke.

Towards Michaelmas there were some of those extravagantly splendid festivities held at Fontainbleau which were sure to be followed by an increase of taxes on the people. For weeks there was a continual revel, and an endless variety of amusements. The great monarch was stage-manager of all; and especial mention is made of certain comedies played by noble amateurs, in which the ladies wore lower top-knots than ordinary, in especial obedience to an order from his Majesty, who began to have a detestation for "Fontanges." In all this dissipation James played a part, without omitting due observances of his religious duties. The ex-Queen too was there, but her health did not allow her to share very largely in the splendid profligacy. James himself seems to have thought it was a matter to be repented of—after enjoyment; and as soon as the joyous revel was over, he and his Queen withdrew to the convent at Melun, whence, after an expiatory seclusion, they returned, in October, to St Germains.

Here the secluded pair passed the last months of the year, with failing health and fading hopes. They occasionally repaired to the convent at Chaillot, in order to pray for improvement in both respects; but neither orisons nor court-physicians could improve the sanitary condition of either of the exiled sovereigns. James, with scarcely strength to sit upright, and Mary Beatrice, with cancer developing itself in her bosom, received, in solemn state, the stately solemn visits made to them by princes of the blood and very serene highnesses. Amid much suffering, the ex-King never forgot his own personal interests, or those of his family. The eminently religious monarch had a very young illegitimate daughter, who was at this time a nun in the convent in Maubuisson. The lady-abbess of the royal abbey of Montmartre had recently died. James asked Louis to nominate his cloistered daughter to the vacant post.

Louis himself thought the petition ill-timed, and the petitioner impertinent. He coolly answered that the lady was too young, but that he would not forget her. "Let her stay at Maubuisson," he said, "and when she is old enough, and opportunity offers, we will make her lady-superior; there she will be better off for the delay."

The friends of the exiled King occasionally mingled with noblemen belonging to the Court of William; and, in the day when gentlemen drank deep and wore sharp swords, mischief often came of it. At one of these social meetings, the Marquis of Tavistock proposed a toast, which was resolutely declined by Colonel Froude. A challenge to mortal combat ensued, but Lord Manchester devised a method to prevent any further ill-consequences. He invited the antagonists to a banquet, and over the wine-cup the hot-headed adversaries swore to everlasting friendship and a divided allegiance.

The year 1700 opened painfully for James, in one respect, he was covered with boils; and if he suffered like Job, he also had the patient resignation of the man of Uz. Besides he found "distraction" in transacting business, the object of which was his own restoration. He was frequently in his cabinet with Boufflers; and his whole Court, which now was but a very small circle indeed, is described as "talking very big," and indulging in very extravagant hopes, founded on the issue of the famous Expedition to Darien. Moreover the ex-Queen was said to be likely to increase the number of royal heirs to the inheritance which James hoped to recover; and altogether there was sunshine as well as shadow on the terrace of St Germains.

There was, indeed, little light to much shade; and the little light only illuminated small joys. The excited Court found some food for mirth in a trifle which had made the bosom of the Grand Monarch heave with indignation. The son of the court-apothecary, Bondin, was at a masked ball, at which the Duchess of Burgundy was present. The apothecary's son, concealed under his mask, passed for a marquis, and was audacious enough to dance with a princess who was not very remote from

the throne. Louis was as enraged as if there had been petit treason in the matter; but, considering the unrestrained character of the Duchess, it may be concluded that she knew very well the quality of her partner. At these Carnival balls, not only James and his Queen, but the young Prince of Wales, were often present. At one of these riotous assemblies, the crowd was so great that the little Duke de Berri, son of the Dauphin, nearly lost his life in the pressure, by suffocation; he was rescued with difficulty. The "pretended Prince of Wales," as the son of James is invariably called by the English papers of the period, is described as being present at these foolish festivals, "masked," to save him from being "tied to ceremonials." He could not have had worse training for a throne, had he lived in these times, and been conducted nightly to listen to the light morals taught in highly-flavoured French plays.

While this dancing was in progress, the ears of James were deafened by solicitations from his starving, disbanded soldiers. Their distress was appalling, and their master petitioned in vain to Louis to enrol one hundred of these destitute and faithful men-at-arms in the French army. When this petition was refused, an honest Captain of Gendarmes gave such unrestrained expression to the opinion which he entertained of the conduct of Louis, whom he spoke of as faithless to his promise, that his liberty of speech was punished with the loss of his personal freedom, and the cashiered Captain was flung into the Bastille.

James would have had sympathy with the bold speaker, thus punished for his boldness, but that his sympathy and attention were attracted in different directions. Pope Innocent XII. had been so indisposed that James had despatched a special messenger, with the Cardinals who had proceeded from the French Court, to condole with the suffering Pontiff. The saintly legates asked the Holy Father as to his condition, and Innocent, who knew that there were two or three among them who were looking forward to possess the tiara, wittily answered, "I am much more rejoiced

to see *you*, gentlemen, than you are to see me!" The pontifical wit was highly relished at St Germains.

The exiled Court was laughing loudest at it when they were most busy in furthering the future interests of James's son. It was in this year, 1700, that James issued a medal in honour of his disinherited heir. It bore the device on the exergue, "Cognoscunt mei me," *My own shall know me.* On one side was seen the "sun behind a cloud," with the inscription "Et lucet et latet," *It both shines and lies hid.* On the reverse, the Prince was doubly represented; first, as a student, with the subscription, "Litteris insignis," *Celebrated for his learning.* The words "Et Armis," *And for his skill in weapons*, were inscribed beneath a smaller figure of the Prince in the distance, where he was shooting at a wild boar. His skill however would not be thought very much of now. His happiest day was highly boasted of, when he made twenty-two good shots out of thirty-six;—but to miss more than one shot out of three would not be considered a proof of extraordinary skill, in the present day; the Prince however was only twelve years old. Louis, it may be added, gave some umbrage to James, by forbidding the publication of this medal for sale. It was, however, extensively circulated in private.

There was more comfort from Rome than from Versailles. The Pope, with the liberality of dying men who dispose of property which really belongs to their heirs, sent 30,000 crowns for the use of James and of his most needy followers. The money enabled the more-than-ever-diminished Court to assume an air of gaiety. It gave some lustre to the marriage of the poorly-endowed, illegitimate son of James—the Duke of Berwick—with "Madame Bulkley," maid of honour to Mary Beatrice, who is spoken of as possessing "no fortune at all." In May and June there was ample evidence as to how the Papal gift had been employed. In the former month, the "Prince of Wales" went into Paris in some state. From the archiepiscopal windows he witnessed the annual procession of the body of St

Marcel. After this spectacle, the royal youth repaired to the cathedral, at the gates of which he was received with great ceremony by the Archbishop, by whom he was conducted to the high altar, near the foot of which he "made his first communion." The solemnity was followed by a banquet, at which the prelate sumptuously entertained the royal guest. The father of the guest was, strangely enough, absent from the interesting ceremony. While his son was receiving the Sacrament for the first time, and graciously accepting the hospitality of the Archbishop, James was shut up in the cell reserved for his use at La Trappe, praying earnestly for himself and the young neophyte.

There was a burst of unusual gaiety when father and son met again at St Germains. In June the little Court exhibited extraordinary brilliancy, in honour of the birthday of the "heir-apparent." The whole household, all the members of which had long been in a shabby condition, appeared in new liveries, and festivals of one sort or another followed in moderate succession for several weeks. A festival, after the ex-Queen's own heart, was celebrated early in July. A daughter of the Earl of Melfort had resolved to become a nun; she had selected the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Faubourg St Marcel, as the "house" of which she was desirous to become a member; and there, Mary Beatrice herself gave the young girl the veil. Melfort had formerly been secretary to James; he was now a Knight of the Garter, and first, if not *only* Gentleman of the Chamber to the exiled King. He was now also a Romanist; but he had five Protestant children by a first marriage, and this part of his family resided, unmolested, in England. He had married a second time, and he was, at this period, the father of twelve Romanist children, of this second marriage, all of whom had their dwelling-place in France. The religious festival, alluded to above, was succeeded by a more joyous one still, at St Germains. In July, "Mr Fitzjames, the titular Duke of Albemarle," as the English papers describe him, was married to the gay Mademoiselle de Lussan; and the last eleemosynary

contribution from Rome served to give splendour to the fête, and comfort to the chief actors concerned therein.

Serious business was not neglected during this festive time. Scottish visitants frequently arrived at St Germains, and suddenly returned. Between the visits, James might be seen driving to Versailles, not in the court-carriage, but in a "post-calash," the derogation, in the vehicle, being compensated for by the attendance of two gentlemen in waiting and an escort of eight men-at-arms.

While the son of James was hunting with his father in the forest of St Germains, the son of the Princess Anne, in London, was hunting the stag in the parks,—now chasing one right through St James's Street, now running into another in the very middle of Rosamond's Pond, in the Green Park. Both these royal "lads" looked to a throne as their natural inheritance, but neither reached the seat to which he was told he might aspire. The young Duke of Gloucester died this year of smallpox; and it is creditable to James that he and his court immediately put on mourning for the death of his grandson, and would not wait, as Louis did, till the demise of the boyish prince was officially communicated by the ambassador from the English Court.

In November, James and his Queen repaired to Fontainebleau. Among the most interesting incidents,—it might be almost said, the only interesting incident, of the sojourn there, apart from the ostentatious reception awarded them by Louis,—was the procession of redeemed French slaves from Algiers. The theatrical property, which made part of the sentiment and the sight on this occasion, must not be passed over without notice. Every ex-slave—there were sixty-six of these enfranchised persons—walked bound in silver fetters, made for the occasion, and between two ballet-girls, or boys, decked out with slight measure of gauze and extensive spread of wings, who thus represented angels. At this very moment, French Protestants were undergoing harsher treatment than had ever been endured by these men in Algiers. Some were judicially murdered;

some were daily flogged in the prisons or dockyards, where they were confined; children were imprisoned till they learned to profess "the religion of the King;" and Protestant maids and matrons were put at the mercy of orthodox dragoons, in comparison with whose brutality, death would have been of all boons the richest. The two monarchs, who shed tears at the spectacle of the freed slaves from Algiers, walking before them under the light pressure of silver chains and the pleasant escort of theatrical angels, had no sympathy with the thousands of French Protestants who were outraged, scourged, despoiled, transported, shot, or hanged, for no other crime than desiring to worship God according to their consciences. Whilst these silver-fettered slaves were parading before the two Kings, luckless footmen were being pilloried in Paris for carrying canes; and the poor people had almost forgotten the taste of bread. But mercy was not considered a political or social virtue. In England, at the period here treated of, the Judges never went upon circuit without a supply of new burning-irons, for branding petty larcenists in the cheek, and put among the judges' luggage, by a considerate Government.

It was the destiny of James to see others rise to thrones while he was kept from his own. He was in France when Louis XIV. exclaimed, on the elevation of his grandson the Duke d'Anjou to the throne of Spain, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!" When James and Mary went to congratulate that fortunate, rather than worthy, young prince, it was some consolation to them that they were treated as actual sovereigns. When they entered the apartment of the new sovereign, they saw three chairs placed in an exact line. Mary Beatrice was conducted to the centre chair, while on either hand sat a King; he of Spain taking the left, "because he was in his own house." Previous to the grand supper which followed this visit, the "Prince of Wales" distinguished himself by his forwardness. He stepped before the Spanish Ambassador, who was about to address his royal master, and, uncovering, commenced

a compliment of his own. The young King of Spain acknowledged the royalty of the youthful speaker, by first removing, and then immediately replacing his own feathered and jewelled hat. The congratulations of the Prince of Wales were made in such enthusiastic terms that the object of them could not help breaking through etiquette, by honestly declaring that he ardently hoped the time was at hand when he might congratulate the Stuarts on the recovery of their own, to which end he would contribute all the means in his power.

The inhabitants of St Germains could not well account for the doubling of the personal guard of the Prince, soon after the event above noticed. It was accounted for by James himself, who gave out that an intention existed on the part of certain English Protestants to seize on the Prince, carry him over to England, and there educate him according to the principles of the Reformed Church. To save him from such a catastrophe, the body-guard of the precious heir was doubled. He had not very many to see after his safety, even then.

On the other hand, there was comforting intelligence from Rome. The Duke of Berwick had been sent to compliment the new Pope, Clement XI., on his accession, and to request a further supply of money. The request was considered the more likely to be complied with, as Clement, when Cardinal, had induced the two preceding Pontiffs to furnish James liberally with money. James was not deceived in him. Clement sent a contribution, which is variously stated at 9000 and 12,000 crowns. He did what was almost as grateful to the English ex-monarch, namely, he promised substantial help towards the recovery of the lost throne. On the first instalment of such help, James gazed with pleasure. It consisted of a gold cross and six silver candlesticks for the King himself; numerous holy relics for the Queen; a cross, and figures of St Peter and St Paul, beaten in flat gold, for the Prince of Wales; and a "Cecilia rosary" for the Prince's sister.

He had little doubt, now, but that all would go well. A mischance on the part of Lord Melfort placed the

desired end further off than ever. Melfort had despatched a letter to England, which was addressed, it is said, to the Earl of Perth. It was intercepted, and it fell into the hands of Government, who learnt therefrom that James II. had now more influence over Louis XIV. than any other person; and that such influence would be speedily employed to work upon the French monarch to invade England and thereby increase his own glory. The discovery of this letter was for some time not known at the Court of St Germains. Meanwhile James, on Good Friday, in the month of March, 1701, was attending the ordinary service for that solemn day, in the chapel of the palace. The dethroned King heard the words from the Lamentations of Jeremiah,—"Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach: our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens;"—and as these words were uttered, he fell to the ground in a fainting fit of an apoplectic nature. He had been for a long period in declining health, and the words of the prophet, falling upon his ear, were too heavy for him to bear in his enfeebled state, and for a moment or two it was thought that they had killed him. He partially recovered, but the court physicians ordered him to repair to the baths of Bourbon. He consented; answering to those of his friends who urged that the weather was too cold at that early period of the year for him to undertake the journey without peril, that his distemper compelled him to incur the risk for the sake of promised benefit, and that necessity had no law. He went there, attended by the Marquis d'Urfé, and under an escort of sixty men. On the route, the ex-royal family of England sojourned at various convents, and the sick King had scarcely reached Bourbon, enfeebled more than when he had started by an attack of the gout in his legs, when Melfort arrived in hot haste to ask forgiveness for the fault he had committed in writing a letter upon the prospects and intentions of James, which had fallen into the possession of the "English usurper." James was never of a forgiving temper; and now, exasperated by disease, anger,

and disappointment, he coldly bade Melfort address himself for pardon to the French monarch. The unlucky secretary obeyed, and was very graciously received, comforted, and still more graciously dismissed. He was told to go home and think no more of it. With a relieved heart he sought his own dwelling, where he found a guard of soldiers, who, with little ceremony, surrounded him and carried him off to the Bastille. In a cell of that gloomy fortress he was left to mourn his own awkwardness and ill-luck, and to groan over the vindictiveness of kings. He was subsequently banished to Angers. This was a hard measure against Melfort. James's Queen had been far more indiscreet; for she not only communicated to Lady Tyrconnel events which that lady conveyed to "the Marlboroughs," but she wrote confidential letters to the chattering nuns of Chaillot, who communicated the contents to the intriguing ecclesiastics who were constantly calling at the convent, and who were in the pay of William, or his ambassador Manchester.

After this period, although James so far recovered as to be able to return to, and even hunt at, St Germains, his health rapidly declined. Prior, in the rough and rude manner of a person who was content with a butcher's wife for his Chloe, writes to Halifax, "I faced old James and all his court the other day at St Cloud. *Vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, lean, worn, and revelled. . . . The Queen looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough. Their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible." Indeed between this period and his death, James had little to do but with the affairs of death. The last visit of ceremony paid by him and Mary Beatrice was to Versailles, to "compliment," in the loose phrase of the papers, the King on the death of the Duke of Orléans. The Queen paid a similar visit to the widowed Duchess. The latter sat upright on a bed, "dressed in a gown of crimson, spotted with black, with a border of lawn seven ells long, and a headdress of lawn, that covered her gown, of the same length." Thus there was a fashion even for the reception of compliments of con-

dolence. Indeed, in following fashion too closely, Mary Beatrice herself once nearly lost her life. She wore those towering cornets of lace on her nightcap which gave height to the forehead, but made sober people look like their own caricatures. To this headdress she accidently set fire; and the escape of her hair and eyes from all harm—only the lace being consumed—was set down as a miracle by those who were already prepared to acknowledge in Mary Beatrice, half a saint.

The death of Sir William Walgrave, the ex-King's physician, gave the nervous refugee a considerable shock. His own pecuniary necessities, too, pressed heavily upon him, despite the allowance made him by Louis, and the contributions from home. The salaries of his household, and the pensions of his followers, were diminished by one-half. This excited loud and disloyal murmurings; and James was harassed by these, as he was by the conviction that no person left him for England with letters, whatever his rank,—and the Jacobite agents were of all ranks, from dukes to hairdressers, from duchesses to shopwomen,—without the English ambassador knowing their names, whence they came, and where they were likely to land. Some at least of these agents must have been in the pay of both parties.

At length came the last melancholy scene. It had been long preparing; and the ex-King's death had been so often reported, that when the event *did* take place there was neither surprise expressed in London, nor curiosity as to the particulars. The frequent fits by which he had been stricken during the summer, had shattered alike his person and understanding. A pale phantom, he moved about the garden of the palace, leaning on the arm of the Queen; and even, a short time before his death, he visited Louis at Versailles, and received a visit in return from the French King and the Duke of Orléans. The two monarchs counselled the Duke, whose excesses were killing him, to observe a more temperate diet, if he would live long. Orléans laughed at both advisers, returned home, ate a heavy

supper after an immoderate dinner, drank deeply as was his wont, was struck down by an apoplectic fit, and soon after died. Louis found consolation for the loss in playing the harpsichord and arranging the order of the funeral. Meanwhile, James died more slowly. Even while thus dying, his consort was busy in his name, with plans for the restoration of her husband. With the usual restlessness of a dying man, James wished to visit Fontainebleau, but, as Lord Manchester wrote home, "I know this Court will prevent it, because he might very likely die there, which would be inconvenient."

The London papers of the period state that James was at table when the last fit attacked him. He was not at table, but at Mass; the day was Friday, September 2nd, and he fell to the ground as the words from Jeremiah were being sung, which once before had so seriously affected him. He was conveyed to his room, where he partially recovered, but had another fit—of sanguineous apoplexy—on the Sunday. Fagon pronounced the case hopeless; but Constable and the other English doctors were less decided in their opinions. On rallying from this attack, he took leave of his two children, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Louisa. To each he gave excellent advice. Had he himself acted up to the precept which he impressed on his son, he would never have been deprived of his sceptre. "Remember," he said, after some commonplace remarks on the valuelessness of the world, the bondage of sin, and the possibility of a restoration, "remember, kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people. Set before your eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues; consider them as your children." His own children were in tears, especially when he faltered out a noble and well-deserved eulogy on their mother. He declared that he felt himself in charity with all the world, and expressly named William of Orange and the Princess Anne as being entirely forgiven by him. He forbade all pomp at his funeral, chose his own epitaph, "Here lies James, King of Great Britain," and

expressed his utter contempt for all worldly greatness. Among those who surrounded him were some who were less courtiers than they seemed to be. One of these whispered to another, "What a pother here about that religion! All the world knows that his Majesty's religion did not hinder his mounting the throne of England; and he might have sat there to this day, had not his following ill counsels pulled him down from it." This sharp, censuring speech will be found in the newspapers of the period, and may have been uttered as reported, for similar thoughts were common then, and they have since possessed many a man to whom the story of this monarch was familiar.

He lingered on, and Louis paid him more than one visit. The profligate King was the politest of Frenchmen, and manifested much delicacy and good feeling on this occasion. He descended from his cumbrous coach at the outer gate of the palace, not driving into the courtyard, lest the noise of the wheels should disturb the royal patient. In these interviews Louis cheered his dying guest, and, alluding to a subject which he could not bear to hear alluded to by others —death, he formally engaged, whenever God summoned James to a place in Heaven, to recognize the Prince of Wales as "King of the three realms." The dying King was moved at this promise; and all the courtiers present, Manchester's spies included, flung themselves at the feet of the generous Louis, and did homage to his greatness of soul. The promise caused much joy in the little Court; and the days which intervened between the hour in which Louis so bound himself, and that of the death of James, were passed with a resignation of spirit for the now inevitable and approaching event. The decay of the exiled monarch was gradual; his intellect continued unimpaired to the last, but his sight occasionally failed him; and on two occasions he was unable to see Louis and the Bishop of Autun, who stood near him. His Queen remained in attendance upon him; but the sorrow which she could not hide, was a source of suffering to the sinking patient as well as to

herself; and four-and-twenty hours before the death of James she was removed to her own room, after taking leave of him, in one long look, which James returned, perhaps not altogether unconscious of its meaning. "Why is this?" were nearly the last words to her. "Are you not flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone? Are you not a part of myself? How is it then that one part of me should feel so differently from the other,—I in joy, and you in despair? My joy is in the hope that I feel that God, in his mercy, will forgive me my sins, and receive me into his beatitude; and you are afflicted at it. I have long sighed for this happy moment, and you know it well. Cease then to lament for me. I will pray for you. Farewell!" If there be something of querulousness in these words, it was because of the nature of James, which he could never control. The Queen was led away, and the Bishop of Autun then put up the prayers for a departing soul; that soul still clung for awhile to its tenement, and the Queen even ventured once again to approach the couch of her dying husband, who had barely strength to declare that his only pain was to know that *she* was suffering. She was again conducted to her chamber, and there awaited the imminent event. It occurred on the 14th of September; and James thus died, as he had expressed a wish to do, on a Friday. His death, preceded by some suffering, was a mere ceasing to breathe; and therewith the last of the Stuart Kings ceased to struggle for a crown, the attainment of which he affected, and only affected, to consider with contempt. Certainly, in one thing James in his exile was not unlike Coriolanus in *his* banishment, for "with a proud heart he wore his humble weeds." The wits of Paris however rather attacked his confessor than himself, and did not spare either the spiritual father of Louis, or the Pope, who, unfortunately for the cause of James, was the enemy of France. These three were thus gibbeted together in a disrespectful epigram:—

"Trois fripons, tout à l'aise,
Ont désolé l'univers;

L'un est le Père La Chaise,
L'autre est le Père Peters;
Le troisième est Innocent,
Grand ami de Guillaume.
Jacques en est pour son royaume,
Et Louis pour son argent."

They in England who looked to something else besides the natural course of events, for the complete downfall of the Stuarts, after the death of James, found what they sought in the so-called "Baby Prophecy," which was brought by Dean Jones from Newry, and which was conceived in these words—"Fugit Talpa, morietur in viâ, et Semen Regis erit mendicum in terrâ alienâ, in æternam."

Mary of Modena, though hoping to establish the right of her son, could not but dread that the death of James might render his family the wanderers and beggars which the prophecy declared they would be. The prospect of that death had afflicted her sorely; and while she was under such affliction her one fault of bigotry may be forgiven her, and respect for her virtues may authorize the reader of her story to say of her, as young Wilfred Wycliffe sang in his song near Barnard Tower,—

"Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now."

She had been compelled to withdraw from the chamber, where the King lay in his agony, and was on her knees at prayer, when she was interrupted by the entry of Father Ruga. She looked at him steadily, but he only said, calmly, "Let us pray," and commenced with the ejaculation "*Subvenite, Sancti Dei.*" Mary of Modena exclaimed "O my God, then all is done!" and she cast herself on the ground, weeping abundantly, and only replying to the Father's counsel, to show submission, the word "*Fiat,*" without adding "*voluntas Tua,*" till it was at last wrung from her by the entreaties of the anxious priest. With some difficulty she was removed to Chaillot. Previous to leaving, she

saluted her son: "Sir," she said, "I acknowledge you as King, but I hope you will never forget that you are my son." She was met at the gates of the convent at Chaillot by all the nuns: she drew her hood over her face, as she first saw the sisters in tears, and was passing through them without proffering a word, when one among them ventured to whisper, as the Queen passed near her, the words of the Psalmist, "My soul, will you not be subject to God?" "Fiat voluntas Tua!" *Thy will be done!*—was all the Queen could utter, as she stopped before the reverend mother of the community. The mother consoled her, by informing her that she was the widow of a saint in heaven; and Mary expressed her belief, "by reason of the virtues I have seen him practise." She clasped to her breast a piece of the True Cross, lay long prostrate before more than one altar, and was "modest, wise, and submissive to the decrees of God." The author of the "Circular Letter from the religious convent of Chaillot" says, "That all the three days that her Majesty stayed here, she did nothing but pray and hear the reading of holy books, and sometimes hear discourses of the virtues of the holy King. The nights themselves did not interrupt those pious exercises: there were always near her Majesty some of our sisters, who picked out proper subjects to comfort her out of the Holy Scripture, the Fathers, and our holy Founder, which she relished very much."

Among the ladies whom James and his consort had often honoured with long visits, was a Madame de Perrier, who had preferred retiring to a convent, rather than accept the crown of Poland. In her religious life she was known as "Anne Mary of Jesus," and she had recently died "in the odour of sanctity." A sketch of the virtues of this deceased lady was read to the Queen during her sojourn at Chaillot, "and when they came to the passage where it is said that this great servant of God preferred the quality of being a humble, religious woman, before that of being Queen of Poland, her Majesty said, "Ah! she had a great deal of

reason on her side; there is no demur to be made in the choice, when we are at liberty to make it." Poor Mary's experience of royalty had been but a bitter one.

When the heart of the deceased King arrived at the convent, the Queen was not informed of the circumstance; but she perhaps divined it, for she was in a continual agitation of uneasiness and pain, for which, she said, she could not account to herself. There was no lack of spiritual comforters at hand; and one of them, who visited her on the following day, the Cardinal de Noailles, declared that he "had never seen a more piercing sorrow, nor a greater virtue."

She was on the point of leaving the convent, at the end of the third day, when she suddenly stopped, declared that she felt a conviction that the heart of her husband was under the roof, and then passionately entreated that she might be brought to the spot where it was deposited. The nuns acknowledged the presence of the sacred deposit; but they pleaded royal and ecclesiastical commands to keep the fact secret from her, and they implored, in their turn, that she would make "the sacrifice to our Saviour, to deny herself in this, that it would be very acceptable to him." But Mary replied, that she did not believe that God required such sacrifice at her hands; "I will only pay it my respects," she said, "offer up my prayers, and retire."

The sisters could not withstand such natural entreaty. They conducted her to the chapel of St Francis de Sales. The heart of her husband was in an urn, which stood near the altar. She was strongly moved, but she was still more strongly disciplined; her impulse was to rush forward, but she restrained it, and first performed all necessary religious duties: she knelt, crossed her hands on her bosom, and bowed herself to the ground, while the ordinary prayers for the dead were repeated and the *De Profundis* was sung. When all was done, she arose, slowly approached the Credence table, where the heart was placed, gazed at it long, cast holy water upon it, and then, kneeling and bend-

ing across it, she ardently kissed the urn through the crape which was decently spread over it. She was unable to utter a word when she arose; nor was she able to walk to her carriage; the good sisters bore her thither in a chair, and, as she drove away, they looked after her through their tears. The very fiercest Whig might have shared in their sympathy.

The recognition of the pretended Prince of Wales as King of England, and his proclamation by that title at the gates of St Germains, excited a burst of wrath, even in the phlegmatic William. He was not consoled by the adhesion of crowds of Nonjurors, who now deemed themselves freed from their oaths to James, at liberty to swear allegiance to William, and who were very desirous to be exempt from double taxation and other inconveniences. France protested that nothing serious was meant by the recognition of two sovereigns of one kingdom, and that it had occurred before without inconvenience to any one. William immediately recalled Manchester; and the Lords Justices, who administered the government while the King was in Holland, very unceremoniously ordered the French Ambassador, Poussin, to quit the English dominions. Poussin betook himself in all haste to Dover, where an incident occurred that is worth recording. The Envoy was on his way to the packet, when he was stopped by a boy, of whom the Ambassador angrily demanded his business. "My business," said the Kentish lad, "is, that when you landed here, you were without boots, and I lent you an old pair to ride up to London in; you never returned me my boots, nor sent me any money for the loan of them." "Boy," replied Poussin, who did not deny this strange transaction, "here is half-a-crown for your old boots; take it, and stand aside." "I will neither take it nor stand aside," cried the pertinacious owner of the missing property; "I will have five shillings." The Ambassador of the Grand Monarch haughtily refused to accede to such exorbitant terms, and turned towards the boat. By this time however a mob had assembled, and nothing in the world was so

brutal, in those days, as an English mob: they so terrified the Envoy, that he was but too glad to allow himself to be arrested by a constable. The latter conducted him, in custody, before a neighbouring justice, and the representative of Louis Quatorze there paid the five shillings demanded for the hire of the pair of old boots in which he had ridden to London.

If William smiled at this circumstance, he was made grave by one of another quality. His own health was rapidly failing. He valued the opinion of the great French physician Fagon; but he did not like to consult him. A written description of the symtoms of William's malady was sent to Fagon, as being those of a Dutch parson. Fagon read it, and returned the blunt reply, that "the reverend gentleman who labours under these symptoms had better prepare himself for his end." Thus to the two rival Kings was one man the assured prophet of death. Of one of these two there still remains to be said a few words.

James II. became more powerful after his decease than he had ever been in his lifetime, if credit may be given to the wonderful stories related of the more wonderful miracles wrought by his intercession. He had, in the days of his hopeless adversity, led a life of such religious strictness, that he was almost considered as a saint while yet living; and was very nearly registered on the list of canonized men after death. They who were present at the opening of his body—that is, the surgeons and guards—carried off portions of it as relics. It is said that they "could not be prevented," so great was their veneration for the saintly King! They anticipated the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal, which still possesses the proofs of the monarch's claims to be enrolled among the saints, but which has never yet pronounced a judgment on the matter. These proofs, after the acts of his life, have reference to the cures which he effected after death. In his healing capacity, at this time—I do not make use of that term lightly—he had no particular respect for persons. He successfully interceded for all, from octogenarian prelates to the spouse

of a dancing-master. First, there was the Bishop of Autun, who for just half his life—forty years—had been afflicted with a stoppage in the tear-duct,—that painful disease known as the *fistula lachrymalis*. The good Bishop was sorely tried; but the Lady Superior of a Parisian Convent, and a nun in one of the surburban nunneries, bade him be of good cheer, for that they knew, from the late King himself, that his first miraculous cure would be performed on the person of the Bishop. All that was required of the latter was, that he should celebrate a Mass for the repose of the King's soul. He obeyed; and while the service was performing for the benefit of the King, James performed one for the Bishop. *De profundis*, he put up intercessory prayers for the prelate; and the latter joyfully discovered, when the Mass was concluded, that his lachrymal fistula was cured. The truth of this story is vouched for in the circumstance that the relieved Bishop of Autun wrote a detailed account of what occurred to him, and addressed the epistle to the Queen-dowager.

The nuns at Chaillot appear to have been actively concerned in these posthumous acts of James. They also sent to the Queen, Mary of Modena, the copy of a letter forwarded to them by the Archbishop of Vienna, who had received it from a *curé* in Auvergne, whose brother had been cured of a palsy in the legs, solely by the intercessory prayers of the deposed and defunct monarch. The brother, Gilbert Marais, added his signature to the letter of his brother, in proof of the authenticity of the details. He was a surgeon, and it was reasonably considered that he had good reason to know how he was cured;—which may not be disputed. Then there was M. de la Rotte, a great lawyer at Metz. He was afflicted with a serious internal disorder, which caused him great anguish, and for the cure of which the faculty could hold out no hopes, save by time and patience. M. de la Rotte had neither leisure to be ill nor patience to endure the torture which racked his loins. He accordingly addressed his prayers to the deceased King James. The cure does not seem to have

been immediate. The lawyer seems to have discovered the reason. He added to his prayers a vow, that if the King would establish his cure, by royal intercession with Heaven, the patient would visit the chapel where the monarch's body lay, and perform his devotions in that sacred sanctuary, as soon as he could conveniently repair thither. It may be concluded that the monarch was satisfied with the bargain, for the lawyer's "prayer was heard, and the next day he performed his vow."

Again, there was Philip Pitel, a Benedictine Monk of the diocese of Tours. He was reduced to the very point of death by an aggravated quinsey; his throat was so swollen, that suffocation was imminent; and he suffered scarcely less from an inflammatory cough. His demise was hourly looked for. In this extremity however he bethought himself of the direction in which he might find safety. He accordingly "felt a sudden and unaccountable impulse to prefer the following prayer:—'O God, I beseech thee mercifully to cure me, and to grant me health, through the merits and intercession of King James; and I promise to have a Mass said, as a thanksgiving, in the Benedictine Church, where his corpse lies, and to touch the mort-cloth which covers it, with my tongue.'" The terms were accepted by Heaven's Chancery, for "the patient soon felt a profuse sweat breaking out over all his body, and *in due time* his recovery was completed." In like manner the ex-sovereign cured a country girl of deafness, and the wife of the dancing-master to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, M. L'Epervier, of a rheumatism. This latter case was attested by the husband, a Benedictine prior, and three monks. They expressly declare that the cure was effected by the intercession of the late King; and, by way of additional proof, the surgeon and his assistant, or *apprentice* as he is more properly called, emphatically proclaim, with a rare and laudable modesty, that they did not contribute to the patient's recovery. Such accumulative proof satisfied those who thought it logical. Nairne, who details these and many other instances, adds an account of a case in his own family; he narrates

it as though he would fain believe, and yet is compelled to doubt. "There is found," he says, "to this day, in the registers of that Church" (the Benedictine in Paris, to which the royal body was removed), "a particular account of several miraculous cures, *or such as appeared at least to be so*, wrought upon sick persons, through the intercession, as was piously believed, of this holy King; and afterwards, of the Masses which were said in that church, agreeably to the intention of these persons. Among others, there is an attestation that my deceased wife had a *Neuvaine* celebrated in that church for my son, who was then about five years of age, and troubled with a rupture, of which he was cured a little after the *Neuvaine* was finished; and he has felt nothing of that inconveniency ever since. However, I attest nothing here but facts, as it does not become me to enter into a discussion of what is, or is not, miraculous." Nairne, without expressing his own individual belief, adds, that the public recognized as true miracles the other sudden cures related above, and of which he knew nothing but by hearsay.

It was probably a consequence of the idea that sanctity attached itself to the person of James, that such singular partition was made of his remains. His heart was sent to one convent, his brains to another, his bowels were committed to the keeping of a third; and his body, after resting for a while at St Germains, was temporarily deposited in the chapel of the English Benedictines in Paris. For three-quarters of a century, the Paris Guide-books, beginning with that of Germain Le Brice, in 1725, did not fail to point out to the visitors to the French capital that the body of the King of England was here "*en dépôt.*" The tomb, within which it was deposited, did not form the only shrine to which Jacobites repaired. In the old Scotch College, in the Rue des Fossés Saint-Victor, the brains of the deceased monarch, in an urn of bronze gilt, surmounted a monument, erected from the designs of Garnier, by the Duke of Perth, to the memory of his master. On this monument was an inscription, more adulatory

probably than any ever read by the Ephori, when, in disgust of "post-mortem laudation," they prohibited the employment of epitaphs. In the days of the great Revolution, the urn on this monument was broken by the populace, and the brains it contained were trampled out upon the ground. The royal body, at the Benedictines, was treated rudely, but with something more of reverence than the brains in the Scottish College. At the time alluded to, the convent was used as a prison, and among the prisoners was a Mr Fitz-Simons, who was a witness of the treatment to which the corpse was subjected, and who thus describes what he saw:— "I was a prisoner in Paris, in the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794 the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England, for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was so a prisoner, the *sans-culottes* broke open the coffins, to get at the lead, to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The *sans-culottes* took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine; I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the *sans-culottes* for showing the body. They said he was a good *sans-culotte*, and they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard, like other *sans-*

culottes; and he was carried away, but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the King's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St Germains, whence it was brought to the convent of the Benedictines. Mr Porter, the prior, was a prisoner at the time in his own convent."

It is curious that Mr Fitz-Simons in 1840, when he gave the above description, was not aware that the body of James was safely removed to the parish church of St Germains, where the King had expressed a wish that it should finally rest. It would seem to have been privately buried; and the locality was, in course of time, forgotten. Great was the surprise, when, nearly a quarter of a century subsequently, some workmen, engaged in removing the foundations of the old church, on which a new edifice was to be constructed, came upon the "mortal deposit" of the often-disturbed King. The news was conveyed to England; and George IV. resolved to render fitting honour to the last of the Stuarts, who had thus unexpectedly been brought again upon earth, to challenge the notice of the living.

Accordingly, in the Paris papers of September 7, 1824, there appeared a paragraph, addressed particularly to the English. It announced that on the 9th instant, in conformity with orders forwarded to the British Ambassador, a funeral service would be solemnized at the parish church of St Germains, by the Bishop of Cybistria, coadjutor of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the translation of the mortal remains of King James II. The subjects of his Britannic Majesty were invited to attend. The paragraph puzzled our journalists at home, who protested against this service, if thereby the legitimate right of the Stuarts was recognized, or confession was made that service for the dead could get a soul in or out of purgatory. Sly hits were directed against Lord Eldon, the keeper of the King's conscience,

for ordering such a Mass, at a period when he was in the habit of toasting the Protestant ascendency. Nevertheless, on the day mentioned, a vast number of people quitted Paris, in order to witness the ceremony at St Germains. Among the most celebrated personages present were Marshal Macdonald and the Duke de Fitz-James. The Gardes-du-corps rendered royal honours to the mortal remains as they passed along; and at the conclusion, an English lady made a collection for the poor. She was accompanied by the Count de Sternberg, a descendant of the family of the Stuarts.

The royal diadem of gold, beneath a black crape veil and on a velvet cushion, was placed above the body, by command of the English Ambassador, who, by a singular coincidence, viewed in connection with the ceremony, was a Stuart,—Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay. The inscription on the monument, beneath which the body was deposited, described James as having been renowned for his triumphs in a second degree of rank, but more unhappy in a supreme station: *in primo infelicior.*

It is singular that, in all the epitaphs which have been placed above the remains of the Stuart King, there has been a profuse employment of comparatives. They are to be found in the inscription placed upon the tomb erected in memory of James, by the Duke of Perth. Here it is said that James was "terrâ ac mari clarus, sed constanti in Deum fide clarior"—"famous by sea and land, but more famous for his fidelity towards God." And again, he is said to have been "rebus secundis major, adversis superior." This inscription was partly adopted, with certain changes, by those who put a legend above the newly-discovered remains, in 1824; and now, on the modest monument in the church of St Germains, erected by royal affection to the royal remains, "Regio cineri regia pietas," we read that he whose dust lies within, was "magnus in prosperis, major in adversis"—great in prosperity, and still greater in adversity; a testimony which can be accepted but with great reserve.

Little more than a quarter of a century had elapsed since the discovery of these remains, when the Emperor Napoleon III. conducted our Queen Victoria to the royal tomb in the parish church of St Germains. Within that space of time France had dethroned two dynasties and overthrown two republics. The illustrious visitors to the shrine, perhaps, found what was certainly there—deep instruction for those who knew how to apply it. When James died at St Germains, the daughter of a poor Protestant lady, expelled, with her father, from France by Louis XIV., was married to Prince George of Hanover. At the same period there was a respectable family in Florence, a member of which ultimately settled, and a descendant of whom practised as a lawyer, in Corsica. Of Protestants there had never been more cruel oppressors than Louis and James; and no country had so much reason to hate foreign rule, as Corsica had to detest that of the French. And now, in 1855, the descendant of the French Protestant lady occupied the throne of James, and the grandson of the Corsican lawyer sat in the seat of Louis. The fact is worth recording; though the deductions drawn from it may vary, according to the temper, faith, and political creed of those to whose attention it is thus recalled.

Some relics of the last of the reigning Stuarts long lingered on our stage. Players dignified their grave action in cast-off royal suits; and the robes of Mary of Modena were ultimately worn by Mrs Oldfield. Some such incident may have been in Pope's mind when he alluded to the stage, and told his readers that

"Edward's armour beamed on Cibber's breast."

KINGS OF ENGLAND

Of the twenty-two monarchs who ruled over all England, from the period of Egbert (827) to the death of Harold (1066), Ethelred II. stands marked as a king

who was compelled to retire (1013). Two years afterwards, however, the exiled sovereign returned, in the absence of Canute, with whom his son, Edmund Ironside, divided the kingdom, in 1016. The list of the Kings of England is so familiar to every one, that its absence here will, no doubt, be readily pardoned. The names only of those Princes who, since England was a monarchy, have "suffered loss of power during life," are here added.

A.D.

1013 ETHELRED II. retired from the kingdom, but died on the throne in 1015.

1307. EDWARD II. dethroned in January; murdered at Berkeley Castle, in September.

1399. RICHARD II. dethroned in September; murdered at Pomfret the following February.

1461. HENRY VI. deposed; murdered in the Tower ten years after, by Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

1483. EDWARD V. deposed; and murdered in the Tower.

1649. CHARLES I. beheaded.

1688. JAMES II. abdicated, by flight.

DEPOSED MONARCHS OF SCOTLAND

"Est-ce là le respect que vous portez aux Rois?"
—BRAULT.

THE History of Scotland, as far as it concerns the persons of Scottish Kings, is the gloomiest register that ever was penned. From the period of the death, in 859, of Kenneth MacAlpine, who was the first who united Scots and Picts under one sceptre, to that of the accession, in 1567, of James VI., who united the crowns of England and Scotland, and was the first King of Great Britain, thirty-seven monarchs held disturbed dominion over the ever-restless people. Of these, only

ten died natural deaths; and of these ten, the half died broken-hearted, at some domestic calamity, or at the failure of some expedition from which they had expected to reap great advantage. Twenty-three perished by violent ends, met either in the battle-field, at the hands of rebels or pretended friends, or, as in the solitary case of Mary, on the scaffold. Four of the thirty-seven, either voluntarily or under compulsion, resigned their sceptres; and it is a very singular circumstance, when the rudeness of the times, the turbulence of the people, and the example afforded by other States, are considered, that none of the deposed Scottish monarchs were put to death. However ready the Scots were to slay the sovereigns against whom they had a quarrel, reasonable or otherwise, they respected their persons, when these were divested of royalty. Thus Grig, or Gregory, that brave and unprincipled King who was almost worshipped by the monks of St Andrews, in return for immunities for which they were indebted to his favour, was deposed by an indignant people, in the year 893, at the end of a reign of oppression which lasted, according to some, three, and to others, thirteen years. He survived his deposition four years; at the end of which time Grig calmly expired, in his castle, among the hills in the county of Aberdeen.

Early in the following century, the pious Constantine III., weary with the troubles of a reign of forty years, resigned his crown, and took up his residence among the Culdee monks, at St Andrews. He entered the monastery in the capacity of a common brother; but either his exemplary piety or his royal birth had some influence in raising him above that condition, and Constantine, for several years previous to his death, was abbot of the renowned order.

Donald Bane was the third King of Scotland who died crownless, but not scatheless. William Rufus sent an expedition into Scotland, to depose Donald, and place the direct heir of the unfortunate Malcolm Canmore on the throne. The expedition was successful; Donald was captured, and the unhappy prisoner lived, during several

years, like William's own brother in Cardiff, deprived of his eyesight.

Of the fourth uncrowned monarch, John Baliol, it is only necessary to say that, although he earned the public execration, in 1296, by abdicating his throne, and submitting to Edward of England, yet to William the Lion attaches the disgrace of having, in the previous century, acknowledged himself "liege man" to the English sovereign. John Baliol suffered a two years' imprisonment in the Tower of London, and, having recovered his liberty. spent the remainder of his life in France.

The struggles between the Bruces and Baliols gave, as prisoners to England, who interfered in the quarrel, and changed sides as policy or profit dictated, now the king of one faction, anon the king of the other. Edward, who had helped John Baliol to the throne, and opposed David Bruce, ultimately raised David to the throne vacated by John. At the death of David, Robert II., the first King of the Stuart line, and grandson of Robert Bruce, succeeded to tbe throne in 1370. Of the nine sovereigns of the Stuart race, from Robert II. to James VI., six were most miserable in their destiny. Robert III. died broken-hearted; his son, James I., was a prisoner in England during twenty years previous to his occupation of the throne. In the Tower, however, he read deeply, wrote gracefully, and loved truly. He was one of the best of Scottish kings, and lost his life by assassination. His son, James II., was killed by the bursting of a cannon. The third James, more miserable than either of his predecessors, and as wicked as he was weak, found a dreaded rebel in his own son, and an assassin in one of that son's followers. The fourth of the name fell at Flodden; and the fifth died broken-hearted and in despair, just before his daughter Mary came into the world to succeed to the fatal inheritance. Her crimes—for she was guilty of no less—brought about her forced abdication in the year 1567; but the story of her flight to England, her long imprisonment, and her death, is so familiarly known, that recapitulation of it

would, perhaps, be deemed impertinent. Nevertheless there are some traits of her life, after her deposition, which may be briefly noticed here, representing, as they do, an uncrowned sovereign in no common light.

Guest as she was when she came into England, she was soon made to feel that she was a captive. Her condition in Carlisle Castle was a sorry one. Her own cell was the last of four rooms, and this she could not reach or leave without passing through the sleeping apartment of her gaoler, Lord Scrope. The three women, who constituted all her attendants, were not allowed to sleep in the castle; and at night oppressive desolation must have sat upon the spirit of the ex-queen. She could not leave her own chamber until ten o'clock; and not only was she compelled to attend a service at a church in the town, which was an offence to her conscience, but a hundred men took her there, under pretence of an escort. She begged hard for a priest and the comfort of a Mass; but Scrope answered, that there was nothing of the sort in England.

The most extraordinary portion of her uncrowned life was, undoubtedly, its singular love-passages with the Duke of Norfolk. When Elizabeth heard of them, she attacked the Duke; but that mendacious noble began swearing violently, and asked, "Why should I seek to marry so wicked a woman,—such a notorious adulteress and murderer? I love to sleep upon a safe pillow. By your Majesty's favour," he added, "I count myself as good a prince at home in my bowling-alley at Norwich, as she is, though she were on the throne of Scotland. Besides," he concluded, with a logic which he thought would be acceptable to Elizabeth, "knowing as I do that she pretendeth a title to the present possession of your Majesty's crown, if I were about to marry her, your Majesty might justly charge me with seeking to take your own crown from your head."

Notwithstanding this bold assertion, the Duke was really anxious to exchange his bowling-alley for the crown-matrimonial of Scotland, and any advantages that might be connected therewith. The royal widow of the

weak Francis, the gallant Darnley, and the fierce Bothwell, wrote warm letters to the Duke, which had as warm reply; and yet the lovers had never looked into each other's eyes, nor perhaps cared to do so,—policy, and not affection, governing each. Mary sent him her portrait, when he was, like herself, a captive; their correspondence "tended altogether to matters of love;" and a bishop (the prelate of Ross) was the Cupid's messenger who acted as Love's letter-carrier. "If you mind not to shrink not at the matter," wrote the ardent Mary to her worthless wooer, "I will die and live with you; your fortune shall be mine. Let me know therefore, in all things, your mind." The Duke had given his written, signed, and sealed engagement to hold no communication with the Queen of Scotland; but he still continued to receive and to answer the ardent or sorrowful language by which Mary sought to raise his soul to ambition or to devotion, and in which she declared herself entirely his, "and besought him, with irresistible endearments, to give himself entirely to her." He yielded to these endearments, for they allured him along a path by which he was willing to go. Such a course however cost him his life. While he was before his judges, Mary "did not once look out of her chamber, hearing that the Duke stood upon his arraignment and trial." His Grace was not nearly so much concerned for the fate of the ex-Queen. "He sayeth very earnestly," writes Lord Skipwith to Lord Burghley, February, 1572, "with vows to God, that if he were offered to have that woman in marriage, to choose of that or death, he had rather take this death, that now he is going to, a hundred times, and he taketh his Saviour to witness of this. He sayeth that nothing that anybody goeth about for her prospereth, nor that else she doth herself, and also that she is openly defamed." The disappointment of a noble man would have found other expression. His was simply the spite of a common varlet. He had hoped, by her means, to raise himself to a throne; but failing, he affected to scorn the person, and stooped to blast the reputation of her whom he had taken for his mistress,

She found comfort however. She spent much time in needle-work; wrote to France for turtle-doves and Barbary hens; found pastime in feeding little birds in a cage; and begged her uncle, the Cardinal of Guise, to send her "a couple of pretty little dogs" from Lyons. But she never lost sight of the great object she had in view,—her freedom. Conspiracy had not purchased her liberty, and now she sought to procure it by other means. She begged her friends in France to buy bracelets, a mirror, "anything new," that she might present the same to Elizabeth. She asked his Eminence, her uncle, to "contrive some suitable device between *her* and me. These little attentions," she says, "would make her more graciously inclined to me than anything else." When Elizabeth accepted her gift of "tablets," Mary was in delight. To please the Queen of England, in small things as well as great, became, she said, her first desire. "I am desirous," she writes, "to make her a headdress as soon as I can; but I have so few women to assist me in delicate needlework, that I have not been able to get it ready yet. If you think some articles of network would please her better than anything else, I will make them; meanwhile, I beg you to get for me some gold lace, ornamented with silver spangles, the best and most delicate that you can, and to send me six yards of it, and twenty yards of double lace, or else narrow good lace." Thus earnest in small intrigues was she, as she had been earnest and determined in extensively conspiring, in order that she might breathe the blessed air of freedom. Nay, she stooped even to meekly kiss the hands of her who was to slay her. "On the day"—so writes she to Lamothe Fénelon—"on the day that she will do me the favour of wearing this" (network for the head), "I beg of you to very humbly kiss her hands, in my name, and for which I shall be obliged to you. Would that I could look upon her myself, as you will be able to do!"

It was all in vain; and then she turned to more open but equally fruitless methods to soften Elizabeth. Mary had sent pretty trinkets and smart headdresses; now

she appeals straight to the heart. "I entreat you, for the honour of the grievous passion of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ . . . to permit me to withdraw out of this kingdom, . . . to seek some solace for my poor body,"—a body which, as she adds, with the spirit of a woman who will employ a strong word, even though she smart for it, Elizabeth has "already destroyed" by an "imprisonment without any right or just foundation." And then follows the insinuation that if she be released, her soul will no longer accuse Elizabeth before God, "whom I beseech to inspire you with kind thoughts regarding my very just and more than reasonable complaints and grievances." The womanly spirit even in supplication would *not* be silent touching the iniquity of her to whom the supplicant presented her petition. The petitioner was removed to close confinement in chilly Tutbury, where she was not allowed horse-exercise; and her legs were so enfeebled by rheumatism and inactivity that she was unable to walk much,—and never without a guard of eighteen men; while at her side walked the "bizarre et farouche," whimsical and ferocious Paulet, who would not allow her to give or send the least alms to the poor. Subsequently, she was "plotted into plots," and, step by step, was brought to that scaffold, where her conduct was marked by such courage, dignity, self-respect, and godlike charity, as to gain for her—what was her right—sympathy in that terrible hour, and to secure for her what was less her due—oblivion of the follies and crimes, of which that violent death was a remote but an inevitable consequence.

KINGS OF SCOTLAND

A.D.

843. Kenneth Mac Alpine II. united the Scots and Picts. First sole monarch of all Scotland.

859. Donald V., sometimes called the Third.

863. Constantine II., killed in battle.

881. Eth or Hugh the Fair-haired, or Light-footed, murdered.
882. GREGORY, ESCHA, } deposed.
893. Donald VI., killed by the Danes.
904. CONSTANTINE III., abdicated, and turned monk.
944. Malcolm I., slain by rebels.
953. Indoulf, killed by the Danes.
961. Duff, assassinated.
965. Culen, killed in battle.
970. Kenneth III., killed by Fenella.
994. Constantine IV,, fell in battle.
995. Kenneth the Grim, fell in battle.
1003. Malcolm II., killed at Glamis.
1033. Duncan I., murdered at Bothgownam, Elgin, by
1039. Macbeth, slain.
1039. Leelach, Lady Macbeth's son, slain at Strathbogie by
1057. Malcolm Canmore III., killed at Alnwick.
1094. { DONALD BAIN, deposed. / Duncan II., murdered.
1098. Edgar.
1106. Alexander I.
1124. David, the Saint.
1153. Malcolm, the Maiden, IV.
1165. William the Lion.
1214. Alexander II.
1249. Alexander III., broke his neck when hunting.
1286. Regency for Margaret, the Maiden of Norway, who died in Orkney, on her way to Scotland. Interregnum.
1292 JOHN BALIOL, abdicated.
1296. Interregnum.
1306. Robert the Bruce.
1329. David Bruce II., opposed by Edward Baliol, who resigned 1332. David restored.
1370. Robert II., Lord High Steward.
1390. Robert III.
1406. Albany, Regent, } James I. captive in England.
1419. Mondac, Regent, }

1424. James I., murdered.
1437. James II., killed by the bursting of a canon.
1460. James III., killed.
1488. James IV., fell at Flodden.
1513. James V., died of grief.
1542. MARY, beheaded.
1567. James VI., died James I. of England

IRELAND

"Upon the sodden ground
His old right-hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed."—
KEATS.

THE outline of the history of the Kings of Ireland will occupy but a small space. Historians themselves differ so widely in their chronological details, that without entering into any dry discussion, it will suffice to say here, that in ancient times Ireland was a Pentarchy. The mightiest of the five monarchs, however, bore the title of "King of Kings," as chief among them, or "King in Ireland." An invasion of the country, by Egfried, King of the Northumbrians, in 644, disturbed this system; and a subsequent series of assaults by the terrible "Northmen" at last overturned the Pentarchy, and brought Turgesius to one throne, before which all were called upon to render homage. The tyranny of Turgesius led to the slaughter of himself and followers, at the hands of one who is called the King of Meath; so that when Irish historians speak of Turgesius being sole King, the assertion is not to be accepted without reserve. The reign of "little kings" re-commenced after the death of Turgesius, and lasted till the year 1172. A species of Irish gallantry led to its fall. The King of Leinster was so ardently civil to the wife of the King of Meath, that the latter sovereign attacked

the royal seducer, and drove him from his kingdom. The unsceptred monarch betook himself to the court of Henry II. of England. Henry II. took up the quarrel as an armed mediator, and settled the differences by subduing the kingdom. The Irish chieftains were gradually brought to acknowledge the sovereignty of England; but no English monarch took the title of King of Ireland before Henry VIII. Many an Irish chieftain flew to arms to preserve the Irish nationality; and the last of them, O'Neil, gained the fruitless but splendid victory of Belturb, in 1646. A too ardent Irish love ruined the kingly dynasties; and all the valour of "Hy Niale" could not secure the liberty for which it was manifested.

At whatever age the Milesian or Scotic race of Kings commenced, it had not been long established before a deposed monarch illustrated the uncertainty of royal estate. The cause was, in some respects, singular. The two sons and successors of Milesius, named Heber and Heremon,—the former having Leinster and Munster; the latter, Ulster and Connaught,—divided the island between them. In the division of Heber were two valleys of exquisite beauty and productiveness; in that of Heremon, there was only one. The three were said to be the fairest and richest in all Ireland. The magnificent but selfish wife of Heber, not content with being lady of two valleys, envied the one in which the wife of Heremon built her bower. She could not die happy, she said, unless she were called "Queen of the three beautiful valleys." Heber listened to her instigations, and made war, for the sake of this single valley, against his brother. In that war, however, he lost his own crown, and ultimately his life.

The covetousness of his wife dethroned Heber; the idolatry of Tighernonas uncrowned that superstitious King. He was sacrificing to the great idol Crom-Cruach, when lightning from heaven swept the diadem from his head, and killed him on the spot. It would be tedious to detail the causes of the fall of scores of monarchs on the Irish roll: most of them had their throats cut by

their successors. "His reign," says O'Hallaran of one of these Sovereigns, "lasted but five years, when the sword of his successor cut his way through him to the Irish throne." Hereditary succession was thus put aside. Not that the principle was disregarded. When the Picts were persuaded to leave the east coast of Ireland, and seek the conquest of the islands to the north, they requested a number of Milesian ladies to accompany them, but these would not consent until an agreement was made that, if the Picts conquered the islands in question, the sovereignty thereof should be for ever vested in the female line.

According to some writers, it was a Hugoney the Great who first succeeded in bringing the other Kings of the Pentarchy to yield their crowns to him, or rather the right of succession. They swore, "by all things visible and invisible," not to accept of a supreme Monarch from any other line than his; and Hugoney was so elated at this addition to his vain-glory, by the stripping of the same from the heads of four uncrowned Kings, that he styled himself, with pleasant Hibernian amplitude, "King of Hibernia and all Western Europe, as far as the Tuscan Sea."

As the spouse of Heber loved the beautiful valleys, so did Maud, Queen of Connaught, love to steal cattle, and dared to defend her right to do so. The famous "Cattle War of seven years" was the consequence of an extensive robbery of flocks and herds, by the armies of Maud, in Louth. In this war one of the chief figures is Fergus, "a dethroned King of Ulster." Where there were so many petty Kings, one without a sceptre was seldom difficult to be found. It was one of those who, out of revenge, invited Agricola into Ireland, and offered to aid the hostile stranger in the task of reducing his own country to foreign subjection. Between Queens who coveted territory not their own, or who stole cattle, and involved their country in a seven years' war in consequence,—between these and Tarquinian Kings wooing their neighbours' wives, and uncrowned Pentarchs who invited invasion from an enemy, Ireland had more to

suffer at the hands of her own Sovereigns than most countries.

We have a brighter example indeed in the person of Moran, who refused to wear the crown which had been usurped by his father, and who, placing it on the brow of Feredach, the rightful heir, descended from the throne, and took his seat on the bench as Chief Judge. In this capacity he is said to have carried a golden chain-collar, which was afterwards worn by his successors, and which squeezed their throats tightly whenever they were about to pronounce an unjust sentence! It is no matter of wonder that this collar was soon lost or mislaid; but to swear by Moran's chain was a common method, for many years, of affirming the veracity of the speaker. The chain was of pure gold, worth "hundreds of cows."

Not the least remarkable cause of abdication in an Irish King, was that which led to the dethronement of the vigorous Cormac Ulfadha (253). This Hibernian monarch had his eye knocked out, in a skirmish, which is variously described; and the personal blemish rendering him incapable of wearing the crown, he contentedly resigned his power to his son. Cormac retired to a small thatched cabin at Kells, where he passed much of his time in writing—prose and poetry. His "Advice to a King" is said to have exhibited foresight and wisdom; and his poem on the number Three, to have been a masterpiece of mystic unintelligibility. Others describe Cormac as a miracle of wisdom and splendour, who was choked by a fish-bone as he sat at supper. The incidents of his abdication are by some writers assigned to Colla Uais.

One hundred and thirty-six Monarchs of the *Milesian* race alone are *said* to have reigned, and a vast number of them to have been dethroned and slain, before the advent of St Patrick and the establishment of Christianity. Violent deaths did not cease however after the introduction of the humanizing religious code; nor were the expounders of that code always logical in their actions. Thus, when Aidas the Black, prince of the royal blood of the Irish Cruthons, had torn from his

throne, and then murdered, Diermot, the Monarch of Ireland, he took refuge in the monastery of Ethica. The regicide was guilty of many other murders; but the holy brotherhood thought little the worse of him on that account, and, with unanimous alacrity, they beheld him ordained priest by the liberal-minded bishop of the diocese.

Indeed there are many evidences that, although the Irish Kings were enthroned, it was the priests who governed. These virtually deposed monarchy, when they destroyed the Council Hall of Tara,—Tara of the Kings, where the wisdom of the nation was wont to be presided over by the Irish monarch. A murderer had fled for sanctuary to the monastery of St Ruan. He was dragged thence to the King's hall, at Tara, and was taken from the judgment-seat to the gallows on the hill. There he was executed. Abbot and monks issued from the monastery, in pious rage, and, walking around Tara, cursed it as they went. From that day, no King ever sat on the throne at Tara; and the victory gained by the Church was perpetuated in the name assumed for the monastery of Ruan—"the Monastery of the Curses of Ireland." From this period, the Church becomes, not merely an episode in the narrative of Irish history, but "its sole object and theme." The average of a King's reign was about eight years; and his violent death, we are told, was often the only memorial that he lived. They did not *all* die thus, however, with swords in their hands, or steel in their hearts. Some changed the camp for the cloister; and King Neil of the Showers, —so called, because on the night of his birth there fell a shower of honey, a shower of silver, and a shower of blood,—died a pilgrim at Iona, and was buried, with three others of his uncrowned cousins, in the tombs of the Kings, in that "Island of the Wave."

The Pentarchy appears to have been revived more than once, but it is even uncertain of what divisions it was composed. Some say Munster was divided into two; and these, added to the three other provinces, formed the Pentarchy. Others affirm that Munster was

not divided, but that Meath was one of the portions of a Pentarchy, of which the four provinces were the other parts. Dr O'Connor has come to the most curious conclusion, by affirming that Munster *was* divided; that Meath was also added, and that the Irish Pentarchy consisted of six parts! "Talis fuit Hibernorum Pentarchia!"

The truth is, that the subdivisions were very numerous, and the confusion all the greater. In no case however is there greater confusion than in the questions connected with priest and king. An instance presents itself in Fiedlim, King of Munster. Unutterable are the horrors told of him by the ecclesiastical historians. His least crime was his sacrilege; and he was engaged in devastating the lands of the Abbey of St Ciaram, when he was encountered by the Abbot. The holy man cursed the King with his lips, and dealt him a blow with his staff which rendered him senseless. From the effects of either he never perfectly recovered, and he devoted his uncrowned days to penitence and the Church. So different was Fiedlim the recluse from Fiedlim the King, that his saintly biographers describe him as "the most religious and learned anchorite that Erin could boast in his day."

It is remarkable that some monarchs, in place of giving up royalty for the priesthood, added prelatic titles, to their royal dignity. Thus, at an early period, two at least of the Kings of Cashel were also Bishops of Emly; and in the tenth century, Cormac Mac Culinan was not only King, but also Bishop of Cashel. Other instances might be named, but these will suffice to illustrate a singular union of Church and State in the person of the Sovereign. In many instances, the Bishop was more powerful than the King; and the latter title, as in the case of the barbarous nations mentioned by Procopius, was often conferred on a merely successful general. Occasionally the right man was found in the right place, as in the cases of Brian Boru and Malachi,—

> "Who wore the collar of gold,
> Which he won from the proud invader."

But, for one hero we have a hundred sorry ruffians; and among the latter may be reckoned that Donchad, who, in the eleventh century, after his overthrow by his nephew Turlough, retired to Rome, and spent twenty-eight years in the monastery of St Stephen, where he was buried. Donchad placed the "cap," which was the royal crown, on the head of his nephew; but he is also said, when at Rome, to have placed the same symbol at the feet of the Pope. This was to surrender his kingdom to the Church; and this alleged surrender by an Irish monarch was the basis of the right which Adrian claimed, to make over the Lordship of Ireland to the English King Henry II.

Between the period of the abdication of Donchad to that when Henry interfered in the affairs of Ireland, at the solicitation of one Irish ex-King, the annals are only repulsive details of anarchy, cruelty, and horrible oppression. The downfall of the first and last of the deposed Irish monarchs was brought about, in one case by the avarice, in the other by the fickleness, of a woman. In the other instances may be discovered the wickedness of the King, or the craft of the Churchman, as the moving causes. Of the scores of potentates dethroned, only one can be said to have been so without guilt on *his* part. That one was Cormac of the single eye, in whom a physical blemish was punished as heavily as if it had been a flagrant crime.

The historians of Ireland make record of many hundreds of Kings, who are said to have reigned in that country, almost from the period of the Flood. Of these, a great number avowedly perished by violence;—some in battle, some by treachery at home, others through their own excesses. Scarcely one in ten seems to have died a natural death. A vast number were indeed deposed, but it was only to encounter immediate slaughter. Some writers, dismissing as fabulous many

of the narratives of deposed Irish monarchs, name only the following four, distinguished for surviving their dethronement—viz. :—

A.D.
315. COLLA UAIS, retired to Scotland.
721. FLAITHBHEARTAGH, became a monk.
782. NIALL-FREASSACH, entered a monastery.
984. DANIEL, also took the cowl.

1027. Brian BORU, who defeated the Danes at Clontarf, was first sole King of Ireland (by election), during twelve years. His successors were
1039. Maol Ceachlin.
1048. Donough O'Brien.
1098. Tirloch.
1110. Muriartagh, became a monk.
1130. Tirloch O'Connor, the Great.
1150. Murtough M'Neil M'Lachlan.
1168. Roger or Roderic O'Connor.
1172. Henry II. of England conquered the country and assumed the title of Lord of Ireland. Since that period, eight "Governors," Custodes, or Lords Deputy, down to the period of 1308, and a hundred Lords Lieutenant, from Piers Gaveston to the Earl of Carlisle, have administered the government of the "beautiful island."

WALES AND MAN

"Kind Cambria, deign me good aspect,
To make me chiefest Brute of Western Wales."
GEORGE PEELE: *Llewellyn loquitur.*

THE subject of Wales, will not, happily, require much space. Although a principality when it was annexed to England, it had been, in its time, a kingdom of some pretentions; and was governed,—after the Saxons had driven the British beyond the Severn and the Dee, into Cornwall or "Little Britain," in France,—by four successive Kings, the last of whom, Cadwalader Bhendiged (or, the Blest), dropped the style of "British King," for that of "Prince of Wales," and having left his title to his successors, in the year 688, he retired to Rome, and died there, under the cowl of a monk.

From this period, till the year 1281, when Wales was finally incorporated with England, twenty-seven Princes ruled over the little principality. Within this circumscribed space, however, there was a very effervescent ambition, divisions, and the usual sanguinary consequences. One monarch alone died of a broken heart, but several fell in battle; and a prisoner of princely rank who fell into the hands of an ambitious enemy, was sure to be further punished by the loss of his eyes. Small as the principality was, it was divided, and South Wales and Powis were made tributary to North Wales. It was an easy thing to declare them dependent, but it was not so easy to compel tribute from them; and, as if the resulting dissensions were not enough for the destruction of the territory, there was further devastation at the rough hands of Saxon, Dane, and Norman, Hibernian and Scot.

About the year 1039, the young Fleance, who escaped from Scotland and the dagger of Macbeth, was received at the Court of Gruffydh ap Lhewellyn. The ungrateful guest seduced the daughter of his host, and was slain

for his treachery. But the son born of this union ultimately repaired to Scotland, where he was created Hereditary Lord Steward of the kingdom; and it was his descendant, Robert II., who, in 1370, was the first king of this race of the Stewards, or Stuarts, of Scotland. Thus, the Stuarts, were, through the daughter of Gruffydh, of the old British stock. We meet with no other incident worthy notice till the reign of David, 1170, who very unceremoniously set aside Iorwerth Drwyndwn, or Edward with the Broken Nose, alleging that such defect rendered him incompetent. It was to avoid the turmoils of a contested succession that Madawc is said to have emigrated from Wales, and colonized those portions of Florida and Mexico whose names seem to have a British origin.

The unsettled state of the country was in nowise changed because of the departure of Madawc; and when the English kings began to interfere, and to pick quarrels, on the ground of 'homage' due from Wales to England, the issue of events was visible to most men, At length the end came, by the defeat of Lhewellyn ap Gruffydh, an illegitimate Prince, who fell in defending what was not his own, and whose head, with the English banner, was fixed upon the ramparts of his own tower.

The whole chronicle is sanguinary in its character; but there were some constitutional principles in the Welsh Court which are worth mentioning. For instance, the Mead-maker was the eleventh person in dignity at the Courts of the ancient Princes of Wales, and took place of the physician. The rights of the King (for that title was as commonly used as that of Prince) were sometimes of a curious nature. There were three, touching which the law was very strict. "There are three things in the Court," say the Welsh Triads, "which *must* be communicated to the King, before they are made known to any other person. First, every sentence of the judge. Second, every new song. Third, every cask of mead." The Kings were taught that the three great objects of the intellect were the true, the beautiful, and the beneficial;—but we do not find these

petty sovereigns having leisure enough to pursue either. Accordingly, these for the most part rapacious rulers found a place in the little complimentary triad which pointed out "three things that will always swallow and never be satisfied, the sea, a burial-ground, and a king." They who censured the King, were not however his superior in morals; and the old national opinion touching inebriety may account for the intoxication of blood which affected both prince and people:—

> "Not drunk is he who from the floor
> Can rise alone and still drink more;
> But drunk is he who prostrate lies,
> Without the power to drink or rise."

In this royal condition we often find the Kings of Wales, and wide was the ruin which sometimes ensued. There were two especially, who, with Vortigern, rank as the "capital drunkards of the Isle of Britain." The first, Grant, King of Siluria, in a drunken fit, destroyed by fire all the ripe grain in his territories. Thereby he brought on a famine. The other was Seithenin, King of Dimetia, who, in his intoxication, opened the flood-gates, whereby he destroyed sixteen of the finest cities in Cambria. This last act was committed towards the end of the fifth century. The eldest son of the royal criminal abandoned his claim to the throne, and opened a school in Caernarvonshire, where he was, for many years, a highly popular instructor.

The riotous life led at the Welsh Courts was often the object of the common reproach of many who had witnessed it. But there was altogether a strange mixture there of all things. Of what calibre could a sovereign be, who was gravely instructed that there were "three things which the King should never divide; his treasure, his hawk, and his breeches;" or who was as gravely reminded by bardic philosophy that the royal porter was to have the remains of the cheese toasted by him for the King's table? And yet, in some of these maxims there was marvellous wisdom, adapted to the capacity

of royal Welsh comprehensions. In none of them is there greater profundity than in this—"There are three things that are best kept closed, the mouth, the fist, and the thought. And there are three that are best kept open, the ear, the eye, and the understanding." With all this however the Welsh Princes were for ever fighting for very existence, and their people were in constant antagonism with their Princes. But perhaps it was with the two as in the case described by Bishop Hacket, in which he said, "Princes would overrule, and subjects would but half-obey." And this is, perhaps, a fairer state of the case between king and subject than that put by the New England preacher, James Freeman, who very ingeniously attributed certain alleged mistranslations in the Bible to the supposed fact that "Christians at the time . . . were too much controlled by kingly authority to be able to give a correct version."

But enough of a country which derives its name, we are told (Wales, *Galles*), from King Galaad, "son of Joseph of Arimathea, the gentle chevalier!" Its sovereigns had, too often, adversaries in their own sons, and did not follow the fashion of the Danish Kings, who, when their heirs were troublesome, furnished them with a liberal allowance of money, and compelled them to travel abroad till their ambition was tempered.

The royal head in the insular kingdom of Man, was even more "uneasy" than that in Wales.

The example of William of Normandy in invading England was not lost on other aspiring princes of the time. His expedition was imitated, on a small scale, by Godred Crovan, son of Harold the Black, who, crossing from Iceland, in the year 1066, made a successful descent upon the Isle of Man, and established there a new dynasty of Kings. After a reign of sixteen years, his son Lagman succeeded; but Harold, another son, headed an insurrection, and sorely molested his brother for several years. At length however Lagman, having captured Harold, atrociously mutilated him, and then put out his eyes. Remorse made of the monarch the first unsceptred King of Man; and Lagman, having ab-

dicated, assumed the Cross, betook himself to Jerusalem, and died a pilgrim warrior in the Holy Land.

Subsequently, after the rude Kings of many rude nations had contended for the Island, it was conquered in 1097 by a sovereign who had already been deposed elsewhere. This was Magnus, King of Norway, who had opened the tomb of the Saint and King Olave, to satisfy himself of the important question of the scantity of the holy monarch. Magnus having found the body uncorrupted, and of so delicious an odour that he could not be kept from sniffing at it for a whole day, he was convinced that Olave was as great a saint as report had made of him. That night however the royal Saint appeared to him, and, as a penalty for his sacrilege, submitted to him an alternative,—death within a month or exile from Norway for ever. Magnus consulted his people, and these precipitately ejected him from the country. Magnus, not being a man who could be content in a private station, having lost his own kingdom, determined to seize on that of somebody else; and not lacking followers, who were ready for any enterprise, he invaded the ever-coveted Mona, and got possession of the miniature kingdom. He lost *that* and his life in an attempt to seize a third crown! Having a strong desire to possess himself of Ireland, he resolved to pick a quarrel with Muricard, the King. To this monarch Magnus sent a pair of his old shoes; and he ordered him to carry these slung round his neck, in token of subjection to Man. The Irish courtiers were wild with fury at this insolent message; but Muricard, who was a pusillanimous prince, answered that rather than expose his kingdom to the ferocity of Magnus, he would not only wear that monarch's shoes, but was ready to eat them! This weakness did not save Ireland from invasion by the King of Man. It failed however; and the grave of the royal invader is still pointed out in Down by the peasant versed in traditions of the past.

Some few years after this, Reginald, the King of the Island, married his daughter to the son of Alan, Lord of Galway. The proud Manxmen were so indignant

at this *mésalliance*, that they deposed Reginald, and gave the crown to his brother Olave. This is, perhaps, the only instance on record of deposition for such a cause.

The Scilly Islands, of which, and of Cornwall, a Saint Constantine was King in the sixth century, present us with the instance of an abdicated monarch turning miller! Constantine gave up his modest throne out of pure grief at the loss of his wife; and left his son to reign in his stead. He retired to an Irish monastery, where he acted as servant during seven years, carrying grain to the mill and fulfilling all the duties of a miller. The monks were not aware of his quality till they heard him reveal it in a soliloquy. They then took him into the house, where they instructed him (*litteras docent*), made him a priest, and qualified him for what he became at last, a Christian martyr.

FRANCE

"Those that were up themselves kept others low;
Those that were low themselves held others hard;
Ne suffered them to rise, or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw."

SPENSER.

THE MEROVINGIAN RACE AND THE "LAZY KINGS"

WE know little of the history of Gaul previous to the period when Julius Cæsar, about half a century before the Christian era, commenced an expedition which resulted in subjecting the country to the Roman dominion for nearly five hundred years.

This dominion was often disturbed by the Franks, or *free men*, from beyond the eastern bank of the Rhine. Their reverses did not so much discourage, as their successes inspired, other tribes. Against these the now luxurious Romans and the enervated Gauls struggled fruitlessly. In the beginning of the fifth century, the small but triumphant tribes of the Franks held all the north of what is now called "France." At the opposite extremity, beyond the Loire, the Visigoth chief kept his barbaric state in his capital, the modern Toulouse. An independent race ruled in Brittany. The Burgundian banner waved undisputed, from Geneva to the Mediterranean. In the centre of all—all destined to submit to the mastership of the savage Franks—the Roman Eagle indicated that the Latin conquerors still held a fragment of their ancient conquest; and only where this symbolic eagle continued to soar, did civilization for a season longer prevail.

The wild Franks brought with them, or adopted, the elective monarchical system, and established that Salic

law which still excludes women from exercising the office of reigning sovereigns. Pharamond, who snatched from the Gauls what he had promised to protect for them against the Romans, is popularly said to have been the first King. The date of his election is 420. Eight years later he *bequeathed* his crown, and his feuds with the Romans, to his son, the long-haired Clodion. After a twenty years' bloody struggle, the territory of Gaul was cleared of its Frankish invaders. These however not only rallied under Mérovée, or Merowig, the successor of Clodion, but were welcomed by the Romans as allies against Attila and his Huns. The victory of Châlons not only saw the Huns annihilated, but rendered Merowig the powerful opponent of the Romans. The Gauls acknowledged him as "King;" and he is the founder of the *Merovingian race*, the first of the five royal dynasties which have successively ruled in France. The author of 'Attila' quaintly says, that "il (Mérovée) entra Lutèce avec cent mille Francs."

After a reign of ten years, he was succeeded by the dissolute and effeminate Childeric, his son, A.D. 458. Childeric is the first of the sceptreless monarchs of the Franks. His warlike subjects dethroned him because of his vices. After breaking a coin in two with his friend Guinomard, Childeric led, for a time, a wandering life. Adversity restored to him some of his lost virtues; and the Franks, who had expelled, again gave him welcome, and rendered him allegiance. He shook the Romans in, or rather out of, their seats, burned Trèves, captured Paris and Beauvais, and, at the end of a reign of twenty-three years, he left the throne to his son Clovis, or Chlodwig, the first Christian King of the Franks. It was the boast of this savage and orthodox monarch that he had united several nations under one sceptre. At his death he undid the little good he had effected in his lifetime, for he divided his extensive dominions into four, and left to each of his sons a quarter to rule over. Childebert I. is named as the successor in the French line of Kings; his reign of nearly half a century was one of violence and bloodshed, and the sin of murder was on

the soul of all the sons of Clovis. The mere profession of Christianity could no more civilize them, than it did their ferocious father; and, on occupying their separate thrones, they imbued their hands in the blood of their relatives, on whom they looked as so many rivals. The successor and brother of Childeric, Clotaire I., destroyed his son and all his family, by shutting them up in a house to which he set fire. He was the husband of five wives, and the death of his three brothers made him entire master of Gaul. From this period till the death of Childeric III. fourteen Kings of the Merovingian race reigned, over an entire or a divided Gaul. These were, the depraved Chèrebert, the pedantic and savage Chilperic I., at whose lame verses Pontiffs laughed, and who was not more pedantic than he was profligate; Clotaire II., who was alternately revelling in crime or howling with remorse; and Dagobert, who has minstrels' authority for being called "le bon Roi." From the accession of his son, Clovis II., to the death of the last of the Merovingians, the Sovereigns of this race are called "*les Rois fainéans*"—the lazy or do-nothing Kings. There were ten of them; they were, in many respects, deposed monarchs, for their authority was exercised by the "Mayor of the Palace," a powerful officer in the King's household, whose office was made hereditary, and enabled the holder to usurp the highest prerogatives of the Sovereign, and finally to seize upon the sovereignty. These ten Sovereigns were, — Clovis II., Clotaire III., Childeric II., Thierry I., Clovis III., Childebert II., Dagobert II., Chilperic II., Thierry II., and Childeric III. They reigned from the year 644 to 750, but the Mayor of the Palace was the real Sovereign. At the death of an old King, the all-powerful Mayor drew from a monastery his successor, who was ignorant of everything, save that he was a puppet and a slave. The last of them, Childeric III., has the additional appellation of the "Phantom King;" and the greater portion of his time was consumed in performing the only office of which he had any knowledge, and in which he took great delight, namely curling his hair and dressing his beard.

Gregory of Tours says of the "Do-nothing Kings," that they only sat at home, and "gormandized like brute beasts," showing themselves once a year perhaps to the people, in state robes. The Mayors of the Palace, when the office was hereditary, under the Pepins, rendered great services to the nation, while serving their own ends and themselves. The picture of the virtually-deposed monarch is, nevertheless, one of a very sombre hue. The people generally had forgotten their titular Sovereign; he lived in some retired farm, in absolute solitude and gloom, passing every day listlessly, save what concerned the appetite. The wretched recluse was dragged into the light on certain occasions, and then the multitude greeted him with jeers and laughter. One Mayor, Charles Martel, whose design was to seize upon the throne, exhibited the half-idiotic and dirty Sovereign, in this plight, to the people, on purpose to increase their contempt for him. These exhibitions were indeed not so much in presence of the multitude, as of the army, nobles, and clergy. The populace stood by, and beheld these three and the puppet King, looking at each other. The sceptreless Monarch was drawn to the assembly in a springless waggon, hauled painfully along by plodding oxen. The reluctant beasts were goaded on by a rude hind, and the "lazy King" had no unbusy time of it then to maintain himself steady in his seat. He was indeed formally conducted to his throne; but, when seated there, he would glance through his long hair, the symbol of his poor authority, shyly and fearfully, like a timid and rather stupid child; he would stammer out a few words, which had been taught him, with infinite pains, and he would seem half scared at his own voice, as it uttered what he ill comprehended. While he sat crouching on the royal stool, his legs apparently too weak to sustain him, the assembly of all ranks beheld at his side the Mayor of the Palace, erect, the drawn sword in his hand, fire in his eye, the seal of power upon his bold brow; and the war-loving people learned, at the same moment, to despise the sorry figure on the

stool of state, and to respect the noble chieftain, who towered at his side. Even so was it, at last, with Pepin, the son of Charles Martel and Childeric III. Pepin, at length appealed to Pope Zacharias. The Mayor asked the Pontiff, who knew how liberally he would be rewarded if he returned the answer desired by him who put the query, "Which of the two is the more fit to be King—he who sits idly and purposeless at home, or he who serves the State actively, both in the battle-field and at the council-board?" The Papal reply dethroned the purposeless idler, exonerated his subjects from their allegiance, and authorized the election to the throne, of an ambitious usurper, the great object of whose family and of himself it had been, less to serve the country than to gain a crown.

Pepin was elected, at Soissons, in an assembly of the people, in the year 750. The process for the deposition of Childeric was simple enough: it was only to cut off his hair: as his locks fell, so fell also his right; and the shorn man, who could no longer be a monarch, was at once converted into a monk. Childeric entered a monastery, where he very soon, and very willingly, departed this life. He was the last of a race of nineteen Kings, not one-third of whom can be said to have been more than titular sovereigns. Such was the destiny of the Merovingian House. It established itself A.D. 449, chiefly on the ruins of the Roman Empire; and it was annihilated, A.D. 750, by the purchased sentence of a Roman Bishop.

It is necessary, perhaps, to repeat, that although many princes of these times seem to us, on withdrawing into monasteries, to disappear altogether from the world, such result did not invariably follow. There was, for instance, Carloman, the eldest son of Charles Martel, who resigned all his possessions to his brother, Pepin, in the year 746. The following year he repaired to Italy; and in 749 the ecclesiastical habit was put on him by the Pope himself. Carloman took up his residence on Monte di San Silvestro (Soracte), where he built a monastery. The numerous visits paid to him here by Franks, on

their way to Italy, gave him a disgust for the place. He followed the advice of Pope Zacharias, in selecting the Benedictine monastery at Cassimo, as his residence; and there in imagination, people have beheld him, sitting on a three-legged stool, milking the cows, and carrying the produce to the Benedictine dairy. That the ex-ruler of Austrasia, Suabia, and Thuringia may have been so engaged, occasionally, is not unlikely. Carloman, however, had more dignified duties to perform than this. He was once, at least, sent on a mission to France, in order to effect a reconciliation between Aistulphus, the Lombard King and enemy of the Church, and Pepin, the friend of Pope Stephen II. It is remarkable that the royal dairyman committed a falsehood when setting out on this mission. He reported that it had nothing to do with politics, and that he was simply going to ask for the body of St Benedict, which was then reposing at Fleury, on the Loire. His real mission failed, and his assumed one appeared to do so. The prince-monk never again reached the old pastures, or drained an udder of his favourite cows. On his way back to his monastery and milk-pails, he died of a fever, at Vienne, in Dauphiny,—which place long thought itself lucky in possessing the body of the politic but mendacious Benedictine.

THE CARLOVINGIANS, AND CHARLES THE FAT

THE Merovingians held sway in France, actually or nominally, above three centuries. The Carlovingian race did not enjoy sovereign power during much more than two centuries and a quarter, namely from 750 to 987.

Of the twelve Kings of this race, only one suffered deposition, namely Charles the Fat. The direct Carlovingian succession was, however, twice interrupted,—in the ninth and in the tenth centuries,—by the usurping Eudes, Count of Paris, who succeeded Charles the Fat;

and by Raoul of Burgundy, who unseated Charles the Simple. Eudes is enrolled among the monarchs who have voluntarily resigned their power.

The sovereigns of this line were, each in his way, famous for some particular act. Thus, the first of them, the diminutive but bold and astute Pepin, the substantial friend of our visionary King Arthur, conferred that temporal sovereignty on the Pope, which the Abbé Michon is now counselling him to resign.

To Pepin, the conqueror of the Lombards, Bavarians, Saxons, and numerous barbarian hordes, succeeded the greater conqueror Charlemagne, who was forty years old before he could read, and who exhibited more intelligence than many a mere scholar.

Louis the Pious, or the Débonnaire, a son of Charlemagne, was the first of his House who could pretend to book-learning. He had less wisdom than knowledge, and his division of his dominions led to the bloody battle at Fontenay, where his sons fought for the great inheritance, and Charles the Bald was left in possession of the kingdom of France. It was because he was bald, perhaps, that Charles usually appeared in public with a crown on his head. His love of splendour was extreme, and his throne was so magnificently brilliant that it is said to have half-blinded those who looked at it. It was his son, Louis the Stammerer, who by rendering the titles of his nobles hereditary, and conferring on them the uncultivated lands that had been laid waste by the Norman and Saracen invaders, founded the feudal state of society. Of his two sons, Louis III. and Carloman, little need be said, save that Louis drove the Normans out of France by the sword, and Carloman invited them back by giving them rich presents to keep away.

The next King, Charles the Fat, was the son of the Stammerer. He is distinguished by having been deposed for his cowardice, his incapacity, and his treachery. He would have given up his kingdom to the Normans; and his army and people deprived him of his crown, and drove him into exile, where he shortly after died. They raised, to the dignity forfeited by Charles, the

great enemy of the Norman invaders, Eudes, Count of Paris. But Eudes, after a ten years' enjoyment of sovereign power and of much glory, was seized with remorse at the idea of being a usurper, and did France the ill-office of making over the crown to another son of the Stammerer—Charles the Simple. Of the tenour of the life of Eudes, during his unsceptred condition, nothing more is known than that remorse accompanied it,—

> "And ebbing life, on terms severe as those,
> Would have its little lamp no longer fed."

The Norman soldier, who, pretending to kiss the foot of Charles the Simple, lifted the King's leg so high as to tumble him backwards from his seat, represented the condition of the French monarchy in a sort of acted charade. Between the Normans and the independent Barons, who had left nothing to the King but an empty name, Charles was helpless and contemptible. And yet he reigned during thirty-one years. That term was closed by his being decoyed to the Castle of Peronne, where his death soon followed on his deposition. His son fled to England, of which his mother was a native; but he was called to the throne after the interregnum of Raoul, who was at the head of those who had deposed Charles the Simple.

The conspicuous feature in the reign of the fourth Louis (Louis d'Outremer) is the armed alliance, the first on record, between England and France; and in consequence of which a fleet was despatched by Athelstan to support the weak King of France against his enemies, the most powerful of whom were among his own subjects. Under the latter years of his son, Lothaire, the country enjoyed some tranquillity; but the kingly authority was degraded, priests and barons possessed all the privileges of independence, invasion had desolated the land, and the people were in abject misery. The young King Louis V. succeeded to his painful dignity under the guardianship of the political chief, Hugh Capet, and, in little more than a year, the last

and weakest of the Carlovingians expired at Compiègne. Louis leaving no heir, Hugh Capet seized the sceptre; but he underwent the formality of submitting his pretensions to the nation, and, as he was acknowledged King by that nation, in so far as its voice was expressed by an assembly of the nobility, the House of Capet possessed no *legitimate* right to the throne, its founder owing his dignity solely to popular election.

THE HOUSE OF CAPET, AND LOUIS THE SAINT

"Il vaut mieux être heureux qu'être Roi."—ST LOUIS.

HUGH CAPET associated his son Robert with him in the Government in the year 987; and from the accession of Robert to the death of Charles the Fair, the last of the direct line of Capet, in 1328, are reckoned thirteen Kings.

The continued power of the nobles and the unsceptred condition of the Kings is well illustrated by an incident in the life of Hugh. "Who made thee Count?" asked he of one of his Lords. "The same power that made thee King," was the proud reply.

That the aristocratic was not the solitary power against which these early unkinglike Kings had to contend, is further proved by the great incident in the life of Robert, namely his excommunication. The accepted notion is that Robert the Wise fell under the anathema of the Church, because he refused to put away from him (at the order of the Pontiff) his cousin Bertha, whom he had married. Robert however was stripped for a season of his kingly power for other offences, added to, rather than because of, his alleged crime in espousing his cousin. He was a religious, but not a superstitious, monarch. He was afflicted at the knowledge that his subjects, after swearing on some most sacred relics in the capital, accounted little of breaking their oaths. He

found a remedy against this evil in removing the relics, and placing the egg of an ostrich within the shrine. He thus saved them, not from mendacity, but sacrilege. The relics were not outraged, but conscience was violated. The Church would not have troubled itself on the matter, but for the fact of the unlicensed removal of the holy objects. Robert was looked upon as profane.

The King moreover had offended the Church in another way. When Robert reached Rome as a pilgrim, he left upon the altar a sealed paper. The clergy did not doubt but that it was the gift of his kingdom. When he had departed, they eagerly opened the packet; but they found nothing therein, save a copy of a hymn, of which the royal minstrel was the author. They abused the verses and the poet; and prophesied that evil would fall upon a Prince who thus trifled with the Church.

The prophecy was fulfilled when Robert declined to divorce himself from his cousin Bertha. For the first time the French saw their King pronounced accursed, and themselves released from their allegiance. The excommunicated sovereign was left in almost utter solitude. Of all his household, only one or two had the courage to adhere to him; but even *they* looked upon their unhappy master as being so far removed from humanity, that of the remains of the food of which he had eaten, they would not themselves partake, but flung the remnants of the royal repast to the dogs. No one would transact any business with him; he could neither enter a Church, nor partake of the Sacraments. He was universally shunned; and, proud as he was, he was fain to recover his sceptre by setting aside his consort, and reconciling himself to the Church by submitting to its will.

No monarch of the direct line of Capet suffered deposition. The power of the nobility was still greater than that of the sovereign under Henry I., the son of Robert. Henry's son, Philip I., was as powerless as his sire. Thenceforward however the royal authority grew daily stronger, and Louis VI., the Fat, owed this result to the

support he met with from the priestly estate against the nobles. His son, the Seventh Louis, was as pious as such ecclesiastical allies could desire; but it was *his* son, the Renowned Philip Augustus, who may be considered as the most glorious and perhaps the most ruthless of the Capetian Kings. Of the next monarch, Louis VIII., his proudest boast was his briefly maintained conquest of all England, save Dover Castle; while of the Ninth Louis, the principal trait in the royal character is the religious fervour which, united with martial zeal, drove him into the great Crusade, and into that expedition against Egypt which made of him the prisoner of the Saracens.

The fortunes of a King in a foreign land were probably never so low as those of Louis in 1250, when he consented to surrender Damietta to the foe, and the latter demanded his own person as hostage for the fulfilment of that to which he had consented. "We will all perish," exclaimed Sir Geoffrey de Sergines, "before it shall be said that we put our King in pawn!"

The Crusaders were in galleys on the Nile, or lying wounded and helpless on the banks, where many were massacred by the Saracens. All who were able took to flight, to the great anger of the King, who was himself suffering from dysentery. Louis had a good knight or two with him, when he was assailed by the Turks. The boldest was Sir Geoffrey, who "defended the King in like manner as a faithful servant does the cup of his master from flies." Sir Geoffrey succeeded in getting the King into Casel, but in such deplorable condition, that when Louis was carried into a house, and his head placed "in the lap of a woman who had come from Paris," every one thought that his last hour had arrived.

His condition, however, improved; but, he fell captive into the hands of the Moslemin, who offered him his liberty, on condition of the surrender of certain strong places in the Holy Land. Neither the gallant King nor his valiant knights would agree to purchase freedom on such terms. They threatened to put him to most exquisite torture; but this moved him to no more than the

expression that he was sceptreless in their hands, and they might do with him as they pleased. Finally, he consented, under oath, to furnish half a million of francs for the freedom of his captive knights, and to surrender Damietta as the purchase of his own liberty; "for he was of a rank whose bodily ransom could not be estimated by the value of money." The Sultan was so pleased that his royal prisoner did not haggle upon the pecuniary clauses of the treaty, that, not to be exceeded in generosity, he of his own free will diminished the amount of ransom-money by a fifth.

The King was on board his galley, with three others in company, laden with knights, and bound for Damietta, when a sudden revolution among the infidel foe, caused by a quarrel touching the King's ransom, cost the Sultan his life. A Saracen came on board the King's vessel, his hands reeking with the blood of the Sultan, and asked a reward for having slain the King's greatest foe. "But the good King St Louis made no answer whatever to his demand."

The newly-constituted authorities compelled their royal captive to engage to pay 200,000 livres before he quitted the river, and the remaining 200,000 in Acre. None of the stores in Damietta were to be given over to the King till this sum was paid. Louis took the oath enjoined of him, namely, that if he broke the convention, he wished he might be deprived for ever of the presence of God, of His worthy Mother, of the Twelve Apostles, and of all the Saints of both sexes in Paradise. They asked of him another vow, to the effect that, if he broke his word, he should be accounted perjured,—as a Christian who had denied God, his baptism, and his faith, and, in despite of God, would spit on the Cross, and trample it underfoot;—but this oath the King stoutly refused to take. The Saracens attributed his refusal to the pestilent counsel of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, whom they accordingly bound and tortured in the King's presence, till, the holy man's sense of pain getting the better of his scruples, he imploringly urged the captive monarch to swear to anything without fear,

as he would take the entire responsibility of the blasphemy and perjury on his own patriarchal head. It is not clear whether the oath was taken in order to relieve the suffering patriarch; we are only told that the Saracens were satisfied with the pledges given by Louis and his lords. The King was probably resolute, and did not take the second oath. His obstinate piety won the respect even of his enemies, who remarked that, "if their Mahomet had allowed them to suffer the manifold evils that God caused the King to undergo, they would never have had any confidence in him, nor paid him their adorations."

Whatever was the form in which the promise of the royal prisoner was made, he kept to it right royally. The infidels were less faithful, both to their principles and their captive. The Saracens got disgracefully drunk in Damietta, and when in this state, had wellnigh gone from their word, and slain the King, and all with him who were within their power. They found good authority for their crime, and discovered excellent profitable results that would arise from it, by giving it a religious colouring. Their own Prophet had enjoined them to break pledge with and slay an enemy, when it was for the security of the faith. Now Louis was the great enemy of their religion; to kill him therefore would be an act of piety, and one of compensation for their having murdered their own orthodox Sultan.

Such a catastrophe however did not occur. Louis paid the ransom-money he had promised to furnish, and *that* so strictly, that when a Christian knight laughingly told the King that the Saracens, in weighing the money, had made an error of 10,000 livres to their own loss, Louis flew into a rage, and peremptorily ordered that the sum named should be sent to his miscalculating enemies.

Full twenty thousand Saracens conducted the monarch from his pavilion before Damietta, to the shore off which rode the Genoese galley, which lay waiting for him. There a picturesque incident occurred. On board the quiet-looking vessel, there appeared but one man,

who, the moment he saw the King, whistled, and, instantly, fourscore crossbowmen, well equipped, with their bows bent and arrows placed, leaped on the deck, from below. The Saracens no sooner saw them, when, panic-struck, they ran away like sheep, and not more than two or three stayed with the King.

The season was that just after the Ascension, in the year 1250, when, after his brief but stringent captivity, the royal prisoner became, once more, a free and nobly-served monarch.

With the Queen, who had only recently given birth to the little Prince John Tristan, who, just twenty years after, died at Tunis, Louis departed for Acre. "Although he had suffered," says De Joinville, "such a variety of woes, his attendants, when he embarked, had not made any preparation for him on board, such as robes, bed, bedding, and other necessary things. He was thus forced, for six days, to sleep on mattresses, until we arrived at Acre. The King had not any other habiliments, but two robes which the Sultan had caused to be made for him; they were of black silken stuff, lined with squirrel-skins, with a number of golden buttons."

One consequence of the imprisonment of St Louis, and of the hard life he led in Palestine, was the entire loss of his hair. This tradition has made of the royal crusader the patron saint of hair-dressers! One of those vivacious writers in France, at whom pompous dullness sneers, affecting to believe their liveliness odious,—Léo Lespés,—has preserved the legend which ascribes the baldness of Louis to his unsceptred period. When the saintly King, we are told, arrived in France, to resume the government of the country, the Queen Blanche was astounded at beholding him bald, and she meditated deeply upon the inconveniences which attended an expedition within the territory of the infidels. The author just cited thus recounts what followed:—

"Iseult," said the Queen to her lady-in-waiting, "have you seen the King of France?"

"I assisted at the rejoicings for his return."

"Did it not strike you, my sweet friend, that the head

of his Majesty, my lord and husband, was wofully shorn of its curls?"

"If I may venture to say so to my royal mistress," replied Iseult, "his Majesty's head *might* look better in that respect than it does at present."

"Our bald kings have never been lucky," said Blanche, "and it ill-befits a sovereign that he should be not better provided with flowing locks than a mendicant at the gates of Notre Dame. It shall never be said that Louis, our well-beloved consort, went about with as little hair on his crown as a monarch retired from his vocation and shut up in a cloister. Let us implore the aid of Our Lady, who will suggest something that shall efficaciously relieve us all in our difficulty."

The legend-writer does not venture to affirm that the succour thus prayed for was vouchsafed. Nevertheless, if the story may be credited, the wit of Queen Blanche provided her consort with a wig, in which he looked as bold as Samson and as curled as the son of Clinias. By this incident the perruque was popularized in France, and St Louis became the patron of "artists in hair."

After recovering his liberty, his passion for crusading never died within him. A score of years after this incident, Louis died of dysentery, before Tunis, calling on St James, St Denis, and St Geneviève, to aid him in his distress. Nothing could be further removed from the pomp of sceptred monarch than his dying scene. "He ordered his body to be placed on a bed of ashes, and, crossing his hands on his breast, with eyes uplifted to Heaven, rendered his spul back to his Creator, at the very same hour that our Lord Jesus Christ expired on the Cross for the salvation of His people."

The Third Philip, son of St Louis, and called Philip the Hardy, because he successfully resisted the influences of a climate which were fatal to his father, was less heroic when exposed to reverses, and he died of disappointment at the failure of his expedition against Spain. His son, Philip (IV.) the Fair, was the great persecutor of the Templars; and Louis X., the *Hutin*, is remembered for the harshness with which he sought to

extend the privileges of the sovereign. This Louis was succeeded by his two brothers,—by Philip (V.) the Long, and next by Charles the Fair. Three brothers thus succeeded each other, and on the death of the last there was a change of dynasty. Twice, subsequently to the accession of these three Capetian brothers, has a similar succession occurred in France, and with similar consequences. Three brothers closed the direct line of Capet; three brothers terminated that of Valois; and with the last of three brothers was extinguished the reigning house of Bourbon!

THE HOUSE OF VALOIS

KING JOHN IN THE SAVOY

"L'Ambitieux est en prison sur le globe; le corps est la prison de l'âme."—DE MOTTEVILLE.

THE Capet race has not indeed ceased: the family of Valois is simply a branch of the vigorous tree. Philip III., besides his son Philip IV., had a son named Charles of Valois. This Charles had a son named Philip, who now ascended the throne as the next male heir. He was opposed by our Edward III., on these grounds:—Philip IV. had a daughter, Isabel, who was married to Edward II., and was the mother of Edward III. The latter claimed the French throne through *her*. The Salic law however excluded females from the throne, and although Edward was nearer to Philip IV. than his competitor, he was so only through his mother; and as his mother had no right to the throne, she could not bequeath to her son what she did not herself possess,—what she never could possess.

The long reign of Philip of Valois was spent in those bloody contests with Edward which laid the foundation of the bitter animosity which once reigned for so long a period between England and France. Philip was

succeeded by John, his son, a gay, tyrannical, unjust King, who has somehow acquired the name of "The Good." The war caused by the disputed succession continued, and with such effect that one of the results of the battle of Poictiers was to make an uncrowned monarch of John, for a time, and the prisoner of England. In this captivity we will briefly exhibit him to our readers.

To the son of a deposed monarch we are indebted for some of the details of the captivity of John, King of France, in England. The Duke d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, discovered the documents, which he has published in the 'Transactions of the Philobiblon Society,' among the archives of the House of Condé.

At the battle of Poictiers, fought five hundred years ago (1356), John exhibited more courage than ability,—more of the soldier than the general. He fought on, after his nearest of kin, save his brave young son Philip, had deserted him; and when at last he was compelled to yield to numbers, the crowd of knights so thronged round him to claim the honour of his capture, that he would have fared ill but for the courteous interference of the gallant Prince of Wales.

The Black Prince conducted his royal prisoner to Bordeaux, where John was surrounded by a brilliant but captive Court. Edward III. spoke of him only as "our adversary of France," but he was universally treated as a King. Some of the most loyal of his own subjects took care that he should want for nothing. At the first intimation of John's capture, his Lieutenant-General in Languedoc forwarded to him ample stores of provisions, also of plate to eat from with dignity; and the States of Languedoc consented to tax themselves,—that is, resolved to levy imposts on the people, the produce of which was forwarded to the grateful King.

The northern portion of France, which had most suffered from the war and felt most acutely the losses of Crécy and Poictiers, cared less for the King, whose indiscreet valour had dragged the country into misery. There a weak Regent, and a scanty and feeble nobility,

could not rule a people who burned to repel the invaders, and who were beginning to understand their own position, its value, and its rights. Nothing was done therefore for the release of John, whose presence in France rather impeded the free action of his adversary Edward. Orders were consequently issued for the transfer of the French King to England. On the 11th of March, 1357, John, and a splendid company of fellow-prisoners, embarked at Bordeaux, and, under the guardianship of the Black Prince, sailed for Sandwich. The illustrious party did not reach the ancient haven till the 4th of May, and then were glad to take some days' repose on shore, before they proceeded to Canterbury, to make their offerings at the shrine of St Thomas. At Canterbury a deputation from the citizens of London greeted or consoled the captive monarch on his arrival. Three weeks, save one day, elapsed between the disembarkation of John at Sandwich and his entry into London. The august prisoner was conducted to the palace of the Savoy, in the Strand, the residence of the Duke of Lancaster. Immediately after his arrival he was visited by the King and Queen of England.

The Savoy was his ordinary, but not his constant, residence, for nearly two years. He was a frequent visitor at Windsor, and made excursions to other parts of the country. At this time, he and his companions were but nominally captives; for on their verbal pledge, the King, and they who shared his destiny, were permitted to go and come freely, to hawk, to hunt, and to enjoy all manner of sport, according to their good pleasure. The Duke d'Aumale thus describes the royal prisoner at this period:—"John was not yet forty years old. He was courteous, affable, liberal to excess, not given to care deeply, and, by his amenity, had gained the surname of 'The Good.' Troubling himself but slightly as to the misery of his country, and much too yielding in all negotiations respecting peace, he loved, above all things, pleasure and physical exercise. Accordingly, horses, dogs, and hawks occupy a large space in the book of his household accounts; but we also find,

although only rarely, some record of purchases of books, and of small outlays made for binding. Thus he gave 4 sous 4 deniers for the 'Roman du Renart;' 28 sous 8 deniers for the 'Romans du Loherenc Garin;' and 10 sous for the 'Romans du Tournoiement d'Antechrist.' 32 sous are set down as given to 'Margaret the book-bindress' (*relieresse*), for putting an entirely new cover and four clasps to 'a Bible *in French*.' James the binder receives 3 sous 6 deniers 'for binding one of the chapel Breviaries, putting new boards to the same, covered with rose-coloured skin, and for ornamenting and cleaning.' An ornamental addition of brass-headed nails to the 'Romans de Guiller' costs 29 deniers. King John had also, among his *valets-de-chambre*, a distinguished painter, Girart d'Orléans, whom he had previously employed, in 1356, on the decorations of the castle of Vaudreuil, in Normandy." The household accounts show that, during the King's captivity, the painter wrought for the monarch in more than one branch of art. Girart painted pictures, made chessmen, and ornamented furniture. The most conspicuous items in the royal account-book, however, are for the extraordinary toilet-expenses of the young "Sires of the Fleur-de-Lys," as the French Princes of the Blood were called. These items show that the King's young sons, Philip of France and "Maistre Jehan le Fol," were not at all insensible to the charms of outward appearance.

The Duke d'Aumale very correctly judges that the courage and general character of the captive King made him a favourite with the English barons. Customs and language were common to both, and courtesy was as naturally accepted as it was heartily given. It was substantial of character, as when the doughty Sir John Chandos sent four hares to the King; and when even the fair Countesses of Pembroke and Warren addressed to the captive sovereign baskets of venison, game, and fish, the Duke anxiously bids us beware of scandal! There was no harm meant, he says. If John was something like his Spanish namesake, for loose gallantry,

Lady Warren was half a hundred years old, and the Countess of Pembroke was older still!

The Duke is disposed to believe that John, who saw much of Isabel, the widow of Edward II., during the first year of his detention, made the acquaintance of these ladies at the Court of the Dowager Queen. The latter exhibited great regard for her cousin of France. "She received the King at her table," says the Duke d'Aumale, "and we even see that, to relieve his weariness, she lent him the two most famous romances of the period, 'Saint Graal' and 'Lancelot.' The Count of Ponthiou, the Sire d'Aubigny, Seneschal of Toulouse, the Marquis d'Audenham, and the Count of Tancarville, figure among the Queen's most frequent visitors; and the facility with which they went to see her, in her residence at Hertford, is one of the best proofs of the liberty which they enjoyed."

The liberty of all the prisoners was diminished after the death of Isabel, in 1358. The engagements to which John subscribed, in order to recover his freedom, were not ratified by the French Regent and Government: and Edward, either out of vengeance, or fear that his involuntary guest should escape, put much constraint on the action of John. In December, 1358, he ordered the latter to be transferred to the castle of Somerton,[1] in Lincolnshire. The wine for the use of the English guard had already been forwarded, and the King's baggage was upon the point of starting, when counter-orders were issued, and John remained in the palace of the Savoy, and was not gratified by invitations to sojourn at Windsor. Roger of Beauchamp, with sixty-nine men, had charge of the royal prisoner.

On the other hand, John was solaced by agreeable visitors from his own land. These were nobles who travelled without let or hindrance from either French or English, and who came over, not only to inquire after the King's health, and to make offer of themselves and estates, in order to purchase his deliverance, but, on one occasion at least, to present him with a

[1] This is, no doubt, a mistake for "Somercot."

tribute of silver, "very considerable for the period, and which realized in London not less than £1,268. 14*s.* 9*d.*" The reasons why this contribution was most acceptable, are thus enumerated by the Duke d'Aumale. "Since the King's departure from Bordeaux his resources had become very limited, and he was very much embarrassed in providing for the current expenses of the six departments of his household, for the maintenance of his officers and servants, and the modest gifts made at Easter and at the festival of St John, and which were the substitutes for salaries. There were divers extraordinary expenses of his little Court, which he could not meet without difficulty. For this purpose he received nothing from Edward III.; but the latter subsequently made claim to be paid the expenses of keeping his captive, which he set down at 10,000 reals per month. John had had recourse to loans, made on burdensome conditions of interest, but this was only at first: they were not renewed at a later period, either because the difficulties of negotiation had increased, or that the financial position of the King enabled him to renounce those ruinous operations."

The latter and better reason would seem to have worked the happy result. The Duke enters into lengthened details in pleasant proof thereof; and from these we learn that "good round sums" were occasionally conveyed to the King from loyal folks in France; and that the produce of new subscriptions and old debts came in very sparingly indeed, *so* sparingly that John had often to write and stir up the slackening enthusiasm of his friends and the slumbering morality of his debtors. We further learn that John dabbled a little in trade, and made some profit on the sale of wines and horses. The jolly and generous chapters of Languedoc sent him more of their country wine than he could drink; and he disposed of the superfluity to such advantage, that he ordered his agents to purchase various sorts of French wine, which the good King sold in London at a handsome profit. His agents in the English capital for this purpose were Sir John Stody,

vintner and Lord Mayor; Adam de Bury, skinner, and subsequently chief magistrate; and Henry Picart, famous for his entertainment to the Kings of France, England, Scotland, and Cyprus, and who, albeit, a Gascon, is said to have been at the head of the London municipality in the year 1356.

John remained in close custody in the Savoy down to April, 1359; he then signed the preliminaries for a treaty of Peace, and was transferred, a prisoner, to that castle of Hertford where he had been the welcome guest of Queen Isabel. He was still in confinement there when he learned that the Dauphin, his son, had definitively refused to adhere to the treaty concluded at London. The Duke d'Aumale designates such refusal as sagacious and patriotic, but adds, that it was a severe shock to the French King, who exclaimed, on hearing of it, "Ha! ha! my fair son Charles, you take counsel with the King of Navarre, who deceives you, and would deceive forty such as you." But the seeming disloyalty of Charles to his captive father was true loyalty to his country, and the course adopted by the Dauphin was universally approved, although it kept his sire in durance.

The refusal further increased the severity of his durance. Edward III. made vast preparations for renewing his ill-authorized assault against France, and he peremptorily ordered the dismissal, out of the kingdom, of thirty-five of the French followers of John —among them Gaus de la Buigne, who held the threefold post of chaplain, poet, and falconer. The servants of the other prisoners were also sent away. The household of John and his son Philip was reduced to a score of persons. The royal captive energetically protested against the degradation, and he obtained an addition of nineteen individuals. Among these were Tassin de Breuil, his tailor; Girart of Orléans, the multifarious artist; and a person who is named Jean de Milan, but who was not so noble as the sound of the name would seem to imply, for he was only "John of the Kite," and was the falconer of Philip, the King's son.

After a four months' residence at Hertford, the French King, with a diminished "state," was transferred to Somerton. The monarch was under the ward of Sir William Deynecourt, who had in his train three knights, twenty-two men-at-arms, and twenty archers, under which escort John arrived at the castle of Somerton on the 4th of August, 1359, and was respectfully welcomed by the constable, Sir Henry de Greystock.

No longer could the friends of the monarch gain access to him, from beyond sea, as before. Even his private secretary, Jean de Royer, who had been on a mission to Paris in May, was unable to approach the castle without a special permission. This permission was obtained only on condition that some servant within the castle should be dismissed in exchange for the secretary: in consequence the minstrel Sauxonnier was discharged, and the prison was made all the more gloomy for want of his excellent music.

Soon came a report from beyond the sea that the French were preparing to enter England, for the purpose of rescuing their monarch. This report was the cause why John of Buckingham and Ralph Sigournel received orders to escort "our adversary of France" to Berkhampstead. Before this could be executed, news reached London of the partial destruction of Winchelsea by a body of French; and the English Goverment, in some alarm, ordered the removal of John to the metropolis. The other prisoners were confined in different castles, but the French sovereign was brought up to the Tower, where, on the 28th of March, 1360, he was placed under the safeguard of John and Roger of Beauchamp.

Within two months, however, Edward III. was well content to sign the Peace of Bretigny. A week after this important act was accomplished, on the 15th of May, 1360, an usher of the Queen of England announced it to John, who, in his excess of satisfaction, conferred on the messenger a right royal gratuity. The satisfaction was rather over-hastily entertained, for the King's release was to be obtained only at the price of 600,000 gold crowns. John enjoyed however at once a com-

parative freedom; there was no constraint upon any of his actions. His subsequent course is thus told by the ducal chronicler.

"On the 30th of June, John set out for Dover, where he arrived on the 6th of July. On the same day Edward III. sent to him, as a mark of friendship, the goblet which he himself ordinarily used; and John, in return, forwarded to Edward his own (*hanap*) drinking-vase, which had belonged to St Louis, and had always been preserved as a relic. The next day but one John disembarked at Calais; there he remained above three months; but even that long delay would not have sufficed to get together the sum demanded by Edward without a sad expedient, which was adopted under compulsion of circumstances. Matthew Galeas Visconti (*sic*), Lord of Milan, offered to put down immediately 600,000 florins, if the hand of Isabella of France, the King's daughter, was accorded to John, the son of Matthew (*sic*). This bargain was concluded; and, according to the energetic expression of Villani, John sold his own flesh in order to recover his liberty."

The work of the Duke d'Aumale, referring to the captivity of the French King John in England, has been published since M. Douet d'Arcq printed the journal of the expenses of the King during the last year of his imprisonment. This journal (the lost pages of which have been discovered, and published, by the Duke) is now in the Imperial Library, Paris, and its contents are illustrative of a portion of the social history of the period.

Thus we find that, when John left Somerton, what remained of his property there was sold; and in the journal, among other receipts acknowledged by the chaplain, Denys de Collors, who was also a notary and Comptroller of the Household, is "20*d.* from the Damoiselle de Namby for a couple of chairs." An esquire of Somerton is put down as paying 4*s.* for two barrels of wine; other sums are received for various articles of furniture, stable materials, or wine. William Spain, of Lincoln, got the King's bench for nothing, William having been a purchaser of many articles; and a fourth

of the wood and wine was gallantly given to "the Lady Daincourt," wife of the baronet who had the honour of exercising his vigilance over the King. The wine account shows altogether that the sovereign was a vintner driving a respectable business.

The "ordinary" and extraordinary outgoings of the last six months of the year 1359, amount to little more than £1000. In the following six months, the combined expenses exceeded "£5020, 15*s.* 6*d.*, ob derive Poictevina," of which more than a fifth is under the date of June, 1360, when the King was preparing for his departure. Among the extraordinary expenses there occur,—loaf-sugar at 17*d.* per pound, and brown at only 2*d.* per pound less; 9*d.*-worth of eggs for clarifying sugar, and 8*s.* 8*d.* for roses, bought at different places, for the King's use. Tailors are paid 8*d.*, and their varlets 5*d.*, per day, with horse-money between London and Hertford. Considerable sums are laid out in fine clothing; and £24, 13*s.* is the sum given for "10,972 bellies of minniver" for a furred suit for his Majesty the King. The expenses under this head show that John was not indifferent to dress; nor was he indifferent to the comfort of those who had shared his captivity, and were ordered to leave England before he himself was set free. We find £109, 13*s.* 4*d.* given to thirty-five disbanded followers to help to carry them to France. And then, on Sunday, the 28th of July, the day before he left Hertford for Somerton, there was paid to "the curate of Hertford for the daily offerings of the King, for twenty-nine days in July, 4*s.* 10*d.*,—just twopence per day. But this was a formal gift. There are entries of larger sums to the priests, who, it is to be hoped, were only the stewards of the poor. Good sums too are laid out in "sweets and spices." Pierre de Belle Assise receives 12*d.* for "two quivers of paper." Single "nobles" are duly put down in the accounts as presents for various services. In November, 2*s.* are paid for four pairs of shoes for the illustrious Prince "Jehan le Fol;" and in December, about the price of half-a-dozen pair of shoes, namely a crown, or 3*s.* 4*d.*, is given "to the bishop and

to the parish clerks of Aremby, who, on the eve of St Nicholas, came to the King's residence and sang *Ergo laudes.*" The hiring of a house at Lincoln for the autumnal quarter, including expenses for work done, is entered at 16*s.* Sundry alms and "daily offerings" to "the curate of Boby," and others, with 12*d.* to an English varlet who had found the strayed hawk of "my lord Philip," bring the expenses of the year to a close.

In January of the year following, among the usual outlays for spices, sweets, edible ginger, dress, etc., we are not sorry to find great honour rendered "to the king of the minstrels, for the fashion of the new eulogy made by him on the King, at the royal command, three nobles, worth 20*s.*" A quarter of the same sum is entered as "secret alms;" and at the close of February, the usual total of the 2*d.* per day for offerings at church throughout the month, is duly registered by the ecclesiastical and legal book-keeper. Then the King of the Minstrels is so well pleased with the price paid to him for the workings of his muse in the praise of the royal John, that he strikes the lyre again, raises his song of eulogy anew, and is once more rewarded with "nobles." The church-offering too is increased on Good Friday, the 3rd of April. In honour of the day, John, we find, gives three crowns, or 10*s.*, instead of the ordinary 2*d.* There is also to be marked an entry of 58*s.* for the removal of the King's organs from Somerton to London for their repair, and for their setting up. This sum includes "18*d.* to a man who blowed for three days;" very good pay, for it was the price of a pair of shoes per day! The King of the Minstrels too was especially busy this month; and we come, with some surprise, upon a record of 3*s.* 4*d.* being given to him, not for "building the lofty rhyme," but for taking certain carts wherein to bring the King's "harness." Porterage appears to have been heavy, and even a captive king's household and harness were not removed for nothing. But at length the monarch is safely lodged at London, in the Tower; but it is in April, and the winds are cold, and 20*s.* 8*d.* are paid to Denys le Lombart, for making and repairing

four windows in the King's apartment. Eleven shillings are laid out for furnishing a kitchen-garden, wherein the herbs and vegetables give promise of very excellent soups and other dishes. In May, the "curate of the Castel of London" demands his Easter dues for the King's household within the Tower; and the reverend gentleman receives them accordingly, in the shape of a couple of nobles, or 13*s.* 4*d.* Half that sum was sent to the neighbouring hospital of St Katherine's,—the site of which is now occupied by St Katherine's Docks;—and these and smaller charities having been provided for, the large sum of 33*s.* 4*d.* was expended on Master Girart, for a "chaiere neuve necessaire" for the King. His Majesty must have found movement on the Thames somewhat costly, for he paid 3 nobles, or 20*s.*, for being rowed from London Bridge to Westminster, where he visited the Queen, stayed to sup with his hostess, and was then rowed back. It cost him only a noble less to be "pulled" over the river from the Tower to Bermondsey and back (whither the King went to ride or to pray). He gave the same sum to a servant of Madame de Pannebroc (the Countess of Pembroke) after dining with that noble lady; and altogether he seems to have been generous to all sorts of persons who in any way rendered him service. The priests appear to have received the most. John never visited a confraternity without leaving behind him pleasant sums to increase the good cheer, or enlarge the charity, of the reverend brotherhood; and to those who brought him letters from France secretly, a service of some danger, he flung his "nobles" with a generous hand.

On the last day of June, the French monarch set out from the Tower for France. The itinerary is as illustrative as the book of accounts. The first day's journey ended at Eltham. At the end of the second day (Wednesday, the 1st July) we find him at Dartford, fifteen miles from London; on the third, he started, after dinner, and reached Rochester; on the fourth day he dined at Sittingbourne, and supped and slept at Ospring; on the Saturday he dined at Canterbury, and

slept there. The Sunday was spent in travelling from Canterbury to Dover, which place he left on the Wednesday following, and thence crossed to Calais.

Poor as he was, and in debt for his ransom, he scattered crowns by the way. There were varlets on the road, who brought him venison from King Edward; priests, who received visitors at shrines; landlords of inns, who claimed for imaginary dilapidations; knights, like "Messire Richard Lexden," who had turned hermits, and received all gifts presented to them; nuns, who met the King and prayed for alms; monks, who poured into the high-road from distant convents, and asked for contributions as the sovereign rode up; grooms and lacqueys ever craving, mountebanks, varlets, and even "a man of Dover, called *the climber*, who, in the King's presence, climbed up the face of the rock in front of the hermitage at Dover,"—all these had their hands extended, and went away with them well filled. The value of the jewels which John left on the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury (on the morning of the day when he broke one of the commandments by travelling), is not named; the money-offering amounted to "ten nobles," which, says the account-book, "is equivalent to £33, 6*s.* 8*d.*" This miscalculation leaves us in doubt whether John really gave ten nobles or a hundred. It was most probably the latter sum, which is equivalent to the pounds named above; for the King gave twenty nobles to several less noted communities than that which gathered round St Thomas's shrine; and even the climber up the rock at Dover was rewarded with a gift of five nobles, or 33*s.* 4*d.*, which was much more than the King bestowed on the nuns of St Augustine at Canterbury, and half as much as the amount bestowed by him on the Carmelites of Sandwich and the nuns of Norgate.

The passage to Calais has already been noticed. There only remains to be stated that, three years later, John was again in England a voluntary prisoner. His son, the Duke of Anjou, one of the hostages for the duly carrying out the treaty of Bretigny, had broken his word by returning to France. John gave out that he himself

was about to repair to England, in order to engage the King to join with him in a crusade against the infidel. It was believed that he came to repair his honour, injured by the faithless act of his son, and which John sought to re-establish by means of a falsehood. Men who knew him thoroughly, were disposed to believe that caprice alone directed him to the scene of his old captivity. Before setting out for England, he made the fatal present of Burgundy to his gallant son Philippe; and on the 8th of January, 1364, he embarked at Boulogne. He was magnificently received in England by Edward III. During three months there was an uninterrupted festival in honour of a King who seemed to have uncrowned himself for honour's sake, but who loved the gaiety, the ease, and the freedom from business which he enjoyed in England. He had forgotten crusade and country, and was in the full career of ever-varying and never-ceasing pleasure, when illness overtook him, and indeed overcame him. After a brief but severe indisposition, he died, at his old residence in the Savoy, on the 8th of April, 1364. "He was regretted in England," says the Duke d'Aumale, "where he enjoyed himself, and had many friends; but he was little regretted in France, where his personal qualities could not cause the faults and disasters of his reign to be forgotten."

John was succeeded by his wiser son, Charles V., a powerful antagonist against the English who unjustly laid claim to his crown. The next Charles (VI.) was the poor idiot, whose imbecility however may be less laid to his own fault, than to the trials to which he was subjected by those allied as well as by those opposed to him. Charles VII., who had ruled the State during the closing period of his father's insanity, was not more formidable to the victorious English than his father, in whose reign our sires fought and won the battle of Agincourt. But Charles VII. found what he lacked in that immortal Maid of Orléans, to whom *he* was ungrateful, the Church most cruel, and the English flagrantly unjust. The son of the Seventh Charles, Louis XI., was one of those Kings who wisely account

that no subject is beneath their notice, and who made state-craft accomplish what war might not so easily have achieved for him. If *his* son, Charles VIII., was less brilliant of intellect, it was because Louis had purposely brought him up in ignorance. His cousin and successor, Louis XII., was the first Duke of Orléans who became King of France. He, too, dying without male heir, was succeeded by a cousin, Francis I., son of Charles of Valois, the incidents of whose reign are well known. In that of his successor, Henry II., England lost the last foot of land which she had held in France; but no Englishman passes before the bust of the great Guise, in the market-place of Calais, without rendering him that homage which is due to a brave man who serves his country. The three sons of Henry II. succeeded him on the throne; and again, after the succession of three brothers, the sceptre passed into the hands of heirs of another line. The three last Monarchs of the House of Valois, were, the feeble Francis II., who reigned, amid religious troubles, little more than a year; Charles IX., who could not get rid of religious troubles by the massacre of the Protestants, whom he was taught to look upon as the great troublers of the time; and Henry III., who was not indisposed to treat fairly with the Reformers. Henry slew Guise for opposing him in his designs, and was himself slain by a monk, the knife belonging to whom saved religion, ruined a royal house, killed a Catholic King inclined to deal justly with the Protestants, and raised into his place a brilliant but apostate Prince, who gave up Protestantism that he might wear a Catholic crown, and whose conversion was illustrated by his remark that "Paris was worth a Mass." Under such truckling spirit was the accession of the Bourbons effected, in the person of the brave but over-lauded Henri IV., in the year 1589.

THE BOURBONS AND CHARLES X

"He who knew the weight of a sceptre, would be the last man to pick one up."—SELEUCUS.

IN the Court of the Valois monarchs there was ever an enemy to the reigning sovereign. The Bourbon Kings were not without adversaries in their own council-chambers; but they, for the most part, had the good fortune to possess able, though sometimes unscrupulous, ministers. At the side of "Henri IV." we see the great Sully. The most glorious incident of this reign was the passing the Edict of Nantes (1598), which rendered Protestants almost equal with Catholics in the eye of the law. The most fatal catastrophe was the murder of Henri, in 1610, as he was about to put in force his great project for the humiliation of the House of Austria.

By the side of Henri's weak son, stands Cardinal Richelieu, who was really King *in* France, and was just such a master as France needed. He crushed the Protestants, made the sovereign independent of the aristocracy, and was on the point of humbling Austria, when he died. The helpless Louis soon followed his renowned minister, and left the crown to his infant son Louis XIV. The great minister who appeared during the King's minority, was Cardinal Mazarin; and low as were some of his tastes, and despicable as was much of his policy, the glory of France was heightened by his system of administration. He may be said to have bequeathed to the reigning monarch, the most successful minister ever possessed by a sovereign, the incomparable Colbert. The cost of the glory of this reign however made France bankrupt. The once invincible armies of the *Grand Monarque* were unequal, at last, to the task of achieving the objects of their master's ambition. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) scattered ruin and death among the Protestants. The people generally were under the heels of a heartless King and a proud and cruel aristocracy; and when Louis died, after a

reign of seventy-two years (1715), he left the crown to a grandson of five years of age, and the regency of the kingdom to be fought for among his heirs. The latter fell to the Duke of Orléans, who abused his absolute authority, and ultimately consigned to Louis XV.,—when that Prince attained his majority,—a kingdom nearly irretrievably ruined, and to the kingdom, a sovereign who neither knew how to redeem it from ruin, nor cared to make the glorious attempt. At the end of a reign of fifty-nine years (1774) commenced the accession of three brothers, and the downfall of a dynasty. Louis XVI., within twenty years from his coronation, suffered a violent death in the presence of an exulting people. Then ensued the era of the guillotine, which destroyed its thousands, followed by the period of Imperial "glory," which annihilated its hundreds of thousands. And this was succeeded by the Restoration, which brought to the throne, in 1814, that Louis XVIII. who had been above twenty years in exile, and who, seeing that his brother Charles, Count of Artois, must be his successor, and remembering the fatality that had twice ensued on the succession of three brothers, proclaimed himself as the inheritor of his nephew, the Dauphin, who had been slowly murdered in the Temple, and who was enrolled among the French Kings by the title of Louis XVII. After a temporary dethronement, caused by the return of Napoleon from Elba, Louis recovered his power by foreign aid, in 1815, and, at the end of nine years,—years of good intentions, but inefficient results,—his brother Charles X. succeeded to an inheritance touching which Louis had besought him to act with prudence, that it might descend to the next heir of the Bourbon line. The warning voice was unheeded, and from the last of three royal brothers the crown of the Bourbons passed, in 1830, to the line of Orléans.

In this rapid outline, the great fact of the establishment and overthrow of an Imperial dynasty in France has been only incidentally alluded to. Some details of the life of Napoleon, and of his uncrowned brothers, will be found in a succeeding Chapter. What follows refers

to the period after the dethronement of Charles X. The history of Louis XVIII., in his first exile, is not the history of a monarch retired from monarchical responsibilities; he had not then undertaken them. Neither was the history of his sojourn at Ghent, between the return of Napoleon from Elba and the Battle of Waterloo. At that period Louis still acted as King of France; was acknowledged as such by the Allied Powers, and by his ministers participated in the acts of the Congress of Vienna.

Before proceeding to notice the deposed monarchs of the House of Bourbon, it may be observed of the French Republic, that it not only killed its own ex-King, Louis XVI., but encouraged its agents in foreign courts to insult the reigning sovereigns. Thus, in the case of the able but not respectable Trouac,—his obstinate refusal to take off his hat when presented to the King of Naples, was rewarded by the approbation of his Government, and the appointment of their turbulent agent to the ambassadorship to the Cis-Alpine Republic. Their feeling with respect to Kings spread however to other countries. In England, for example, the toast of Williams, the bookseller at Cowbridge, was "The three securities of Liberty:—All Kings in Hell, the door locked, and the key lost!" This sentiment delighted the French republicans, whose monarchical fathers, be it said, were not slow in ridiculing the monarchy of other countries. Thus the *Alérion* was an heraldic invention of the French to insult the empire. It represented a spread eaglet without beak or feet.

The period between the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815, and the deposition of Charles X. in 1830, has been called the "Comédie de quinze ans." The *dénouement* of this comedy was brought about by Charles himself, who gave to it the air of a tragical catastrophe. He signed the decrees which abolished the liberty of the press, on the 25th of July, and then quietly sat down in his apartment at St Cloud to play at whist with his family and household. The Parisians read the decrees which put them in

bondage, and they resolved to spoil the King's game, and abolish the royalty of the Bourbons.

Charles and his son, the Dauphin, although it was summer-time, went the next day, the 26th of July, to hunt the stag in the forest of Rambouillet. The old palace, in the forest there, has a gate beneath whose archway has passed the funeral of many a King of France. Charles seemed as if he had come to gaze at the scene whence his royalty was to be carried out to be buried. He returned moodily to St Cloud, played his "whist," and was astonished to hear that Paris was uneasy.

By half-past nine the following night,—Paris having in the meantime hoisted the tri-coloured flag on the Tuileries, in the sight of the Duchess de Berri, who witnessed the disagreeable fact through a telescope, from St Cloud,—eight royal carriages, and some hired coaches, deposited at the gates of Rambouillet the fugitive King and a part of his terrified family. They were weary, travel-soiled, and hungry. Provisions were procured only with great difficulty; and when the half-satisfied monarch had concluded his modest repast, and bade "good night" to those around him, it was with the air of a man who was apologizing for having, by his great obstinacy, brought them into a dilemma from which there was no escape.

There was a respectable armed force to guard their slumbers, but there was no commissariat. By dawn the next morning the defenders had considerably decreased in numbers,—appetite being stronger upon them than loyalty.

The King grew more depressed and more apologetic in his manner. When the Duchess of Angoulême arrived, to join him in his flight, he begged her pardon with touchiug importunity. He could propose no plan to avert the great calamity which was beginning to overwhelm them; his weakness of mind partook of imbecility, and he displayed his fatuity by expressing his confidence in the Duke of Orléans.

On the first of August, Charles and his family reviewed

their diminished army. They felt that it was a force which could not help them, and under compulsion of circumstances, and fear of being captured or massacred by a mob from the capital, Charles abdicated; his son, the Dauphin, renounced the succession, the Duke de Bordeaux was proclaimed as Henry V., and the Duke of Orléans was Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

The Lieutenant-General peremptorily refused to undertake the guardianship of "Henri Cinq;" and Commissioners were sent down to Rambouillet, whose mission it was, gently but surely, to "push" the entire Bourbon family out of France. This was effectually done. The troops with Charles could or would do nothing in his defence. Into some half-dozen carriages were squeezed the ex-monarch, his family, and various faithful followers. As the last vehicle drove from the gates, the lowering of the white flag of the Bourbons proclaimed them politically dead; and it was observed, that the Dauphin appeared at the funeral of his own greatness and that of his house, as if he had been an indifferent spectator.

The exiles had with them few objects for their personal comfort; and they voluntarily left behind them the crown jewels, by means of which they might have satisfied many a want. The immense multitude which had come down from Paris to press their departure, returned to the capital, and announced, by the turbulent joy and disorder of their march, that the royalty of the Bourbons was defunct.

The latter did not make their way to the coast unaccompanied or unhonoured. The remnant of the royal guard did not cease their service till they had seen the King safe into Maintenon; and it was only at Valogne that the faithful Gardes-du-corps folded their banners, placed them in the hands of their old master, and were disbanded. In the best, and that but a poor, room of the indifferent inn at Valogne, the ex-monarch, too ill to repair to the church, heard Mass. No overthrown Greek Emperor, cloistered up in the monastery for unsceptred monarchs, could ever have heard Mass with more simple accessories around him. The Duchess of Angoulême

performed the office of acolyte, waited on the priest, and led the responses. The Psalm was eminently appropriate throughout, from the first verse, "May the Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee!" to the end, "Save, Lord; and hear us, O King of Heaven, when we call upon thee!"

Reluctantly and mournfully the exiles went on their way to Cherbourg, many of the Gardes-du-corps attending on them to the last. The "Great Britain" and the "Charles Carroll" were in waiting to receive them. The rather rude people of Cherbourg were not permitted to approach the place of embarkation; and when the commissioners authorized by the provisional government to "watch" the ex-King to the coast, prepared to accompany him on board, they were compelled to forego their intentions by the energetic protest of the Duchess of Angoulême, who reminded them that their authority was limited to the soil of France. The King then passed on, supported by his son. The Count de la Rochejacquelin gave his arm to the Duchess d'Angoulême. The old Vendéan Baron de Charette led the Duchess de Berri, and he is said to have whispered to her, by the way, a suggestion which led to the spirited but unlucky enterprise of the Duchess in La Vendée.

The two American vessels then stood out to sea, demonstrations of deep feeling being exchanged between those on board and many friends who lingered on the shore. As they crossed the Channel, a French brig of war watched the way they took; and it was said that the commander had orders to fire into either of the vessels should an attempt be made to land the illustrious freight on any part of the coast of France.

Twelve days had been consumed in the weary journey, of some fourscore leagues, between Rambouillet and Cherbourg. Seven more days and nights were passed at sea, ere the wayfarers had passed through Weymouth, and thence arrived at Lulworth Castle, near Wareham, where the device of the Weld family, of whom they were the guests, reminded them that nothing happened without Divine permission: *Nil sine Numine.*

Here they all changed their designations, and Charles X. became henceforward Count of Ponthieu. The Duke d'Angoulême took the title of Count of Marne; the Duchess de Berri that of Countess of Rosny; and her son, the so-called Henri V., assumed the title, which he still wears, of Count of Chambord.

Almost the first occupation of the ex-King in the house of Cardinal Weld was, "whist," as if he would quietly resume the rubber in which he had been interrupted at St Cloud. His son played at billiards. The Princesses worked, and read religious books. An idea of attempting to recover the sceptre that had been lost or flung away, was entertained for a moment, and then dismissed, by all but the Duchess de Berri. And so the time wore on, till the 30th of October, when the old monarch embarked at Poole for Scotland; soon after which the exiles were once more united under the melancholy roof of the gloomy palace at Holyrood.

They occupied this residence during two years, saving about a month. The adjacent city scarcely knew of their presence, so retired were their lives. Charles studied the history of the Stuarts, and he might occasionally be seen slowly riding on horseback, in company with the Duchess of Angoulême; or, seated in the same company, in a hired carriage, progressing slowly and silently through the picturesque environs of the Scottish capital.

The French Government, however, thought that silent old man still dangerous to its stability, and this uneasy thought led to the withdrawal of Charles from Scotland, in the autumn of 1832, and to his residence at Prague, the capital of Bohemia, where Austria had granted him an asylum and hospitality.

His residence was in that time-honoured palace, the Hradschin, where his time was divided between reading, exercise, attendance at church, and whist. The only occasion there which wore a holiday air was when "Henri V." attained the completion of his thirteenth year,—the 27th of September, 1833. That is the age at which the "majority" of Kings of France, in the olden

times, was fixed; and the advent of that period brought many a legitimate pilgrim to the legitimate shrine which alone he acknowledged. It was about this period that Châteaubriand visited the country residence of the old King, at Burschtirhad. Charles was ill, but slumbering. "Charles X," says the author of 'René,' "was in bed, suffering from fever. It was night when I was permitted to enter his chamber; a solitary and small lamp was burning on the chimney-piece. All that I could hear in the prevailing gloom was the breathing of the thirty-fifth successor of Hugh Capet. My good old King, your slumber was an uneasy one! Age and adversity—ponderous nightmares—were seated heavily on your breast."

Three years and a half were passed at Prague. They were not unhappily spent. The ex-King looked well in his plain attire, and lived socially and regularly. His sole study was that of history: it taught him patience, he said. He took long walks, alone; occasionally in company with the Duchess of Angoulême; and often have these two entered some village church on their way, taken their place on the lowest bench among the people, and shared in the afternoon service, which they were never known to miss during the whole period of the King's exile.

The dinner was a cheerful meal. The evening which followed it was a tranquil, rather than cheerful, evening. The Princesses worked, while the ex-King walked to and fro, talking as he went, or pausing to receive some stray visitor who occasionally presented himself. At eight, the whist-table was prepared, where the tranquillity of the evening was not disturbed, unless Charles found himself with an indifferent partner. He could lose a crown by his own fault, without great reluctance; but to lose a trick, by the stupidity of his partner, was beyond his patience.

His equanimity was only temporarily ruffled, and then he was full of redundant apology, The rubber over, there was much ceremony in the breaking-up. His son kissed his hand, and altogether the "good night" was

of stately formality. The monotony must have pressed heavily on Charles; for more than once, on taking leave of his gentlemen, and the few followers who shared his exile, he would exclaim, "Farewell, good friends; there is one more day got through!" He was occasionally to be seen at Töplitz or at Carlsbad, to whose medicinal springs he resorted, in search of the vigour which was never to be restored to him. With such slight exceptions, he continued at Prague till the 8th of May, 1836, when he left it for Goritz, out of motives of delicacy. The new Emperor of Austria, Ferdinand, was about to be crowned in Prague, as King of Bohemia: Charles thought the spectacle of a deposed monarch would be but a sorry sight for an Emperor and King. Accordingly Charles and his household left Prague on the day above-mentioned, amid a public demonstration of respectful sympathy. The ex-King was depressed, but he recovered himself by effecting a joke, after his fashion. M. de Montbel rode with him, and to this faithful gentleman Charles remarked, "Montbel, do you know that you accumulate in your own person the offices of First Gentleman of the Chamber, Captain of the Guards, and Chief Écuyer? I was never before struck with the inordinate character of your ambition!"

Circumstances divided the royal family for awhile, ere they were reunited at Goritz. On the King's way thither, with the Duke of Bordeaux, the latter was attacked by brain-fever, at Budweis, and the old monarch nursed the young Prince with unremitting care, and ultimate success. Charles had entered his eightieth year before he reached his last asylum. The anniversary was celebrated at Linz. The friendly congratulations offered him were many, and he responded to them cordially,—but mournfully concluding with the words, "Brief will be the period, my loved friends, before it will be your mission to carry to the grave all that is mortal of this old man."

His assurance was well founded. From the day he took up his residence in the castle of Graffenburg, above Goritz, in the autumn of 1836, he may be said

to have rapidly decayed, without at first exhibiting any alarming symptoms of the fact. His mind attuned itself to the body; not that it decayed, but that it encouraged the entertaining of the idea of death. On St Charles's Day, the 4th of November, that body was stricken with chill, while the King was at Mass. He was unable to attend the little banquet held in his honour, but he appeared in the drawing-room in the evening, and terrified all who were there by the solemn change which seemed to have come over him. The shadow of death was upon him. He was attacked by cholera; and so rapid was the course of the disease, that, before morning, the recommendation made to him to partake of the Sacrament was accepted by him as the sentence of death, which he had not yet looked for. He received it with dignity; forgave all his enemies, without reserve; spoke with the eloquence of sincere feeling to "his children;" confessed himself a great sinner; conversed hopefully of the world to come; heard rather than assisted at the celebration of Mass, and, on the evening of the 5th, smiled on his son, and seemed in such smile to take a general farewell. "At one o'clock, on the morning of the 6th, the King was lying motionless and painless. A feeble light was in the room, and three persons were about his bed. M. Bougon, the medical adviser of the King, was looking on with the melancholy passiveness of one who is conscious that in the hand of man there is no succour. The Dauphin was bending over the calm face of his father. At the King's feet stood the Dauphine, her hands convulsively clasped. As the clock on the chimney-piece struck the half-hour, M. Bougon made a sign to the Duke de Blacas, who whispered low in the Dauphin's ear. The Prince immediately, with trembling hands, reverentially closed his father's eyes, and the hitherto suppressed sobs of the Dauphine, now irresistibly bursting forth, announced, unmistakably, that all was over."[1]

Such was the end of the last of the Bourbon Kings

[1] 'Filia Dolorosa, or Memoirs of the Duchess of Angoulême.'

who had reigned in France. He was entombed, on the 11th of November, in the convent of the Franciscan monks at Goritz, with a ceremony that befitted royalty rather than his exiled condition. A royal crown lay on the funeral car on which he was borne to the grave; and upon the old stone which covered the vault (that of the ancient Barons of Thurm) there were found engraven "two sceptres covered with *fleurs-de-lys*," part of the armorial bearings of the baronial house, and fitting emblem above the grave of the King whose coffin bore the assurance that within it lay "the most high, most mighty, and most excellent Prince, Charles, Tenth of the name, by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre." It has been remarked, that "*Sometime* King" would have been a graceful emendation of this somewhat too highly pitched legend.

The Capetian race,—beginning with Hugh Capet, in 987, and terminating with Charles the Fair, the third of three brothers who successively occupied the throne, in 1328,—consisted of fourteen Kings, whose reigns extended over three hundred and forty-one years. The House of Valois reckons thirteen Kings, from Philip VI. (1328), to Henry III., the last of three royal brothers (1589), a period of two hundred and sixty-one years. The Bourbons, from Henri IV., in 1589, to Charles X. (the successor of two brothers), deposed in 1830, comprise seven Kings, and a period (deducting the twenty-two years of the Republic and Empire, 1792-1814) of two hundred and nineteen years. To neither of these races can be applied the lines in Victor Hugo's 'Contemplations,' which say,

"Ils sont, tel est la loi des hauts destins, penchant,
Tes semblables, soleil! leur gloire est leur couchant:
Et, fier Niagara, dont le flot gronde et lutte,
Tes pareils: ce qu'ils ont de plus beau, c'est leur chute."

LOUIS PHILIPPE

"C'est le choix de la nation qui met le sceptre entre les mains du Roi."—MASSILLON.

IF the era of the Bourbon restoration was a fifteen years' "comedy," the reign of him who succeeded was of that species of melodrama in which ignoble farce is mixed up with much that is dignified, and which concludes with a *tableau*, as confusing to the sight as it is to our ideas of justice, political or otherwise.

Eighteen princes have borne the title of "Duke of Orléans." Nine were of the House of Valois, and nine of the race of Bourbon. The first on whom the title was conferred was Philippe, second son of Philippe VI. born in 1336. He was well known in England for the gay life he led here, when hostage for the ransom-money still owing by his brother King John. He died of his excesses. The second Duke, Louis (father of the celebrated Dunois), was murdered. Charles was the poetical Duke whom we captured at Agincourt, and who passed a long imprisonment of a quarter of a century in England. The fourth Duke, Louis, was the first who wore a crown; he was Louis XII. of France. The next Duke was killed; the succeeding two died early; the fourth perished, a moody maniac; and the fifth was assassinated. These last three were also the last three Kings of the House of Valois.

The first Bourbon Duke of Orléans, son of Henri IV., died before he left the nursery. The next, Gaston, was the most contemptible of any who wore the same title. The father of the Regent, and the Regent himself, were as deserving of execration for their vices, as Gaston was of contempt. The fifth of this branch was a gentleman, who, at least, *died* with decency. The sixth resembled the Regent in his vices rather than in respect to talent. "Philippe Égalité surrendered his title out of flattery to, or fear of, the Republic, which exacted from him, in addition, the surrender of his life on the scaffold." His

son, Louis Philippe, took the crown from Charles X.; like him, lost it, and died, an uncrowned monarch, in exile. Before that catastrophe fell upon Louis Philippe, his eldest son had succeeded to the title of Duke of Orléans, and lost his life miserably on the stones of Paris. Such is the summary of five centuries. They who study the history of that long period will find, as far as it regards the Dukes, that the happiest was he who died the youngest; and that wisdom was not with him who lived the longest.

The career of Louis Philippe was marked by singular incidents. He was the pupil of Madame de Genlis, and had more regard for her than he had for his own mother. From the windows of the old residence of Beaumarchais he witnessed the destruction of the Bastille. He became a *sansculotte*, was a door-keeper in the service of the Jacobins, fought for the Republic at Valmy and Jemappe, and fled from the Republic, to wander under assumed names, or to teach mathematics in a school in Switzerland. Discovered in his vocation of usher, he travelled over the north of Europe, visited America, returned to England, and offered his services —which, luckily for him, were declined—to head an expedition to prevent the occupation of the Ionian Islands by the French. He also offered to serve in the English army; against the army of Napoleon, in Spain; but finding such service again declined, he withdrew to Sicily, married the daughter of the King of Naples, on Christmas day, 1809, and, after five years of private life, returned to the Palais Royal on the downfall of Napoleon. He awaited at Twickenham the issue of Waterloo; and, after the road to Paris was once more open to him, he appeared in the French capital, permanent leader of the Opposition against the Bourbons.

That systematic opposition, aided by the imbecility of the Bourbons themselves, ended in the ruin of the elder branch. Louis Philippe then gained the great object of his ambition, the crown of France, and lost it, after a tenure of eighteen years, through as obstinate tyranny as that which in Charles X. cost him his throne. Charles X.

suppressed the liberty of the press; Louis Philippe would not tolerate electoral reform. Each paid the forfeiture of his folly, and died in exile; but Louis Philippe was the greater man of the two. He was exemplary in his private life, loved his children too well,—for his desire to enrich them at the expense of France helped to accomplish his own overthrow. His love of country however was also unbounded, and he worked unceasingly, but not always wisely, to promote her glory and welfare. His personal ambition, on the other hand, was greater than his affection for his country, and under its influences he fancied that he was too firmly seated to be shaken from his throne. That end came however in 1848; and when he or his heirs would fain have scrambled up to the throne again, they were warned away, for ever, by the terrible words, "IT IS TOO LATE!"

These words were twice uttered in the ears of Louis Philippe before they were shouted, for the third and last time, in the Chamber of Deputies, when the widowed Duchess of Orléans presented her eldest son as the successor of his grandfather.

The King had made some offer of concession, but was informed that it was "too late." He nevertheless sat down to breakfast quietly with his family, in the Hall of Diana, on the last day of his reign. He fancied himself safe under the shield of the Opposition, of whose chiefs he had formed a ministry, and was comforted. At that very moment the cavalry, in the court-yard below, were surrendering their sabres to the people, and the infantry were giving up their muskets. The breakfast-table was soon surrounded by a party of friends, ministers, and councillors; and consternation came in with M. de Girardin, who, on hearing the King express his willingness to name Odillon Barrot to the Presidency of the Council, exclaimed, "*It is too late,*" and advised a voluntary abdication, if the King would save from shipwreck both royalty and people. The Duke de Montpensier was equally urgent, on the same side, "in the name of France." The King yielded, and put his signature to the words, "I abdicate in favour of my

grandson the Count de Paris. I trust that he may be more fortunate than I have been."

Marshal Gerard was one of several messengers despatched to various points where the insurgents were assembled, to announce the great fact of the abdication. He rode Louis Philippe's own horse, and advanced towards the nearest barricade with a green bough in his hand, in sign of peace. M. Dumas, who relates in full detail the picturesque incidents of the fall of the House of Orléans, in his Life of Louis Philippe, suggestively remarks that, as on the 24th of February, there were no trees in leaf but the cypress; it was with that emblem of deathly association that the Marshal went to announce to the insurrectionists the demise of the citizen-royalty.

Meanwhile the heralds of the abdicating King were treated roughly. The insurgents pressed closer round the Tuileries; and Louis Philippe ungirt his sword, took off his orders, divested himself of his uniform, and appeared in a "civil suit." He ordered his carriage. The mob killed the out-rider and stabbed the horses. The growing uneasiness of the King was calmed by the announcement that two hired carriages were in waiting on the Place de la Concorde. To these, Louis Philippe and his consort, with the Duchess de Nemours, were accompanied by a few faithful friends, and several very interested and temporary followers. On the "Place" the populace closely pressed upon them, and the fugitive monarch manifested much less self-possession than his Queen. He may be excused, for, as M. Dumas remarks, the associations connected with the scene and actors were not encouraging: Louis Philippe was standing within ten yards of the spot where his father's head had been stricken off, amid the approving shouts of the multitude. He was almost courteously treated by the mob; and M. de Cremieux having, as he remarked, "packed off royalty in a hackney-coach," the people executed Louis Philippe in effigy, by shattering his bust with shot, and a patriot, by breaking the pendulum of the great clock of the Tuileries, marked, for some

time the hour at which the citizen-king had been finally stripped of his power,—"half past one!"

Events marched faster than the King could fly. The Republic was proclaimed while the royal Duchesses were wandering through the streets; and Jerome Bonaparte informed the Provisional Government, on the 28th, that "the time for dynasties had passed away in France." Two days later Louis Napoleon Bonaparte also appeared in Paris, and paid *his* compliments to the Provisional Government in a letter, in which he said, "I hasten from exile to place myself under the banners of the Republic just proclaimed. Without other ambition than that of being useful to my country, I announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and assure them of my devotion to the cause which they represent." The flight of Louis Philippe was attended by many difficulties, but the details are too well known to render more than brief recapitulation necessary. The King arrived safely at St Cloud, whence, failing a more dignified conveyance, he and his family travelled in one of the public carriages of the Sicard Company, to Versailles. The most acceptable offering made to him here was a packet containing a couple of clean shirts, the only "luggage" which his valet, Provost, had had opportunity to bring with him on his way to rejoin his master. The fugitives reached Dreux at midnight, between Thursday and Friday, where they were joined by the Duke de Montpensier, who conveyed to them the mournful intelligence that the regency was rejected, and that all was lost.

The further flight of the fallen monarch was evidently, although secretly, favoured by the authorities. The travellers and their little suite were indeed, in some measure, disguised. Louis Philippe had cut away his whiskers and changed his wig; and some minor attempts at disguise were also made. At St André, the Gendarmerie put some unpleasant questions as to their identity; but a few words whispered to them by the benevolent under-prefect of Dreux,—who travelled with them, and, by the side of a servant on the box, acted as coachman,

—caused them to withdraw silently. The fact however of the King being on this road was soon known; and he had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of a body of paper-makers, who turned out of their factory, with the intention of arresting him, just too late to effect their purpose.

The following day Honfleur was reached in safety, and the fugitives found shelter in a small house placed at their disposal by an adherent. An attempt to embark from Trouville failed, in consequence of the storminess of the weather. The ex-royal party and their followers returned to Honfleur. At this moment of uncertainty and tempestuous weather Louis Philippe was said to resemble King Lear. He was exposed to great calamity, it is true, but he was clean-shaved, had green spectacles, wore a false nose, and spoke with an American accent.

Like Lear, however, he met with simple men who were honest. When Louis Philippe was negotiating with the proprietor of a Trouville boat, for a passage, he still affected to be an American. Straightforward Barbet, the boat-owner, at once remarked, "I do not wish to penetrate your secret; all that I undertake is to convey you safely to England. I can do it."

"You are too upright a man," said Louis Philippe, "to make it necessary that I should conceal longer from you who I am. I am the King."

"I knew that well enough, from the first moment I saw you," was the reply of Barbet, whom the King fairly hugged in his arms, by way of doing honour to his discernment.

The difficulties presented by the storminess of the season retarded the embarkation of the royal party, but it was at length safely effected. It is thus described by M. Dumas, whose details differ from those which were familiar to us in the newspapers of the period.

The King learned that the English packet, the 'Express,' was lying in the port of Hâvre. His faithful follower, M. de Perthius, accordingly hired a small steamer, for one hundred and twenty francs, to convey the fugitives from Honfleur to Hâvre. "The King took

leave of his brave escort, who did not part from him till he had crossed the plank on to the deck of the boat, the progress of which they followed with their eyes till they saw it enter the port of Hâvre. There was the 'Express' waiting. The boat chartered by M. de Perthius ran alongside, and, in sight of the whole population assembled on the quay, the King and royal family passed from one vessel to the other; and then with difficulty, for the harbour was full of vessels, the 'Express' made its way, cleared the port, put up its helm for England, and disappeared beyond the horizon."

Up to the moment of departure, Louis Philippe had assumed the humble name of "William Smith." When he landed at Newhaven,—which his son, the Prince de Joinville, had, two or three years before, designated as the most favourable point at which a naval expedition could land,—the William Smith was converted into the Count de Neuilly.

He bore the catastrophe which he had invited, with a cheerful resignation; and, after a few delays, he finally took up his residence at Claremont. He led there the life of a country gentleman: and his appearance on the railway between his neighbourhood and town was familiar to many persons, with whom he often entered into conversation unreservedly. On one occasion, there was an English lady and her daughter in a carriage of a train which was on the point of starting from the station nearest to Claremont, and into which an elderly lady and gentleman, with a young child, rather hurriedly entered, whereupon the train immediately started. The two children became on such friendly terms, that long before the end of the journey the one had communicated to the daughter of the English lady the relationship which existed between the speaker and the venerable couple travelling together; ending the communication with the more important one that the gentleman was the "King, Louis Philippe!" The latter laughed at the indiscreet confidence of his grandchild, and the hero of Valmy and Jemappe cordially shook hands with his fellow-travellers.

The private life of the King, at Claremont, has been drawn by an authorized hand, in the pages of the 'Quarterly Review.' The picture is striking from its simplicity, but offers little that is otherwise worthy of remark. The whole royal family, from the King himself down to the youngest grandchild, dined together. The ex-King carved for all, and prided himself in his dexterity. All rose from table at the same time. The drawing-room, in the evening, presented a scene where the youngest were gay, the oldest serene, and where every one present had fair opportunity to display the quality in which he most excelled. It was a thoroughly home scene, but reference was not unfrequently made to a stage more splendid, on which the most of those present had been actors; and when this was the case, the charitable construction which was applied to the acts of adversaries was worthy of those who knew how to bear adversity with dignity.

During the first year of this last exile, the health of the King seemed to be as vigorous as usual. He was able to transact a considerable amount of business, to take much exercise, and to travel long distances, without fatigue. Almost suddenly did the first symptoms of decline make their appearance; and not only age, but the infirmities of age, were now confessedly there. A remedy was sought in change of air and of scene, but without realizing more than slight temporary benefit. It was not to be denied that decline was visible; but though discerned by those who loved the ex-King, it was as yet unacknowledged, almost unsuspected, by the King himself.

Dumas, in describing the incidents of the ex-King's closing days, remarks, that the health of Louis Philippe had for some time been thus visibly declining to all who watched around him. He was approaching his seventy-seventh year, and recent political events had given a shock to his otherwise vigorous constitution. A sojourn of some weeks in the summer, at St Leonard's, had seemed to have produced some amelioration: but from the commencement of August his debility visibly increased. By the 24th of August, 1850, the King's con-

dition was such that his physician felt bound in duty to communicate his fears to the Queen, who was affected indeed, but who expressed her desire that Louis Philippe might be made aware of the peril in which he lay. The medical man suggested that such announcement would be most fittingly declared by a priest. It was part of the duty of a doctor, he said, to induce a patient to believe that he was *not* in danger. The Queen however charged the physician to take the melancholy office upon himself; and when the latter had obeyed, and the dread announcement had been delicately conveyed to the "esprit sérieux" of the King, his Majesty, after listening calmly, exclaimed cheerfully, "Oh, ah! I understand; you come to tell me that it is time to prepare for leaving. Was it not the Queen who requested you to make this communication?" The doctor answered in the affirmative. "Very well!" said the King, "beg of her to come in."

Dignified affection marked the touching interview, at the end of which the Queen announced that his Majesty required the presence of her almoner, the Abbé Guelle. With the Abbé came the whole of the French royal family—the Duchess of Orléans, the Count de Paris, and the Duke de Chartres, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, Prince and Princess de Joinville, the Duke and Duchess of Aumale, and the Princess of Saxe-Coburg. They all knelt at some distance from the bed where the dying King was "confessing" to the Abbé.

The confession was made, absolution was given, and the King, turning towards his consort, expressed, with some gaiety, a hope that she was now satisfied. The reply was in the affirmative, but it was seriously made. Louis Philippe then requested to be left alone with the Duchess of Orléans. "They remained thus together," says M. Dumas, "for nearly an hour. No other person was present; but it is presumed that the King's object on this occasion, was to overcome the repugnance which the Duchess appeared to entertain against the 'fusion.'" And thereupon M. Dumas very pertinently asks whether "what in the living King was policy, was not in the

dying one remorse." It would, however, be doing injustice to the intellect of Louis Philippe, to believe that he would condemn the whole system of his life, by recommending union with the branch which he had helped to dethrone. The task of pronouncing him guilty of treason to the elder branch was accomplished by his sons, when *they* agreed to the fusion, and, by acknowledging Henri V. as King, left the world to make the inference that their father had been a usurper.

Dumas suggests that Louis Philippe remembered that the heir of the old Bourbon line was childless, and that his own heirs were next in succession. The ex-King sacrificed however more than he thought of, if he really recommended the fusion. Dumas evidently thinks that remorse may have moved the dying King to offer for a time to the excluded heir a crown which, when he himself was on the throne, he felt to be so light, and which now, at the gates of the grave, he felt to be so heavy.

It was at the close of this conversation that, feeling himself somewhat recovered, he dictated to an aide-de-camp the last page of his 'Memoirs,' in which he also made some emendations. Refreshed by the occupation, he said gaily to his medical attendant, "Ah! *pardieu*, doctor, there is one thing which I am very much inclined to do."

"What may that be, Sire?" inquired the physician.

"To prove you spoke falsely" (*C'est de vous faire mentir*), "by getting better this time."

"It would be a great happiness for me, Sire, to witness such a result, and you shall have my best efforts for such an end."

The King it was who erred. Violent fever fell upon him that night, and lasted till two in the morning. From that hour till six, the intensity of the attack diminished. The King felt better, but his debility had increased. As late as seven o'clock that morning, he declared that he felt perfectly well, that he thought the doctor was mistaken, and that he really should not depart this time. The doctor felt the royal pulse, and shook his head. At this fatal signal, Louis Philippe remarked, with a not

very dignified vivacity, born of an eager desire to live, that "the present was not a fair trial, as he had been coughing, and that coughing always accelerated the motion of the pulse." With this comment on the throbbings which mark the action of life, and with this betrayal of his great desire to live, Louis Philippe remained speechless. With loss of speech he did not lose all consciousness, and he seemed to have gained resignation. He looked benignantly on those who stood around him, and then closed his eyes on a world from which his spirit appeared to part with regret. His last half-hour was passed in a succession of sighs, the last of which was breathed out, painlessly, at 8 A.M., when the ex-Citizen King ceased to exist.

On the 2nd of September the dethroned Monarch was unostentatiously entombed within a private Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge. According to the superscription, his remains lie there "till, by God's help, they may be transferred to a place among the ashes of his ancestors." The place alluded to is Dreux, where he had raised a chapel over the remains of his maternal ancestors. Of that line Louis Philippe, in his lifetime, was weakly, if not absurdly, proud. He did not care for being the descendant of the brother of Louis XIV.: he loved to trace his descent rather from the *Grand Monarque* himself. This he could do through his mother who was the daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre. The latter was the son of that Count of Toulouse who was the illegitimate child of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. When Dumas was young, and was once serving as amanuensis to Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orléans, the latter, who was dictating a pamphlet to his secretary for the nonce, drew a comparison between himself and his "august ancestor, Louis XIV." Young Dumas was indiscreet enough to look surprised, but the Duke continued, "Yes, Dumas, *my august ancestor, Louis XIV.* To descend from Louis XIV., if it be only through his illegitimate children, is, in my eyes at least, an honour sufficiently great to be worth boasting of!" Yet this same ex-Monarch, in the days of his sans-culotteism,

when his mother was yet alive, wrote to Madame de Genlis the assurance that there were only two things on earth that he really loved—"the Republic and *her*!"

ROLL OF SOVEREIGNS OF FRANCE

From the Accession of Hugues Capet

CAPETIAN RACE

A.D.

987. Hugues Capet.
996. Robert the Wise, excommunicated.
1031. Henri I.
1060. Philip I., twice excommunicated.
1108. Louis the Fat.
1137. Louis the Young. His divorced wife married Henry II. of England.
1180. Philip Augustus.
1223. Louis VIII.
1226. Louis IX. (St Louis), died at Carthage.
1270. Philip the Hardy.
1285. Philip the Fair.
1314. Louis X.
1316. Philip the Long.
1321. Charles the Fair.

HOUSE OF VALOIS

1328. Philip VI., cousin of the last King.
1350. John, died in London.
1364. Charles V.
1380. Charles VI., died a maniac.
1422. Charles VII., died of starvation.
1461. Louis XI.
1483. Charles VIII., died of apoplexy.
1498. Louis XII., married Mary, sister of Henry VIII.
1515. Francis I.
1547. Henry II., killed at a Tournament.

1559. Francis II.
1560. Charles IX.
1574. Henry III., murdered.

HOUSE OF BOURBON

1589. Henry IV. of Navarre, murdered.
1610. Louis XIII.
1643. Louis XIV.
1715. Louis XV.
1774. Louis XVI., beheaded.

The Republic, founded in 1792, terminated in 1799. The Consulate lasted from the latter period to 1804, The Empire followed. Napoleon abdicated in 1814.

THE BOURBONS RESTORED

1814. Louis XVIII.
1824. CHARLES X., abdicated 1830.
1830. LOUIS PHILIPPE. Abdicated A.D. 1848.

The second Republic fell by the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1851. In the following year the Empire was restored in the person of Napoleon III.

CORSICA

THEODORE OF CORSICA

"I am humble who was humbled."—MRS BROWNING.

CORSICA may lay claim to notice here, in connection with France. It has never indeed had but one resident King, and *he* became a King without a sceptre; but it sent forth to Europe a family of Kings, who also were driven by necessity to descend from the thrones which they had occupied. In order of time, precedency must be given to the man of less note; and we shall first find ourselves with him in a locality where we might least expect to meet with a King.

In the year 1749 there was residing in modest lodgings in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, among Italian couriers and butlers out of place, an individual of a shabby-genteel appearance, yet with a dashing, adventurer look about him, who excited no particular attention, until he was one day arrested for debt, and *that*, as his neighbours said, at the suit or through the intrigues of the Genoese Minister then in London.

The prisoner was, in fact, not so much a sceptreless as a wandering King. But, from the moment of his arrest, his royalty was shattered for ever. The demand against him was for £450, and, in default of payment or security, his Majesty was consigned to the King's Bench prison. His story is a singular one. His name was Theodore Stephen de Neuhoff. By descent he was a Westphalian; in rank a Baron. His father, having lost caste among Westphalian nobles, by marrying a merchant's daughter, emigrated to Lorraine, where Theodore was born, about the year 1696. He lost his parents at an early period of

his life, served the Duke of Orléans in the quality of page, and began manhood beneath the banner of Charles XII. The intelligence and activity of Theodore recommended him to the ministers of the Swedish King as an efficient political agent. He undertook private missions to several courts, and sometimes on very delicate business. He suddenly left London, on something more than suspicion being excited that he was a Jacobite agent; and, after a brief career of a rather vagabond quality, he took service in Spain, where he married, ill-treated, and deserted the daughter of Lord Kilmalloch, by whom he had one son, who was subsequently well-known in London by the title of Colonel Frederick.

The Baron next appeared as agent or confederate in Law's Mississippi scheme; and when that bubble had burst, he, ever fortunate, entered the Imperial service. This led to his subsequent brief royalty in Corsica. That island,—after passing from the Carthaginians to the Romans, from these to the Saracens, from whom it was taken by a Lieutenant of Charlemagne, Governor of Genoa,—was ultimately possessed and most cruelly ruled by the Genoese. Against these latter masters the Corsicans were for ever rising in revolt, which issued in their obtaining terms which were invariably violated. One of these insurrections broke out when Neuhoff was in the Imperial service, and, as appeal had been made to the Emperor, the Baron was sent, as a sort of commissioner, to report on the condition of things as they then existed in the island.

The commissioner acted so skilfully, and inflamed, so adroitly, the quarrel between the islanders and the subjects of the Doge, that a Corsican deputation, recognizing in him their *Deus ex machinâ*, besought him to become at once their deliverer and prince. The Baron discovered, however, that none of the European Courts would countenance any innovation in the government of the island. His quickness of wit, nevertheless, soon carried him to the desired end. Austria was at war with Turkey, and the Baron having conveyed to the Porte some useful, but not honest, suggestions, tending

to the ruin of Austria and the triumph of the Ottomans, the Sultan agreed to furnish means to enable the Baron to hold Corsica under the suzerainty of the Sublime Porte!

The Corsicians knew nothing of the second character in which their deliverer came, on the 15th of March, 1736. On that day he landed at Aleria, from a twenty-four-gun brig, which carried English colours. Following the brig were two transports laden with ammunition and provisions, regimental clothing, and Turkish sequins, all in very considerable quantities. The stranger was hailed with acclamations, and exactly a month after his arrival, he was elected King, by the style and title of Theodore I., King of Corsica and Capraja. He was crowned with a laurel wreath, and the title declared to be hereditary in his family.

The Corsicans found Theodore a sort of King Stork. His energy and activity were immense; and his cruelty was in proportion with both. He overturned everything, in order to construct anew. He looked upon the people as savages, who required to be tamed and civilized. He disregarded their prejudices, trampled on their customs, which had the force of law, and alienated the priesthood by hinting at the necessity for establishing a new form of faith. He silenced those who opposed him, by consigning them to death; and when the Doge of Genoa, preparatory to a formidable attack upon him, published an account of his past life, so coloured as to render him ridiculous, contemptible, and even detestable in the eyes of the Corsicans, he replied in manifestos of such tumid and burlesque vulgarity as to justify all that was asserted by the government of Genoa.

He had reigned only eight months, but he had outlived the liking of his subjects. He promised, protested, and deceived; but he daily felt his position to be one of increasing peril. It is however a singular fact, that when he quitted Corsica, so far from doing so under compulsion, he assigned as a cause for his temporary absence, the necessity under which he laboured, to obtain from foreign powers that aid against the enemy

which he was now about to seek for in person. He left a council of regency, took solemn leave, promised soon to return, and became again a vagabond in Europe.

Theodore was for awhile among the "lions" of the London world. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Mann (March 1749), says, "I believe I told you that King Theodore is here; I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow, at Lady Schaub's. I have a curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up."

He had not been long resident in London when he was arrested for the sum, and under the circumstances, before mentioned.

Walpole describes Theodore as living "in a privileged place," which Mount Street could not well have been; and he adds, "His creditors seized him by making him believe Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance: he bit at it, and concluded that they were both to be reinstated at once. I have desired Hogarth to go and steal his picture for me, though I suppose one might easily buy a sitting of him."

The unfortunate monarch would have starved in prison, but for the compassion of a few of the aristocracy, and some merchants, who supplied him from time to time with sums for his support. He maintained a dignified appearance in prison; but, like Mr Dorrit, he condescendingly received "testimonials" from visitors; and it is said that these benefactions were handed to him as he sat under a canopy consisting of the top of a half-tester bedstead. Nor was he satisfied with the mere semblance of royalty; he exercised one at least of its prerogatives, by conferring the order of knighthood. Of course the *fees of office* demanded on the occasion were welcome to the ex-King; and the title of "Sir" was often prefixed in sport before the name of any new Knight of the Order of Deliverance. The sword with which the captive monarch created his chevaliers, was finally presented by him to Dr Milner, of Maidstone, in grateful acknowledgment of benefits received.

In 1753, Walpole paid a welcome homage to the ex-King by publishing a paper in the 'World,' with the motto "*Date obolum Belisario.*" "This Prince," says the aristocratic republican, "after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscarried, as Cato and other patriot-heroes had done before him. For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no means untried which indefatigable policy or solicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown. At last, when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement;—not to indulge a voluptuous, inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix on the Corsicans. Here, for some months, he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown, than Charles V., Casimir of Poland, or any of those philosophic visionaries who wantonly resigned them in order to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiets, of a cloister." After placing Theodore above James II., the republican monarchist adds, "The veracity of an historian obliges me not to disguise the bad situation of his Corsican Majesty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench Prison; and so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of Parliament he was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the hardships to which the prisoners in that gaol had been subject. Yet, let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His Majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence, of his own; no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His life was philosophic, his diet humble, his robes decent; yet his butcher, his landlady, and his tailor could not continue to supply an establishment which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excises, no lotteries, to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies."

A subscription was opened, at "Tully's Head, Pall-Mall, for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican Majesty;" and Dodsley, the bookseller, was advertised as "high treasurer and grand librarian of Corsica." The result of the application disappointed Theodore, and disgusted Walpole. The former was disappointed at the smallness of the sum raised; the latter was disgusted at the conduct of the King, whom, in a letter to Mann, in the following April, he thus irreverently treats:—"I must now tell you how I have been treated by an old friend of yours. The rogue in question is a monarch. I wrote (a paper in the 'World') to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His Majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name: take notice, too, that he had accepted the money. Dodsley, you may believe, laughed at the lawyer; but that does not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed, have made an excellent suit!—a printer prosecuted, suppose, for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country! But I have done with countenancing Kings."

These two estimates of a character made by the same person in one and the same year, are characteristic of the variableness of the writer. In April, he declares that fifty pounds are above the deserts of a bad man whom, two months before, he had preferred to Charles V., and placed on a level with Cato; and whom he now pronounces to be no king at all,—although we shall find him again asserting the right of Theodore to the high-sounding appellation.

During the two following years Theodore is said to have received some assistance from an individual who gave lessons in foreign languages, and who gave himself out as being the son of the royal debtor. In the year

1756 he "took the benefit of the Insolvent Act;" and his schedule registered the kingdom of Corsica, for the benefit of his creditors, and declared that he "had no other estate or effects but in right of that kingdom." He was liberated in December, but he took up his residence within the Liberty of the Fleet. Increased distress threatening him, he repaired to the Portuguese Ambassador, in South Audley Street, near his old residence in Mount Street, to ask for aid. Without a penny in his pocket to pay for the conveyance, he engaged a chair; and when he was set down at the Ambassador's, his Excellency was "not at home." Perplexed in the extreme, he prevailed on the reluctant chairman to carry him to No. 5, Little Chapel Street, Soho, where lived an honest tailor, known to Theodore, and in whose compassionate character, he was not mistaken, for the poor fellow received the still poorer fellow who needed charity and obtained what he needed. The ex-King was in a state of inanition, and was indeed past recovery. He lay down on the humble bed of his friend the tailor, and died there the next day. A subscription was talked of, to defray the expenses of the royal funeral; but an oilman, well-to-do, in Compton Street, Soho, whose name was Wright, and who was not without a particular vanity, declared that he was "determined for once in his life to have the honour of burying a king." He undertook to defray the expenses. They amounted only to £10, 11*s.* 2*d.*; but the "opulent oilman" would not pay more than eight guineas; and the bill of Mr Hubbard, "at the Four Coffins and Crown, in New Street, near Broad Street, Carnaby Market, St James's, Westminster," bears the unsatisfactory mark of "balance due, £2, 3*s.* 2*d.*"

The body, after lying in such "state" as could be got up for it, at the poor tailor's, was buried on the 15th December, 1756. Three weeks later, Walpole writes to Mann, "Your old royal guest, King Theodore, is gone to the place which, it is said, levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from the one to the other." In September, 1757, Walpole

writes to the same correspondent, at Florence,—where Theodore was residing when the Corsican deputation offered to elect him king,—"I am putting up a stone in St Anne's Churchyard, for your old friend, King Theodore; in short, his history is too remarkable to be let perish. Mr Bentley says that I am not only an antiquarian, but prepare materials for future antiquarians. You will laugh to hear, that, when I sent the inscription to the vestry, for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily, they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown, exactly copied from his coin: "Near this place is interred, Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish, December 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison, by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency; in consequence of which, he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors."

"The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and Kings.
But Theodore this lesson learned, ere dead;
Fate poured its lessons on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

"I would have served him," adds the epitaph-writer, "if a King, even in a gaol, could have been an honest man;" and with this "fling" at the *genus* and the individual, he dismisses the subject.

Nearly forty years after King Theodore was consigned to the grave in St Anne's, an old man, one night in February, 1796, walked from a coffee-house at Storey's Gate to Westminster Abbey. Under one of the porches there, he put a pistol to his head, pulled the trigger, and fell dead. The old man was the reputed son of Theodore, —Colonel Frederick. The latter had for many years been familiar to the inhabitants of London, and remarkable for his gentlemanlike bearing and his striking eccentricities. He had fulfilled many employments, and had witnessed many strange incidents. Not the

least strange, perhaps, was his once dining at Dolly's with Count Poniatowski, when neither the son of the late King of Corsica, nor he who was the future King of Poland, had enough between them to discharge their reckoning. Distress drove him to suicide, and his remains rest by the side of those of his father. He left a daughter, who was married to a Mr Clark, of the Dartmouth Custom-house. A daughter, one of the four children of this marriage, was established in London, at the beginning of this century, where she earned a modest livelihood as an authoress and artist. Her card ran thus:—

Miss Clark,

Granddaughter of the late Colonel Frederick, Son of Theodore, King of Corsica,

PAINTS LIKENESSES IN MINIATURE,

FROM TWO TO THREE GUINEAS.

No. 116, NEW BOND STREET.

Hours of Attendance from Twelve in the Morning until Four.

After all, this was not so startling a reverse as that endured by the son of Aristides, who sang ballads in the streets of Athens, in order to procure bread.

The fall of the ex-King Theodore, however, gave bread to the ballad-makers. In 1787, an opera was played at the King's Theatre, of which Theodore and the Sultan Achmet were the heroes. It was a bad opera, for which the Emperor of Germany had paid the author £1000, because he looked upon it as a political satire against the enemies of the Empire. "The learned," says Walpole, who saw it, "call the music good; but there is nothing to show the humour and action of the Storace and Morelli."

Three years previous to the death of the ex-King Theodore, the Corsicans chose for their General the celebrated Pascal Paoli. The defeat of Paoli by the Count de Vaux, in 1769, drove the former to seek a

refuge in England. In 1774, the island fell into the power of the French. Twenty years later, in 1794, the Corsicans acknowledged George III. for their sovereign. Sir Gilbert Elliott was appointed Viceroy, and he opened a parliament in 1795. In October, the following year, the people declared for France. In the year of Paoli's defeat a child had been born in Ajaccio, who was indeed then of little note, but, in the period when the island declared for France, that child had grown into the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and his name was already a "household word" in Europe;—Napoleon Bonaparte.

A FAMILY OF KINGS

"Celui qui couvrit la terre de ses légions, la parcourut victorieux, et la trouva trop petite pour sa gloire, fut restreint à l'immobile oisiveté d'un étroite insulaire." —*Brochure Anonyme.*

WHEN a dish of poisoned figs had disposed of the life of Benedict XI. (1304), the French party in the conclave of Cardinals, who were almost starved to death before they were agreed, or properly inspired,—and at the head of which party was Cardinal Napoleon Orsini,—carried the election in favour of Bernard de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux. Bernard became that Clement V. who remained in France till the end of his pontificate.

There was a strong anti-French feeling in various parts of Italy. It was nowhere stonger than at Florence; and in Florence it especially manifested itself in a noble but decayed family,—the family of the Bonapartes.

In those days political differences were not argued out, but fought out; and they who were the weaker in such argument suffered death or exile. Among such sufferers were these Bonapartes. In common with many other Florentine exiles, they made a temporary home in Lunigiana, and there bided their time.

How long they remained there waiting on Providence, or at what period the "De Buonapartes" first emigrated to Corsica, is so little known as to render even conjecture useless. Among the archives of the island is a deed, to which an ancient date is arbitrarily assigned, and in which a De Buonaparte has the prefix "Messer," indicating a person of gentlemanly degree.

On the 15th of August, 1769, there was an execution at Marseilles. A person of low degree had struck a noble gentleman, who had carried off the ignoble individual's daughter. The poor fellow abused the law, and that sacred head thereof, the King, because he was denied both law and justice in this case. The crowd who saw him suffer cursed the King as deeply as the victim had done, and one among them was heard to express a wish that Heaven would sweep the kingdom of a race by which it was so oppressed. The speaker suffered for his boldness, but his wish was granted. On that day, there was born in the little house of a lawyer, in Corsica, the child who was to occupy the throne of the *Grand Monarque*, and give the law to continental Europe:—namely, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon was born at Ajaccio, He was the second son in a family which ultimately reckoned thirteen children. Of these, eight survived, five sons and three girls. The father, Charles Bonaparte, had married the handsome "Lætitia" when the latter was only in her fifteenth year. The mother lived to witness the unparalleled rise and fall of her children.

The house at Ajaccio was the home of many virtues and very small ambition. The "practice" of the advocate was not extensive; and the anxiety of the parents for the future welfare of their large family was great. It extended from indolent Joseph in his teens, whom his younger brother Napoleon was continually teazing or thumping, to the little Jerome who, in 1784, was in his cradle, and who is now seated under the shadow of the throne of his imperial nephew.

When Mr Ridley wrote the 'Tales of the Genii,' he never imagined anything so gloriously improbable as

would have been, in 1784, the idea of a friend who, looking in upon the circle at the lawyer's house in Ajaccio, should have dared to promise the mother that all these eight children should be, one an Emperor, three of them Kings, one a Prince,—and that the girls should enjoy or endure a destiny equally brilliant. In no fairy legend are crowns and coronets scattered among an entire family. But fairy-legends are dull and matter-of-fact compared with the grand romance of this lawyer's household;—a romance, which has not *yet* come to an end. And yet, in the lawyer's home, nothing could be less romantic than the routine which was there observed. The children, says the Abbé Nasica, "were brought up simply, after the fashion of their country, and with a primitive strictness. It was almost as if you were living in a convent. Prayers, sleep, study, refreshment, pleasure, promenade,—everything went by rule and measure. The greatest harmony, a tender and sincere affection, prevailed among all the members of the family. It was in those days a pattern to the town, as it afterwards became its ornament and boast."

After his tenth year, Napoleon was only occasionally in his paternal home. In 1779, an anonymous pamphlet, the author of which was watching the inevitable course of things, foretold that if the people of France had not as much prudence as patriotism, the result would be not only a sanguinary revolution, but that some stranger would appear among them, and make himself despotic master of the kingdom. The stranger had just landed on the French coast, a boy ten years of age, on his way to the military school at Brienne.

Four years later, he held the commission of a Lieutenant of Artillery; was subsequently mixed up in the revolutionary movement in Corsica; and though it was eight years before he reached the rank of Captain, yet in the year in which he was raised to that degree, he became Colonel of artillery, captured Toulon from the Royalists, and was made General of Brigade (1793). Only two years previously, Walpole wrote to the Countess of Ossory:—"To conjecture what will happen,

or how" (in France) "would be foolish; but these new events" (the return of the King and Queen to Paris) "do not make me believe at all more in the duration of chaos, though they may protract it. I see nothing like system, and *full as little anything like a great man.* The very impulse given by the flight and recapture of the King, must add vast fermentation to twenty millions of heads, already turned; and *much good may it do anybody who attempts to sober them!*" The great man whom Walpole could not see, was the young artillery officer, who undertook to sober the Sections, and whose success formed the first step which led him, the son of a lawyer of Corsica, to an imperial throne. Walpole was right in saying that, when he wrote, conjecture of what might happen in France would be folly.

In 1794, the General fell under the suspicion of the authorities, was dismissed from active service, and would perhaps have sunk into oblivion, had not the Convention been threatened with annihilation by the Sections, and Barras bethought himself that his young friend Bonaparte was just the man to put forward in such a difficulty. This was in 1795.

The Convention had framed a new constitution, which sorely offended the Parisians. It deprived them of much of their electoral rights, and drove them into a rebellion, which was suppressed chiefly by the musketry and cannon directed against the insurrectionists by Bonaparte. He sprang into reputation; and between this rise and his final fall in 1815, there stood exactly a score of years,—which were spent in marvellous activity.

In the following year, and within three months, the young General defeated the Austrians at Monte-Notte, Millesimo, and Lodi, and laid heavy exactions on the Holy See, despite the remonstrances of the Pope. In the same year, he again defeated the Austrians at Castiglione and Arcola. Five signal triumphs over the same enemy, within the single year 1796! In the following year, he beat them again, at Rivoli; and after granting an armistice to his astounded foe, and overrunning the Venetian States, he crossed to Egypt, and

fought the battle of the Pyramids in 1798, and that of Aboukir, 1799. He besieged Acre, unsuccessfully, returned to France, and was made Consul for ten years.

We are accustomed to speak complacently of the blindness of Napoleon in not effecting an alliance with England. The fact, however, is, that he more than once sought to be at peace with us, but the necessity of the times made of England his constant and most generous adversary. Meanwhile, the victories of Montebello and Marengo, won from the Austrians in 1800, were followed by preparations to invade England, in 1801, and the elevation of Napoleon to the Consulship for life, and the institution of the Legion of Honour in 1802. The Peace of Amiens, concluded that year, was broken in 1803. In 1804, Napoleon was crowned Emperor of the French, and in 1805, he crowned himself King of Italy. In this same year, he offered us a peace, which we rejected; but, in place of invading England, he again assailed Austria, captured the Austrian army, at Ulm, and brought the year to a triumphant close, by his annihilation of the combined hosts of Austria and Russia, at Austerlitz. He was then just half-way between his elevation and his fall. Of this, however, he knew nothing, for, as Gerald Massey finely expresses it,—

"The chariot wheels
Of coming vengeance spin too swift for sight."

In 1806, Prussia affected to be able to chastise the disturber of Europe, and was, in her turn, overwhelmed and crushed at Jena. In 1807, Napoleon gained a victory over the Czar, at Eylau; and after defeating the Czar and the King of Prussia, at Friedland, in the same year, he paused in his career.

Between Friedland and Eckmühl, where he defeated the Austrian Archduke Charles (1809), two years elapsed. Then came the check at Essling, which proved that he who was giving the thrones of Europe to his brothers and followers, was not invincible. The serious check

at Essling, however, was avenged by the triumphant day at Wagram, when Napoleon once more overthrew his old adversaries, the Austrians. Of victories, he had no more for three years. In the course of that period occurred his marriage with Maria Louisa, and his renewed offer of amity with England, which was again declined.

Thereupon commenced the downfall of the Empire, by the expedition against Russia,—the march to Moscow, and the flight to Paris. In 1812, Napoleon beat the Russians at Champ Sacré and Moscowa; but ruin followed. It was stayed for awhile by the five victories of 1813, gained at Lützen and at Wurschen, over the Russians and Prussians; at Dresden and at Wachau, over the same enemies and the Austrians; and at Hanau, over the Austrians and Bavarians. But his enemies were bent on dethroning him, and the Allies entered France. Upon that territory he won (in 1814) the victories of Champ-Aubert over the Russians, of Mont-Mirail over those and their Prussian Allies, of Montereau over the Würtembergers, and of Craone over the forces of Russia and Prussia. But these victories were rendered nugatory by the defeat of divisions of his army where Napoleon could not be present. The Allies entered Paris; and the Emperor, retiring to Fontainebleau, saw one by one fall away from him,—all, save a faithful few, of those warriors whose deeds in arms he had rewarded by kingly fortunes.

He hoped against hope, dreamed of a last struggle, was convinced of his entire helplessness, and signed his abdication.

The "farewell" of Fontainebleau had been uttered. Napoleon had solaced his Guard by telling them that he would in his leisure be the historian of their deeds. Some officers present, who could not follow him, broke their swords. Fréjus was reached, not without peril; and on the 28th of April, 1814, the exile was afloat on board the 'Undaunted,' and under the guardianship of Captain Ussher and other officers. He astonished all

around him by his knowledge of maritime affairs; charmed all by his affability; and gave all something to meditate upon, by the monition that their respective Governments would do well to watch Russia, whose ambition was vaster and more menacing than *his* had ever been.

On the 3rd of May he landed on the island which he had selected for his kingdom. His new subjects were proud of the honour; and a homage was rendered to Napoleon, at once hearty and simple. There were many in the island however who at first would neither attend his dinners nor join his evening parties. On one occasion, one hundred and twenty were invited, and only twenty appeared, to enjoy the proffered hospitality.

From the first day, Napoleon entered on the business of his kingdom, its revenues, productions, prospects, alliances, army, and national flag, as zealously as though he were content to reside there for ever. All these matters failed to give him sufficiency of occupation. The monotony became wearisome to all; and it would have been intolerable, but for the general conviction that there would soon ensue a change of scene and a time for action. The once master of continental Europe professed to be resigned to his island home, and the care of his cows and chickens. No one believed in this resignation. Josephine had touched his heart by the note from Malmaison, in which were the words, "Say one word, and I leave here." He did not require the comforter. His mother and his sister Eliza arrived in the island, as if to establish a household and set gaiety flowing in a perpetual spring. It was the better to conceal an object to which he was helped by the sublime imbecility of the Bourbons. There were pleasant little words dropped to his troops, an incessant interchange of expresses, arrivals and departures of visitors, — and suddenly the captive had escaped! On the 29th of February, 1815, his face was turned towards France; and when the news of his landing reached the Congress at Vienna, the potentates there were listening to the French Vaudeville *La Danse Interrompue.*

Napoleon landed at Cannes, near Fréjus, on the 1st of March, 1815. In one month and four days he entered Paris. Within the next three weeks he became aware that his position was one of extreme peril, and that France rather accepted than welcomed him. At the end of another two months he had fought his last fight at Waterloo, and was deserted by victory. Five days after the battle, the Emperor signed his abdication in favour of his son, whom the Senate acknowledged as Napoleon II. The unsceptred monarch expressed a desire to be permitted to pass the remainder of his days in England or in America. Within a month after the fatal day at Waterloo, he placed himself under the protection of the British flag, on board the 'Bellerophon,' Captain Maitland. He was thence transferred to the 'Northumberland,' on board of which vessel he was conveyed to St Helena, as "the prisoner of Europe." He arrived at his last dwelling-place on the 15th October. Exactly one year before, he had been playing at cards with his mother, in his little saloon in the island of Elba; and as that illustrious lady was about to rise, after losing the game, her imperial son said to her, laughingly, "Pay your debts, Madam, pay your debts!" Since that time, Napoleon had played a more serious game against a host of adversaries, and had been defeated. The winners called upon him to pay the penalty.

He was but forty-six years of age,—scarcely past the prime of life,—when this game of ambition was played out, and he became politically dead. They who least regretted his fall evinced some respect for the victim of so complete a catastrophe. The only exception to this was on the part of the Bourbonite pamphleteers. *Their* exultation found such indecent expression, as to win for them the contempt of moderate men, who otherwise shared their opinions.

It is difficult to suppose that at any period of Napoleon's wonderful career he was hardly known in England. Southey however has recorded the fact, that when the greatest of continental captains was exciting the astonishment of all Europe,—"poor old Mrs Poole

said to her son, 'My dear, who is this Dr Solomon, that all the world's talking about?'" She was an invalid, and the Balm of Gilead was more to her than a dozen revolutions.

From the terrible field of Waterloo to the calm and solitary island in the Atlantic, was a wide step; quickly, however reluctantly, made. The palaces of Francis the First and Louis le Grand, and a lodging in a couple of rooms at Mr Balcombe's, presented wide contrasts. The extremes were not greater than were to be discovered in the man himself. He who had set the crown on his own head, who had given the law to Europe, had swept victoriously across so many fields, and had struggled so furiously and so ineffectually on the last of them all, was, beneath Mr Balcombe's roof, willingly dependent on others, cautious not to disturb the domestic economy, and, as apt as Alcibiades to adapt himself to circumstances, was "a child among the children." The hero of Austerlitz played at blind-man's buff; and he allowed little Miss Balcombe to enjoy all the delight she could find in dropping sealing-wax on one of the fairest hands that ever belonged to a soldier.

That soldier, who had in the space of a few years filled the world with wonder, Europe with ruin, and France with glory and tears, had now before him little more than five years and a half, wherein to meditate upon what he had done, adjust his mantle ere he fell, and finally die with decency.

His subjects for meditation were many and heavy. In his brief yet brilliant career, he had surpassed all other conquerors since Osymandyas, the first warlike King who desolated the earth, or Palamedes of Argos, the earliest ranger of an army in battle array. No monarch had ever been so stricken as Napoleon, with that fondness for war which has been called by Erasmus the "malady of princes." His struggle with England cost us £1,159,000,000. The six Peninsular campaigns cost France, in men, 600,000 lives. The Allies did not suffer less. 1,200,000 beings perished in one corner of

Europe alone. From this sacrifice of men and money, in a portion only of the unparalleled struggle, may be guessed at what fearful cost Napoleon had maintained a few years of glory, and covered France, at last, with an invading and triumphant enemy.

Europe now held him prisoner, and England had charge of his person. He had hated her more bitterly than any of his enemies. He had seen the immense advantages to be derived from peace, if not an alliance with England; and he had never been able to render such a circumstance agreeable but to the eyes of a few statesmen in Great Britain. He was, nevertheless, ever ready to acknowledge the prowess of his great adversary. He confessed his inability to deprive that enemy of the empire of the sea; and at Waterloo, while Ney admired the bravery of the red lines and squares of the English infantry, Napoleon rendered full justice to the "terribles chevaux gris."

He had said that his captivity should be devoted to the recording of the deeds of his army. Before he entered on that retiring-time, and when the business of the monarch was of the most absorbing, he was no unjust, although a proud, commentator on the achievements of the troops under his command. M. Bausset tells us, that on Napoleon's return from the campaign at Austerlitz, M. Denon was introduced to him at breakfast, with his hands full of medals. The series of these medals commenced at the departure of the army from Boulogne for the Rhine: the first had on one side the head of Napoleon, and on the reverse an eagle grasping a leopard. "What does that mean?" said Napoleon. "Sire," said Denon, "that is the French eagle choking in its claws a leopard, one of the attributes of the arms of England." "I was in an ecstasy of delight," says Bausset, "when I saw the Emperor throw the medal of gold violently to the bottom of the saloon, saying to M. Denon, "Vile flatterer! how dare you say that the French eagle chokes the English leopard? I cannot put a fishing-boat to sea but the English seize it. It is the English

leopard, I think, that chokes the French eagle. Have this medal melted directly, and never present me with another like it!" Running over the other medals, and taking up the one of Austerlitz, he found fault with the composition of it, and again ordered poor M. Denon to have it melted. "Put only on one side Battle of Austerlitz, with its date; and on the other the French, the Austrian, and the Russian eagles. We need not tell posterity which was the conqueror.'"

This was the vanquished enemy whom Europe held. As the greatest of captives, he was not dishonoured, though irretrievably beaten. As a quaint writer remarks,—

"He that is valiant and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's *a lease for lives to come*,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant. 'T is a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's *truckle-bed*."

It is to be regretted that the years of the uncrowned time of a man who had filled such a position in the world should have been deficient in calm and majestic dignity. This indeed was as little to be found in those who held, as in him who was holden. There was exasperation mingled with joy, in the captors; there was the bitter sense, the smarting pain of an irrecoverable fall, in the captured. But if there was a pitiable lack of dignity on either side, the chief cause lay, not in the principal parties, but in the subordinates. Napoleon was surrounded by weak, faithful, foolish, and not over-veracious companions in exile. These would not permit him to be resigned to a condition of existence, almost intolerable indeed, but which was never likely to be ameliorated, while such men stood between him and his victors. A wild bison, on a lonely prairie, grand and

fearful in his solitude, is a spectacle that has its sublimity; but if the monarch of the plains, pricked to it by the stings of the parasitical animals that cling to him, takes to rolling on his back, flinging his hoofs in the air, and lashing his tail through the grass, he simply looks ridiculous in his helplessness. It was just so with Napoleon in his retirement. There was no dignity in it, till he ceased to be influenced by the meddlings of his too-officious followers. When he devoted himself to gardening he became as worthy of respect as Caius Valerius Jovius, at Salona.

Let it be now confessed that the provocation did not come entirely from the same side. The allied sovereigns had no more right to degrade the Emperor to the rank of a General, than they might have had to reduce Bavaria, which had been raised from an Electorate to a Kingdom by Napoleon, back to an Electorate. The pertinacity with which his followers, in their applications to the authorities, spoke of their master as "the Emperor," might have been wisely allowed to pass unnoticed. The way in which Sir George Cockburn affected to be entirely ignorant of the existence of any such personage as an "Emperor" on the island, was unworthy of so gallant an officer. He was well aware that the once master of Europe,—the son-in-law of the German Kaiser,—the conqueror to whom Russia had feloniously offered at Tilsit to sacrifice her allies, and with him to divide the world,—the potentate, for audience with whom kings had patiently tarried in his antechamber,—the Emperor who, by virtue of his imperial power, had made Bavaria a kingdom and permitted his lieutenant to be heir to the crown of Sweden, only to be paid in treachery by both those highly benefited parties,—Sir George knew that this "Emperor," who was not indeed any longer Emperor of the French, was on the island; and if it was pitiful to deny to him the title, it was ignoble to do so in terms of rudeness. But it was the humour of the day to gratify the Bourbons, who themselves were ignoble under every circumstance save calamity; and it was the fashion to ridicule the pretensions of the followers of

Napoleon, who clung to him after his fall. We forgot that the unfounded pretensions of Edward III. to the French throne had, failing all else, been asserted by Harding to be unassailable, on the ground.

> "That Christ was King, *by his mother*, of Judæa;
> Which sykerer side is aye, as thinketh me."

Sir Hudson Lowe manifested much more sense when he proposed that the name "Napoleon Bonaparte" should be employed, as one which might be as justly used on one side as acknowledged by the other. But then Sir Hudson himself, who had one of those difficult missions which he could not accomplish to the satisfaction of any party,—Montholon confessed that an archangel from Heaven could not have succeeded,—exhibited a manifold lack of judgment when he invited "General Bonaparte" to dinner, to meet the Countess of Loudon and Moira. It is due to the reputation of Napoleon for courtesy, to state that, on this occasion, where a lady was concerned, he overlooked what he was otherwise instigated to regard as an affront; and he wrote to the Countess, informing her that he should have been happy to meet her, but that she was beyond his "limit." The latter signified the twelve-mile boundary which Napoleon could not cross without an English officer being in close attendance on him; a regulation which, however necessary, was to *him* inexpressibly odious.

The Imperial prisoner had himself suggested a plan to obviate any further protocolling on the subject of names and titles. It was a sensible compromise, by which he proposed to take the *incognito* title of Baron Duroc or Count Meudon. Nothing however came of it; and yet this small concession might have been granted to a man who, in his little day, had seemed able to accomplish any object, except inducing Maria Louisa to visit Josephine.

Napoleon was certainly the most troublesome, as well as the most illustrious, prisoner, ever confided to mortal guardianship. It was no dishonourable post for a gallant soldier to be the host of one so famous,—of

one who should have been the guest, under certain restraint, of a host who could mingle courtesy with firmness, and make delicate attention compatible with duty. Under the circumstances this was impossible. Between the Government at home, who encouraged the communications of a spy on the actions and conversation of Napoleon, and the petulance of the Emperor's followers, whose chorus of complaints was made for the purpose of compelling a liberty which receded from their view, because of their own extravagance, Sir Hudson Lowe was worried into fears, suspicions, passions, rash acts, foolish words, sacrifice of a respectable character, and the loss of a desirable pension. There were faults on all sides, and blind prejudice, and wonderful pettiness; but these were not so much in the principals as in those who stood behind them. Napoleon regretted the weakness of being rendered passionate by what he considered insulting conduct on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe. He also denounced the distortion of truth, which was the weakness of Count Bertrand; and he despised the officious mendacity, which was the characteristic of Santini. On the other hand, Sir Hudson Lowe was never intentionally disrespectful; but his instructions were precise, and he was not of those generous minds that can dare to transgress and to judge for themselves. Napoleon was probably not very incorrect when he remarked to Sir Hudson, "You pay compliments while you stick pins in us."

This was in some degree true. Napoleon, for instance, knew of the arrival of a lock of hair from his son, and that it was for some time detained from him. A bust of the ex-King of Rome was also withheld for several days, under some doubt of the propriety, or some fear of the peril, of forwarding it. Books addressed to the "Emperor" were kept back, and volumes forwarded by the "Emperor" were not sent to their destination, But then the offerings made to the exile often arrived in the island by unpermitted ways and means; this caused anger and it suggested watchfulness; but these things

were not in themselves causes of discourtesy on the part of Sir Hudson; and on the other hand, Napoleon was not particular when his gratification was in view. The Emperor would accept with great delight a gift of good coffee, even though it were addressed to "*General*" Bonaparte."

There was one point of discipline which caused more annoyance to every party than any other regulation which the Governor was compelled to enforce, or to which Napoleon refused to submit. This was his being *seen* twice within the twenty-four hours, by an officer. The Emperor himself had once remarked that from the sublime to the ridiculous there was only a step. That step was the one between the fallen Emperor and the officer who was for ever endeavouring to get a glance at him, and from whom the illustrious captive was constantly "dodging." Poor Captain Nichols was sometimes on his feet during twelve hours, hovering round the house at Longwood, endeavouring his very utmost to perform his painful duty courteously, and finding constant obstruction in his way. At one time the best proof that could be got of the safe custody of the captive, was the ringing of the bell of his private room! On another occasion the officer was obliged to be content with perceiving Napoleon's cocked-hat swaying from side to side at the dinner-table; but he could not tell on whose head it might have been. Again, considerable was the satisfaction, on another occasion, at perceiving Napoleon on horseback, taking a healthy ride within his limits, and attended by one of his household. The officer had the captive in view during this equestrian excursion, by means of his glass. The ride occurred more than once, but suspicion seems to have been aroused with regard to the chief horseman. With the arousing of suspicion, down went delicacy; and the rider, on being confronted, turned out to be a priest who had assumed something like the dress of the Emperor, and was proud to pass for the great man, who was on his sofa, or in the bath, laughing at the trick put upon those who had him in custody.

The fatigue to the officer who had to report the presence of the Emperor was excessive. On his delicately intimating to some of the chief officials of the household that his duty might be facilitated by them without inconvenience to their master, it was gravely proposed to him to "peep through the key-hole." To this degradation however he would not submit; and when they were almost as weary as he, they would come to his relief by lifting a blind for him, so that from the exterior of the house he could obtain a rapid glance into the interior of the room in which Napoleon was walking or sitting. Or his officers, by means of some of the children about the establishment, would allure him, for a moment, to the window overlooking the garden. The overseer, if we may so speak, once reported his having seen Napoleon, in this way, with a red handkerchief round his head, and looking ghastly. In fact his health was suffering from his obstinate refusal to go out or take exercise. The refusal was natural enough in such a man. It must have been in the highest degree irksome to him to be watched; and the idea that every occurrence out of the common way which took place at Longwood was telegraphed to the Government House, was insupportable.

He generally contrived to get rid of importunate visitors by an announcement that he was in the bath. Nor was this always an excuse. He was excessively fond of the bath. In Europe he was never known to omit its daily use, except under extraordinary circumstances. He was used to follow it up by rubbing his body over with *Eau de Cologne;* and the only additional luxury he ever cared for, was that of changing his linen several times during the twenty-four hours.

Another of the difficulties of this captivity was this very question of linen. There was a scarcity of that very necessary article for the use of the Emperor; but Sir Hudson was anxious to supply that and every other deficiency, if certain forms were observed; but it was said *for* rather than *by* Napoleon, that he would rather wear his shirt till it fell from his back, than apply

formally or a fresh supply of linen. Of course, his own means were ample enough to supply him with anything he lacked; but nothing could reach him without being subjected to previous examination. Even when the good-natured French Commissioners offered to send him some *haricot beans*, and asked him whether he preferred the *white* or the *green*, there was an uneasy suspicion in the Governor's mind that some dreadful meaning was disguised under this allusion to the Bourbon and the Imperial colours. The Governor might have had less suspicion of a man whom he could compel to retire within-doors by nine o'clock, and whose only crown now was the one cut in the turf, between the tent which temporarily served him, and the house in which he sojourned for awhile, at the Briars.

Amid all the annoyances, the exasperations, and the disappointed hopes which marked the dreary season of his seclusion, the mind of Napoleon remained exceedingly clear, and it was willingly employed on both retrospect and futurity. He discussed, on one occasion, the project of what is now becoming a reality,—a ship-canal across the isthmus of Suez;—and it was, perhaps, no symptom of a more than ordinary intelligence which can be found in his remark that such a canal would facilitate the conquest of India. It was at Longwood that he concisely observed, that success in war remained with the commander who made the fewest mistakes. He would occasionally sit deep into the night, engaged in writing; and of all his convictions none were so ineradicable as that the Bourbons were an effete race, that France would be weary of them, and that a crisis would again arrive, when that country would rejoice to owe its security once more to a member of the family of Bonaparte. He was satisfied that his family alone could unite all parties under its dominion; but he argued so, probably, less from the knowledge of what his own despotic government had effected, than from the fact that he was personally of that attractive quality which could attach to his fortunes men so opposite in opinions and characters as the Jacobin Cipriani and the aristocratic Bertrand,

His studies continued to the end to be of a martial character; and he would rise half-a-dozen times in the night, to make some note on the disposition of a battle-field, when he was particularly interested in the question as to the respective merits of lines two deep, like the English, or three deep, as was then the manner, and according to him, the superior one, with the French.

Military visitors he invariably received with the greatest condescension,—but he invariably asked an Englishman, "how often he got drunk." We had an ill-odoured reputation in those days for vinous excesses; and this was the very worst sort of reputation in the eyes of a man remarkable for his sobriety, who preferred the best wine, indeed, but who drank of it sparingly, and who would have been despised by those wretched, tippling, old Scotch judges who gaily in their cups sent men to the scaffold, and who would have pronounced Napoleon as worthy of the same end, on no other ground than his wicked and malicious sobriety.

Down to the year 1819, the life of the ex-Emperor at Longwood was a continual struggle against the supremacy of the Governor. The latter was designated as an assassin; now the dampness, and anon the dryness, of the atmosphere were spoken of, as if he were in some way chargeable with either circumstance; and even the absence of trees around Longwood seemed to be a consequence of some evil proceeding of his own. Poor Sir Hudson might as well have been accused of being the cause of Lady Malcolm's defeating Napoleon at chess. The Governor had gone so far as to declare that Longwood was not a fit residence for a general officer; and yet, and in spite of its having been selected by Napoleon himself for his dwelling-place, all its *désagrémens* were now traced to some machinations of Sir Hudson's.

The true dignity of Napoleon in exile was to be seen chiefly in his in-door life; in his social intercourse with his few followers; and in his pursuits within his own little domain. When the members of his restricted Court were not at feud with each other, and when they had sufficient respect for their sovereign not to appeal to

him to be the arbiter of their dissensions, the home at Longwood had its compensations for the heavy calamity of captivity. There were evening readings,—at one time of history, at another of dramatic pieces,—and the ex-Emperor would himself condescend to read aloud scenes from Corneille, Racine, and Molière. These readings would lead to conversations, in which there was sometimes a playful affectation of forgetfulness of the imprisoned condition of those who took part in it; and Napoleon would sportively inquire of his hearers where they would prefer to spend the evening,—at the Opera, the Feydeau, or at the Théâtre Français? At other times, the newspapers would unsettle them by the paragraphs they contained, touching alleged reports that the Governments of Europe were agreed on the reasonableness of merely banishing the Emperor from Europe, and of permitting him to have the remainder of the world before him where to choose. These reports gave rise to animated discussions; and designs were projected and dreams were indulged in, and imagination set the imprisoned party free, and in fancy they were ranging the American continent in glorious unconstraint. Hermotimus himself never more completely detached his spiritual from his bodily being, than these illustrious prisoners, when a little prospect was afforded them of a possible liberty.

Even when stern realities made them sad again, Napoleon was the first to check the melancholy strain of their conversation. Bertrand, in his letter to Joseph, adds to these details that the Emperor was really above misfortune, that he seemed among his old friends to forget what he had been, and that his courage, sense, and philosophy were above all praise. Within his own circle, and when not annoyed by exaggerated statements concerning Sir Hudson Lowe, whose greatest offence was in the strict performance of his greatest duty,—a vigilance so indefatigable as to be intolerable to those who were the subjects of it,—when these matters were not too heavily pressed on the attention of the Emperor, he was, if not happy, at least of a dignified tranquillity.

No doubt he was sustained by the hope of freedom being ultimately extended to him. It was only when this hope was removed by the serious decline of his health, that he walked more frequently to the spot which he had selected for his grave, and repeated more frequently the passage from 'Zaïre,' which terminates with the line—

"A revoir Paris je ne dois plus prétendre!"

Towards the close of 1819, the noticeable decline in the health of the Emperor caused a change in the system of his life. He came more into his garden, took an interest in what was going on there, found pleasure in having children about him, and superintended the labours of his Chinese gardeners. Subsequently, he would take the spade himself, and, in a white dressing-gown and broad-brimmed straw-hat, would work with some vigour, and set an example which was followed with more or less alacrity by the great and little people of his household. He enjoyed now the innocent triumph of transplanting several trees with success, and still more the luxury of drinking his coffee and sitting at evening beneath their shade.

It was characteristic of him that he defended this territory from invasion with as much jealousy as if it formed a portion of a dominion within which a throne of his own was created. Pigs, kids, or fowls *would* ever cross the sacred frontier. They paid dearly for their intrusion. The Imperial fowling-piece laid them low. The noblest enemy against whom he had to contend was a bull now and then, who, having a contempt for his fences, would break through and commence pasturing on the Imperial grass. The rifle or the fowling-piece again rendered justice to the lord of the domain, who became so fond of using his weapon and firing right and left, wherever he fancied that he was assailed, that some anxiety was at length aroused, and Sir Hudson actually sent a hypothetical case home for the opinion of the Counsel for the Crown, wherein it was asked, that, supposing a life were lost by the dangerous amusement indulged in by "General Bonaparte," could the

latter be made amenable to law, and the penalties attaching to murder or manslaughter be exacted from him? It would have been an extraordinary close to such a career, if the Emperor, crowned by a Pope, had finished as a convict at Botany Bay, or by a more disagreeable catastrophe at the hands of the island Calcraft at St Helena.

It is not known what reply was returned by the law-officers of the Crown; and as Napoleon laid aside his fowling-piece, his own good sense may have prevented a misfortune. In May, 1820, he resumed his equestrian exercise, after abandoning it for nearly three years; and shortly after, he paid a visit to the house of Sir William Doveton, dined in the Knight's garden, chiefly on viands brought by the Imperial purveyors from Longwood, and charmed all present by his amenity, although he *did* ask Lady Doveton, "how often Sir William got drunk?" The Knight, in his turn, described his visitor as looking "as fat and as round as a China pig."

Now Corvisart had years before warned Napoleon that with obesity would come peril to his life. The one and the other were now, indeed, existing. One morning in November the Emperor was walking near his garden; in company with him was the little daughter of an English soldier, and, in attendance, Count Montholon. The august prisoner became suddenly so faint as to be compelled to recline by the side of the road. The Count attempted to rally him; but the remark of Napoleon, that it was unseemly to jest with death, rendered the attendant serious. The hand of death was indeed over him, but some months elapsed before it fatally closed upon him. Those months were a time of slow but certain agony. His own terse comment on his condition was, "there is no more oil in the lamp." He sought communion with a priest; but he required a man of intellect and refinement. He had long before remarked that he could not be brought to devotion by a man who could speak of heavenly truths in a coarse and vulgar way. "Could

I commune with a priest like that?" was his question, as he once pointed to a messenger whose capacity was beneath his message. The feeling of Napoleon was akin to that of the dying French grammarian who, on hearing a *curé* describe the joys of heaven with much violence to syntax, begged of him to desist, as he cared not to hear a high theme marred by offences against grammar.

The appetite of the Emperor almost entirely failed. He was in constant pain; he rejected food, and could not even eat a small portion of a dove, shot to tempt the appetite of one who was now known to be dying of scirrhous cancer. Hitherto, his medical men, English and foreign, had pronounced him to be suffering from an affection of the liver. It has been proved, however, that but for the soundness of the liver, which adhered to, or formed a sort of side to the stomach, where the latter was eaten away, the Emperor's life would have been shorter than it was. He who had, in the eyes of his triumphant hosts, looked like a god, enthroned in his saddle, on the field of battle, might now be seen feebly endeavouring to take some exercise, seated on a plank supported only in the middle, and at the other end of which was placed a weight equal to his own.

The details of the mortal illness of this foremost man in all the world, are too well known to need recapitulation. Even in those of his life, the salient points alone have been preserved, to display the contrasts between his glory and his fall. He resisted medical aid sent from Government House as long as he could; but that aid, even if it had reached him sooner, could not have prolonged his life a day. On the 30th of April, 1821, he was seized with a death chill, which broke down the strength both of his body and intellect. His disturbed mind wandered from the present to the past, or into the future. It was everywhere, save at St Helena. In this condition he lay, in alternate states of repose, troubled dreams, disturbed waking thoughts, and often pain, till the 5th of May. On that day, he progressively sank, without a rallying symptom. His death-chamber

was undisturbed by a sound, save those caused by the emotion of the friends who watched his last moments. The elements without, however, were not so calm. They were at deadly and flashing strife. Such a storm had not thundered over the island for many years; and amid the deluge of its descending rain, the gleaming of its lightnings, and the peal of its batteries of thunder, the once great Napoleon, murmuring the words *Tête d'armée*, passed away to the tribunal whither he had sent millions by his over-reaching ambition.

As they who stooped over him, looked on the graceful majesty of his now unimpassioned face and the wonderful fairness of his hands, they could not help exclaiming, "How beautiful!" Such was the farewell of the living to the personal graces of the hero whose mind was vast enough to conceive the idea of conquering the world, and yet (as it was said) little enough to bequeath a legacy to that Cantillon who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington—the most chivalrous and the most glorious opponent that ever encountered Napoleon in the field. This alleged bequest, however, is not named in the last will of the Emperor, which was deposited in London after his death, and which was recently given up to the present Imperial government, to be deposited among the archives of the French capital.

There remain now to be noticed those brothers of Napoleon who, like himself, lost the crowns which they had briefly worn. The eldest of them, JOSEPH, like Napoleon, was not *born* a Frenchman. His birth took place at Corte, in 1768, a year before Paoli's overthrow and Napoleon's birth, and just six years before the island of Corsica fell definitively into the power of France, and just twelve after Theodore, ex-King of Corsica, was consigned to a pauper's grave in the churchyard of St Anne's, Soho.

Under the French Government of Corsica, Joseph Bonaparte began life as a quiet student of the law, followed by a clerkship in a bureau of civil administration. His more active career commenced after the

flight of the family to France, subsequent to the attempt of Paoli to render Corsica independent.

In 1794 Joseph married Mademoiselle Julie Clary, daughter of a merchant of Marseilles. By his brother's influence he was also appointed a Commissary of War. Ten years after (1804), the ex-clerk was heir-presumptive to his brother's newly-founded French Empire. At the end of another ten years, 1814, he had refused one crown, worn two, lost both, and saw the Imperial throne overturned. Again ten years had passed when, in 1824, Lafayette was at his side in that palatial American farm which, like Diocletian's, though on a smaller scale, was more like the residence of a monarch than the homestead of a "clod-compeller." The weakest and vainest of patriots offered to restore the Napoleon dynasty, if Joseph would furnish the managing committee with a couple of million of francs! At the end of another ten years Joseph, who had then been two years residing in England, was convinced, it is said, that the re-construction of the Empire was within the category of possibilities. It was not, however, to be accomplished in *his* time. Ten years more, and those chiefly years of suffering, had passed away when Joseph himself died at Florence, in 1844. Just half a century had elapsed since he had married the merchant's daughter and had obtained a modest appointment in the War Commissariat. In the interim he had played many parts, the grandest of which brought him the greatest sorrow, and the humblest of which cost him a great portion of his fortune. He played no part with success; his intentions were good, but "circumstance" was terribly adverse to him: ambition might be cured by a study of Joseph's career alone.

Soon after he became, for a season, presumptive heir to the Empire, he declined the crown of Lombardy; but in 1806 he was not permitted to decline that of Naples. During the two years of his Neapolitan royalty he governed the kingdom with rare discretion, when contrasted with the policy which had been overthrown,—a

policy which now makes of the King of Naples the outlaw of Christian and civilized nations.

Joseph was summoned by his irresistible brother, in 1808, to exchange the Neapolitan for the Spanish crown; and he truthfully told his Italian subjects that he was about to bend to a grievous burden. What it cost France to support him while staggering beneath the load, the world knows well; and it was characteristic of the first Napoleon, to tell the Spaniards, as he did, in his significant proclamation of 1809, that if they refused to loyally submit to his brother, they should have *him!* And indeed they *had* him, by deputy; for the French Marshals in Spain were the true kings in their districts; and Joseph was made to feel this so heavily, that in 1812 he requested, but in vain, for permission to lay down his sceptre.

The force of events struck it from his hands at last, and Napoleon himself was not able to restore it, or to keep it from the grasp of the ignoble Ferdinand. Though an uncrowned King, Joseph soon found himself bearing imperial responsibilities, and exercising the delicate office of Lieutenant-General of a falling Empire. Between the first fall and the Hundred Days, Joseph resided unmolested at Prangins, near Lausanne; and when the Hundred Days had come to an end, the ex-King of Spain made his way to the side of his procrastinating brother, and generously offered to personate him, while the ex-Emperor effected his escape. The generous offer was not accepted; and while the dethroned Emperor was, by his conversation, charming those who were conveying him captive to his island residence, Joseph was crossing the Atlantic in an American brig, which had been in waiting for him at the mouth of the Gironde.

In the month of September, 1815, the Count de Survilliers, as the ex-King now called himself, arrived at New York. The illustrious exile was on the point of turning away from the hotel, which was too crowded to afford him accommodation, when Mr Clay eagerly hurried to the wanderer and his suite, hospitably offering them not

only his own apartments, but the dinner which had just been prepared for himself and companions.

The reception of the Count de Survilliers by the governing men of the United States, was of the very heartiest. This was natural; for the American Government gave its substantial sympathies to that French Empire which crushed European liberty, as the Government of later times rendered a still more substantial sympathy to the Muscovite Empire, whose felonious ambition it is to enslave the European Continent. In both these cases, however, the Government must be taken as distinct from the people. But in all cases, the American system is so framed as to place the entire republic, for a time, at the mercy of unprincipled and juggling despots. But *that* only concerns those who choose to submit to it. The American citizens, at all events, received Joseph nobly, and the exile did honour to the reception. He came among them splendidly provided for; and amid the wrecks of empire, he had contrived to float to land, dragging after him a salvage in which all was costly. He had economized largely on the civil lists of Naples and Spain; and probably no ex-King ever commenced a destitute condition, so magnificently endowed as Joseph.

He travelled, observed, made speeches, and, at length, settled down in New Jersey. He was a foreigner, and could not hold real estate. He was not, he said, in a position to profit by the law which could confer upon him "the precious and honourable title of an American citizen," and he "*must* be a Frenchman." The law was made to bend for him; and Joseph, who had not given up all hope of a re-construction of the Empire, was permitted to purchase land, without taking up his American citizenship.

The "Berkeley Men," in their pleasant though prejudiced book on the Napoleon Dynasty, thus describe the life led by Joseph at Point Breeze, on the Delaware, twenty miles from Philadelphia:—

"He purchased nine or ten adjoining farms; laid out and adorned an extensive park; built roads and bridges;

and erected a vast edifice, on the plan of an Italian palace, with the courtyard open on one side. This superb mansion was enriched by his entire collection of paintings, busts, statues, precious stones, ancient relics, and curiosities, which he had amassed in France, Italy, and Spain. Every luxury which wealth could purchase, and every appliance of comfort and taste, which art, learning, and refinement could suggest, adorned and embellished this palatial seat of hospitality. At Bordentown alone, he expended on his estate nearly a million of dollars. He had brought with him most of his old secretaries and servants. They remained faithfully attached to him through life; and those he had not enriched when living, he left independent at his death. . . . Like all the Bonapartes, he rose early and did his work in the morning. He remained in his library, engaged in reading and writing, till eleven, when he met his friends at breakfast, which usually occupied half-an-hour. He generally went over his grounds, to give directions about the improvements in progress. Dinner came at five o'clock, and his table was almost sure to be surrounded by distinguished guests." The "Berkeley Men" add, with a touch of satire which applies to other localities as well as it is applied by them to their co-republicans,—whom the world would not be prepared to suspect of being open to such satire,—that Joseph, "in his new residence, acquired the influence and esteem always accorded to an illustrious man *of great wealth, generosity, and hospitality.*" Human nature, among our excellent cousins, is much the same that it is elsewhere.

As landholder and farmer, Joseph was pre-eminently unlucky; and much of his princely fortune was sacrificed in unfortunate speculations. In 1820, his palatial residence near Bordentown was destroyed by fire, at a time when he was absent. The character of Joseph may be seen in the conduct of his neighbours towards him, on this occasion. They turned out, and, by their exertions, rescued half the valuable contents of his mansion from destruction. Had he been a bad neighbour, the

discriminating Americans would have looked on and enjoyed the ruin. The grateful ex-monarch expressed his thanks in a letter of much dignity and simplicity, adding to it an assurance which, naturally, gratified those to whom it was addressed,—that of all the people among whom he had resided, he knew of none who were so happy as the people of the United States. But Joseph was always remarkable for a touch of satirical feeling, and he went on to express his hope that the citizens of the States might be always wise enough to know when they were happy. *He* knew that not letting well alone, had made, of him who overthrew an incapable French republic, the captive of coalesced Emperors and Kings.

In a smaller residence, erected by him, Joseph continued to maintain a dignified hospitality, extended alike to old comrades, new friends, and properly introduced strangers. It was at this period of his exile that an offer was made to him of the Mexican crown. "I have already worn two crowns," is said to have been the reply of the ex-monarch, "and experienced but small satisfaction under either. If you would be happy and free, found republican institutions, and so lay the foundations that they shall be unassailable." This may be apocryphal. There is more certainty in the incident of his connection with Lafayette. The latter, in 1824, on his visit to America, foretold to Joseph the fall of the Bourbons, and offered to accept a commission for restoring the Empire, —for a "consideration." Joseph declined, for the good reason that if the Bourbon throne were again cast down the son of the Emperor—if his friends were active and the French people willing—would naturally succeed to the Imperial throne, to which he had, in truth, been raised by his father. The crash came in 1830, and Joseph wrote to Lafayette to inquire why he had overlooked the Empire and its heir. The old man excused himself on the ground that France would enjoy the greatest possible amount of happiness under a King "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by republican institutions. The answer should have almost satisfied a philosophical ex-monarch, who, after experiencing royalty as a sovereign,

and trying republicanism in France, as a member, and, in America, as a guest, of the Commonwealth, had solemnly declared that human felicity had no home save beneath a republic.

When the founder of the French Empire died, Joseph asked permission of the Austrian Government to communicate to the ex-King of Rome the fact of his sire's decease. Joseph was the head of his family, and there was nothing inappropriate in the request. It was however peremptorily refused. In 1832, the young ex-King, worn out in the very first year of his manhood, also, died, and thereupon Joseph and another unsceptred monarch, Jerome, with Prince Lucien, and Louis Napoleon met together in England, to consider their prospects and guard their interests. Joseph led an unostentatious life in England, where he is said to have held his impetuous nephew in check, and to have so disapproved of the attempt at Strasburg, as to have returned to America,—angry at the report made here, that the attempt (since condemned by him who made it) was the result of Joseph's contrivance, and had his entire sanction. Within two years from that date, the ex-King of Spain was again among us; but he was no longer the man of the olden time. Paralysis had smitten him, and he was attacked by general and insurmountable decay. Baths could not build up what had been shattered, nor restore what had been destroyed. The sick old monarch wandered abroad in search of what was for ever lost, and, of course, found it not. He was accompanied by his Countess, who had never had the courage to cross the Atlantic. They were together at Florence, in 1844. Joseph had borne a life of something more than three-quarters of a century in length; and half a century had elapsed since the young commissariat officer had married the merchant's daughter at Marseilles. Through what splendour and havoc they had walked during the first twenty years of that time! What tranquil happiness the Corsican clerk may have lost, by changing his pen, for a sword, his stool for a throne! He had held two sceptres, refused two crowns, and he went down to the

grave a poorer man, probably, than if he had succeeded to the business of his father-in-law in bustling Marseilles.

The next "King" in this extraordinary family was LOUIS BONAPARTE, who was born in 1778; he died in 1846. Of the sixty-eight years which elapsed within these dates, four only were passed upon the throne;—namely, from 1806 to 1810. Holland was raised or changed from a republic to a kingdom, and Louis submitted to receive a crown from the hands of his brother, with as much reluctance as he received from the same hands a wife. Twenty-eight years took him from a cradle to a crown. Thirty-six years led him from the throne to the grave. The period of his royalty was the most anxious of his life. It is one, however, the incidents of which are remembered to his honour. His happiest time was the long season of his retirement. It only lacked health; but, even wanting that, the Count de St Leu was resigned and content.

Louis was, in his tastes and sentiments, perhaps the most aristocratic of his family. He was a firm anti-republican, and was devoid of all ambition. He was a good and faithful, but not an enthusiastic soldier; and he hated courts-martial with all the vigour of a heart more ready to sympathize with suffering than to resent offence.

He was a Sub-Lieutenant at fourteen, and distinguished himself both in Italy and Egypt. His philosophical turn of mind accompanied him to the field; and when he found himself among the dirty, ferocious, and strong-smelling Bedouins, he expressed a wish that Jean-Jacques Rousseau could have been compelled to dwell with the "man of nature" whom he lauded so much and of whom he knew so little.

It was the longing wish of Josephine, and the desire of Napoleon, to see Louis united to Hortense,—Josephine's daughter. The lady was beautiful, accomplished, and—nineteen. But Louis, though only twenty-three years of age, was too reserved, too mild, and too little susceptible, to be attracted by the brilliancy of Hortense. The *first* marriages, at all events, of all the Bonapartes,

were honest love-matches. Louis struggled hard to escape an engagement which, he was convinced, would fail to secure happiness for either of the contracting parties. Those parties however were under influences which they could not withstand; and, without affection on either side, Hortense and Louis were married in the year 1802.

Never was a marriage more insisted on by one side, and resisted by the other, than this. It was urged by Josephine and Napoleon, as if the existence of the Empire depended thereon. And it proved to be a marriage of the highest interest to the Empire. Of the three sons born of it, the survivor is he who suppressed the second Republic, honestly confessed himself to be a *parvenu*, was elected Emperor, and formed the Anglo-French alliance!

Such an alliance had not been known in France since Athelstan sent a fleet in aid of Louis d'Outre-Mer.

When the crown of Holland was pressed upon Louis Bonaparte, he resisted the offer, as warmly as he had withstood the project to unite him with Hortense. He was then smitten by paralysis, and racked by rheumatism. He may be said to have been carried to the new throne, rather than to have ascended it. Nevertheless he acted with energy and honesty. When Joseph mounted the Spanish throne, he told his new subjects that although he must remain a Frenchman by patriotism, he would always be found a Spaniard by religion. Louis was more satisfactorily explicit in Holland. "Henceforth," he said, "I am in all things a true Dutchman." The assertion was not idly made. Louis struggled to preserve the rights of his subjects, and their commercial prosperity, against a policy destructive of both. The struggle was ineffectual. He was only the Lieutenant of his brother. Scorning to be *that*, while he wore the name of King, Louis descended from the throne in 1810; and Napoleon annexed Holland to the Empire of France.

The ex-King left Haarlem in strict privacy. For some years after, there might be seen at various German

"Baths" an invalid of mild, yet not melancholy aspect, affable in his manners, and of extreme simplicity in his way of life. This was Louis, Count of St Leu, whose consort resided in Paris, with the courtesy title of "Queen." His residence was for some time at Gratz, in Styria. He refused all pecuniary aid offered him by Napoleon; but he repaired to Paris to welcome him, after the Emperor had landed in France from Elba.

Subsequent to the second downfall of the Empire, the Count de St Leu obtained the Papal permission to reside in Rome. Thirty-two years were spent by him almost entirely in Italy; and the routine of his life there may be told in as many lines. His days were devoted to pursuits which became a country gentleman of cultivated intellect and declining health. His principal enjoyment was derived from literature, in which the ex-King himself took a respectable position. He was visited by his sons, but took no part in the aspiring views of any; yet he evinced his paternal sympathy, after the "affair of Boulogne" deprived one of those sons of his liberty.

Louis died at Leghorn, in June of the year 1846. Three months subsequently, his body was interred at St Leu. The liberality of the Government of Louis Philippe allowed of the re-union of the exiled family around the grave of the honest ex-King. Within two years the condition of the two families was strangely reversed.

Louis XVIII. had made the wife of Louis, ex-King of Holland, Duchess of St Leu, for which honour, the ex-Queen Hortense thanked him in person. After the "Hundred Days," the Duchess retired to Switzerland, where her son, Louis Napoleon, became, for a time, an artillery officer of the Swiss Confederation. Dumas recounts a long conversation which he had with the Duchess in 1833, when the novelist was the celebrated lady's guest, at her château in Switzerland. A fragment of the discourse will not be out of place in this chapter.

The Duchess had heard, with some surprise, the assertion of Dumas, that Napoleon had accomplished a

mission, and that, his vocation ended, France had no longer any desire to witness an Imperial restoration.

"What advice then," asked the Duchess, "would you give to a member of that family, who should dream of the resurrection of the glory and power of Napoleon?"

"I should advise him to wake from his dream, as soon as possible."

"And if he persisted, in spite of such advice,—which seems to me very excellent counsel,—and asked you for a second?"

"Then, Madam, I would suggest to him to obtain the revocation of the decree by which he was exiled; to buy an estate in France; get himself elected Deputy; try, by his talent, to dispose of the majority in Parliament; make use of it, to depose Louis Philippe, and get himself elected King in the other's place."

"And you think," said the Duchess of St Leu, with a melancholy smile, "that any other plan would fail?"

"I am convinced of it," boldly replied the writer of romances, who, being Dumas, and neither Œdipus nor a prophet, was authorized, perhaps, in such expressions of his conviction. He then tells us:—"At this instant, the bell rang for breakfast; we strolled, silently and thoughtfully, towards the château. During the whole way, the Duchess did not address to me a single word: but as we reached the threshold of the door, she paused, and looked at me with an expression I cannot define.——

"I wish," she said, "that my son had been here, that he might have heard what you have just said!"——

As if the author of 'Monte Cristo' could have prevented the son of the ex-King of Holland from re-erecting a more brilliant throne than that from which his father had descended!

Before proceeding to notice the career of the youngest of Napoleon's crowned and uncrowned brothers, the following brief details of the dynasty of Hesse, which Jerome, for a time, supplanted, may fittingly find place.

The House of Hesse was founded by the Landgrave

Philip, one of the great supporters of Lutheranism. The Lines both of Cassel and Darmstadt may be traced back to that noble founder. He commenced his reign in 1518, and ten masters had held their little state, at Cassel, when William, the first "Elector of Hesse," —who used to sell his soldiers to other potentates, as men sell cattle, and who so hated Napoleon that he declared he "was prouder to be a Prussian Field-Marshal than a King of the Bonaparte manufactory,"— paid for his sympathy with Prussia, by being turned out of his palace, as soon as the victory at Jena placed Germany at the entire mercy of France.

At half-past eight o'clock, on the first of November, 1806, the "Elector" left Cassel, with what treasures he could collect, and, after some wandering to and fro, the ex-potentate fixed his residence at Prague. Then was published the "27th Bulletin," in which it was said that "the House of Hesse-Cassel had, for many years, been in the habit of selling its subjects to England, and had thereby got together the wealth which it then possessed. This disgraceful avarice has now caused the overthrow of the race." Then followed the announcement of Napoleon, whom William was wont to call the "Knight of Fortune," that the House of Hesse-Cassel had ceased to reign. When the peace of Tilsit had been signed, the Kingdom of Westphalia was established, and Cassel was raised to the dignity of the capital of a monarchy.

The new King was Napoleon's youngest brother;— the only brother who has survived to witness the restoration of the French Empire! He was born in 1784. In his early days, he sat on a stool in an American counting-house, and espoused an accomplished American lady, Miss Elizabeth Patterson. Napoleon gravely assured the Pope that the vicinity to him of this lady's Protestantism would be an offence to the moral principles of France! Accordingly, while he forbade her landing in that country, he besought the Holy Father to annul the marriage; which was accordingly done— though not without great difficulty. The ill-used lady

returned to her Transatlantic home, after giving birth to a son, at Camberwell, near London.

Jerome served at sea,—and some persons have discussed the probabilities of European history generally, and English history in particular, if the youngest brother of Napoleon had exhibited the abilities of a Nelson or a Blake. Jerome was a respectable naval officer, and no more. He changed his profession, and gained a fair share of reputation by his martial achievements. He had by no means forgotten his first love,—his wife, indeed,—when his elder brother requested him to marry the Princess Caroline of Würtemberg. Jerome resisted; but resistance was not of much avail against the peculiar persuasiveness of Napoleon. Jerome yielded, after a show of "decent horror," and the day he espoused the Princess, he was "gazetted," King of Westphalia. The double event took place on the 22nd of August, 1807.

The new kingdom,—which was composed of conquests from Prussia, Hesse-Cassel, Hanover, and the smaller States to the west of the Elbe,—lasted not quite seven years; and its historians paint its monarch diversely, according to their bias. If we believe some, he was as wise as Solomon. If we may credit others, he was a thousand times more debauched than Sardanapalus. By one writer we are told that his sceptre was a lever by which he raised his kingdom to the very summit of felicity; by another, that it was used as a weapon, to knock down liberty and assault virtue. Jerome was only twenty-three years of age when he took upon himself the responsibility of governing; and some allowances may be made for a young man who was, but the other day, a mere clerk with uncertain prospects, and who suddenly saw himself seated on a throne, and surrounded by temptations. Nevertheless, some of the stories told of him may be safely disbelieved. No one now credits the report that on the very day of his arrival in Cassel, he was seen in the gardens of his palace, half—or, as some circumstantially give it, altogether—undressed, playing leap-frog with his courtiers, who wore the same suit as the King!

That the royal residence was not conventual in the observances most in fashion there, and that

"Les folles en riant entrainèrent les sages,"

is undoubtedly true. There was, perhaps, overmuch of a jolly and rollicking nature, little of reading, a continual singing, and an excess of sleeping by day and watching or drinking by night. Slander said the young monarch was so enfeebled by his vicious life, that he was compelled to seek to restore his vigour by broth baths,—for which purpose a calf was sacrificed daily! From the same source we have the story that Jerome bathed in red wine, and that his subjects declined to purchase wine of that hue, for the reason that the wine which had served for the royal bath, was afterwards bottled and sold!—And this reminds me that wine-baths have been indulged in by more than one unsceptred sovereign. Mary, Queen of Scots, may be cited as an instance. Strype, speaking of the period when she was under the ward of Lord Shrewsbury, at Tutbury, A.D. 1569, says: "In this castle, this noble Earl had Mary, Queen of Scots, in custody; which, whatsoever public allowance he had, was extraordinary expensive to him. And, among other things provided, the wine only amounted to a considerable charge; for when she bathed, she bathed in wine." Jerome therefore had royal warrant for the fashion he followed, *if* indeed he really followed it. In comparing Jerome with his predecessor, it must be allowed that the former placed the administration of justice on a purer basis than had ever been witnessed under the Landgraves or the Elector,—though this indeed was accompanied by open despotic actions and private *espionnage*. Further, the new sovereign released his kingdom from all financial difficulties; and he not only despatched enormous sums to his brother, as contributions for the war, but he gathered together such a fortune for himself, as probably the rest of his family could not equal. The great boast of his admirers was founded in his liberality towards the Jews. They had exhibited alacrity in providing

him with a loan; and he repaid it, by granting them perfect emancipation. So unreserved was this act, that at one time the management of every department in the kingdom, including the army,—but excepting the church,—was in the hands of Jews. If sober people were shocked by Jerome's jollity, the ultra-religious world was grievously afflicted by this emancipation of the Hebrews!

It is certain that Jerome himself went as near as possible to a protest against the Imperial system, which drained the kingdom of Westphalia of both money and men. Jerome, however took the field to aid his brother, and received a check at Smolensko, which called down upon him remarks, more vivacious than pleasant, from Napoleon. Then came Leipzig and the *finale*. In 1814 Jerome and his consort fled to Switzerland, and were robbed on their way. He repaired from Trieste to Paris, at the commencement of the Hundred Days, and he opened the fierce struggle at Waterloo, manfully but unsuccessfully. After that catastrophe, he was, for some time, a wanderer, seeking safety in various disguises and ultimately taking up his residence, by permission, at Würtemberg. He there assumed the title of Count de Monfort. Family troubles drove him from a Court where a fallen relative was not a welcome guest. Austria afforded him a more agreeable place of residence; and his years were divided between simple pleasures, visits to various members of his family, sojourns now at Vienna, now at Trieste, occasionally at Florence, and now and then at Rome.

The Imperial restoration called Jerome to Paris; where the ex-King of Westphalia keeps a state of some, but not excessive splendour, and where he enjoys the present, without desiring, as far as *his* kingship is concerned, a return of the past.

When the ex-Elector, William returned to Cassel, in 1814, from the Congress at Vienna, not "King of the Catti," as he hoped for, yet with the title of "Royal Highness," he was so resolved that nothing should be changed, that he himself announced the period of his

dethronement, as his "seven years' sleep." The old man so ardently loved old fashions, as well as old principles of old governments, that, on the day after his restoration, observing an ancient gentleman in the streets with a *pig-tail*, his Royal Highness seized his Adjutant by the arm, and pointing to the old-fashioned appendage, exclaimed, "Now, God be praised, there is one left, yet!"

All the anxiety of this Prince, during the period of his deposition, was connected with pig-tails. When he re-entered his dominions,—a small portion only of the ex-kingdom of Westphalia,—preceded by mounted and half-tipsy peasants, blue-nosed and shivering little girls, and school children singing the praises of a prince a thousand times more licentious than Jerome, his only thought was connected with pig-tails. He stood erect in his carriage, and wore a peruke with the sacred appendage. The goitrous excrescence from his neck, which obliged him to hold his head continually on one side, gave him a most absurd appearance,—but then it rendered more conspicuous the ever-adorable tail!

He clapped tails to the heads of his entire army, and forced every man to wear powder. In fact, he dressed them after the quaint fashion of the time of the Seven Years' War. As the hair of men was often found to be too short to allow of a false tail being fastened to it, he issued an order that in such case the tail should be affixed to the collar of the coat; but he forbade its being suspended from the hat. The cause of this prohibition arose from his having seen an officer, tailed according to regulation, who, hastening to meet him, snatched up the hat of a fellow-officer,—to which the tail was attached,—and who appeared in his presence with two tails instead of one!

In order to encourage the growth of natural tails, he gave rewards for the finest, whether "club" or "pig," and he distributed recompenses to all successful inventors of oil and pomatum for the growth of the hair. One English traveller, to ridicule the Electoral fashion, was

accustomed to walk in front of the palace with a false tail, as thick as his leg, hanging down his back. This particular predilection of his Royal Highness procured for him the title of "the pig-tail Elector." Jerome is said to have conferred this title on his successor, and it was rightly applied. As Victor Hugo remarks:—

"J'appelle un cochon par son nom; pourquoi pas?"

The little-finger of this wretched potentate lay heavier on his subjects than Jerome's loins had done. His order that every person who possessed no title explanatory of his office,—that all who were not "officials," in fact,—should be addressed by their baptismal and family names only, without the "*Herr*," was simply absurd. Had he robbed his subjects of nothing else but the privilege of being called "Sir," he would not have been obnoxious to much reproach. Jerome was well able to remark, in his exile, that nothing which report had said of *him*, equalled the amount of ascertained meanness, tyranny, and iniquity, of which this "Elector, by the grace of God," was guilty. The Electorate would have been the uncleanest hell upon earth, but for Caroline von Schlotheim, Countess of Hessenstein. This lady was one of his "favourites" whom he had carried off by force from her home, but who, cursing him and the evil dignity he offered her, contrived to escape to her father's house, whence she was forcibly carried back to the Elector, by her own parents! Such is German devotion for what seems irresistible majesty! The pig-tail Elector left one son and two daughters legitimately born. Of the twenty-four children whose mothers were the "favourites" at Cassel, only one was ever heard of in this country, and *he* was that General Haynau who, accused of flogging women in Hungary, was scourged for the same by a Vigilance Committee of Barclay and Perkins's draymen. When the ex-King Jerome heard of this incident, his only comment was, that—the sins of the fathers are visited on the children!

The third brother of this family of monarchs was

the first King of Holland. The next Prince who wore that crown also voluntarily surrendered it. The introduction therefore of the subject of Holland, in the following Chapter, will, it is hoped, not seem out of place, the less so, perhaps, that it will be very briefly treated.

HOLLAND

WILLIAM FREDERICK; OR, ALL FOR LOVE

"Les Rois ne peuvent être longtemps amoureux sans faire beaucoup de sottises."—De PAULMY.

WHEN Louis Bonaparte was created King of Holland, *gratiâ fratris*, in 1806, nearly a thousand years had elapsed since Thierry founded a sovereignty in the same locality, and placed himself at the head of it as 'Count of Holland.' He reigned over a mixed population, made up of the descendants of the Batavi (a people expelled from Germany, because of their insurrectionary spirit), and of the Romans, who had subsequently established themselves in the country. Holland (or the Netherlands) was governed by its own Counts, till it devolved to the Counts of Hainault in the last year of the thirteenth century. In 1436 it was attached to the dukedom of Burgundy, and about a century later it was absorbed, as part of Burgundy, into the German Empire. The Emperor Charles V. annexed the Netherlands to Spain, but the tyranny and religious intolerance of the Spanish government drove the people to rebellion. The revolted States elected William of Orange as Stadtholder, in 1579; and Spain declared the northern provinces free in 1609; but the office of Stadtholder was not made hereditary in the Orange family till 1747. Forty years later, the impulse given by the French Revolution was felt in Holland; and when the French Republicans entered the country in 1793, the people declared in their favour. Two years later the Stadtholder was expelled. From 1795 to 1813, it passed through various phases of

government. The Batavian Republic received a new constitution in 1805, when the chief officer took the title of Grand Pensionary. It was in the following year that Holland was erected into a kingdom, and that its crown was bestowed on the reluctant and honest Louis Bonaparte.

After the abdication of Louis, the kingdom of Holland, as before observed, became a portion of the French Empire; but after the downfall of that Empire, William Frederick, late Prince of Orange, was raised to the dignity of King of Holland, or the Netherlands; the southern provinces, now forming the Kingdom of Belgium (which had passed from the dominion of Spain to that of Austria, and subsequently of France) constituting a part of his dominions.

It is of this monarch we have now to speak. Like the first King of Sardinia, he abdicated under rather romantic influences; but, unlike Victor Amadeus, he neither repented the act, nor was urged to rescind it by the lady who shared with him his crownless time.

William Frederick of Orange was born in 1772. In his early life he was remarkable for his application to study, and his love of foreign travel. At the age of eighteen years his appointment as commandant of the garrison of Breda astonished rather than gratified the veteran officers, who had a better claim to the distinction, and higher qualifications for duly discharging it. In his twentieth year, he married a Princess of Prussia. He had not completed his twenty-second year when he was placed at the head of the army of Holland against the French Republicans. His conduct in that responsible post acquired for him the approval of all practically experienced generals and the respect of his enemies. Success was not possible under the circumstances. He shared in the honours and mischances of the fatal day for Prussia, at Jena, and in those of the well-fought field of Wagram. After these events he proceeded to Berlin, and finally joined his family in England in 1813.

In 1815, he was proclaimed King of Holland, and he made his public entry into Brussels, in that character, on the 5th of April. He passed, not undisturbed, but comparatively safely, through the perilous passage of 1815. The honour of his house was upheld by his son, the Prince of Orange, who was wounded at Waterloo.

William Frederick resided alternately at Brussels and the Hague. His life was one of great simplicity in its character. Few kings were more economical, more business-like, more fond of wealth, more successful in attaining it, than the King of the Netherlands. He would have made the admirable head of a vast commercial establishment. His most flagrant fault was in vainly yet obstinately attempting to make the Dutch language the national language in the provinces where Flemish or French was most commonly spoken.

This attempt was the basis of his unpopularity, and it helped to deprive him of his Belgic provinces at the period of 1830, when the three days of July, in France, were followed by their triad of similarly eventful days in Belgium.

The provinces of Belgium were raised to an independent kingdom, and William Frederick remained King of Holland only.

Here, too, his popularity became speedily shaken. Among the ladies-of-honour to the Queen, was a Roman Catholic lady, of a Belgian family, named the Countess d'Oultremont. Setting aside the many reports which connected the name of the Countess with that of the monarch, there is at least no doubt that the royal admiration was of the most ardent quality, and that the homage was received with a complacent alacrity.

From the period of the decease of the Queen, the public tongue began to wag rather boldly, but not without good reason;—"Die verliebten verschweigen nichts." The report that the King contemplated a marriage with a lady who was at once a Belgian, a

Papist, and if of an ancient, also of a very poor family, roused murmurs of general discontent. People had no regard for the fact that the attachment was sincere. They rather ridiculed the sincerity of a lover of eight-and-sixty. The King nevertheless maintained his resolution; but he soon perceived that if he married the Countess, he must first lay down the sceptre. He did not long hesitate; nay, he did not hesitate at all. His interviews with his family, and his knowledge of the popular feeling, convinced him of the utter hopelessness of his desire to bestow a crown matrimonial on the Belgian lady. He immediately discovered that he was too old to reign, but not to re-marry. He preferred resigning his crown to giving up the Countess.

The circles of society throughout Belgium and Holland were busy during the autumn of 1840 with speculations on the chivalry of this matter-of-fact monarch, who was about to descend from the throne, and "all for love!" The speculation ceased when the Proclamation of the 7th of October declared that he had accomplished that fact, but was silent as to the real causes. That document was grave and political. The paragraph which concerned the King most personally was the following:—

"After the most serious reflection, we have considered this the most fitting period for carrying into execution our long-contemplated purpose of passing the remaining days which God may please to grant us, in repose and freedom from the cares of government, under a grateful recollection of all the benefits that His kindness and wisdom have conferred upon us."

Before this had been signed, various attempts were made to induce the monarch to depart from his resolution to abdicate. There was one official more urgent than any other. The Netherlands Minister of Justice entreated the King to reconsider his decision. "I beseech you, Sire," said the minister, "to retain the sceptre. Remember that you are the first magistrate of the kingdom." "If it be so," replied the King, "I claim the immunities of the post, and solicit permission

to retreat. After five-and-twenty years service, I think I may be said to have earned it."

William Frederick took the permission which he good-humouredly affected to solicit, and he soon after privately married the Countess. The latter, from the day of the abdication, had fixed her residence at Liége, whither were removed all the furniture and valuable movables she had possessed in Holland. The correspondence between her and the King was uninterruptedly maintained till the period of their meeting and their union.

For some time the wedded pair spent their days in pleasant privacy on their estates in Germany. There was no incident of that period worth relating, nor did the period itself last long. In December, 1843, they were at Berlin. At an early hour in the morning, the Count and Countess of Nassau, as they were called, breakfasted together, and the Countess remained in the room in which the ex-King was engaged in writing. She had left it for a few minutes only, in search of a book, when his bell rang violently; an Aide-de-camp rushed into the apartment, where he found the old monarch lying senseless in his arm-chair, stricken by apoplexy. A letter was grasped in his hand. All means taken for his recovery were fruitless; the first of the Orange Kings of Holland—and he uncrowned—was dead.

There was never a crownless King who died in possession of such wealth as William Frederick. One hundred and fifty-seven millions of florins (thirteen millions sterling) formed a pretty capital whereon a monarch might retire from the business of government. About the half of this sum he bequeathed to his son, who succeeded him on the throne. To his other children, Prince Frederick and the Princess Marianne, he left legacies, large enough in amount to prove that his paternal love had been in no wise diminished by other attachments; and a dowry of "twelve millions"—but it is not said whether of francs or florins (the latter being twice the value of the former)—enabled the cap-

tivating Countess to wear her widowhood with a dignified luxury of woe.

KINGS OF HOLLAND

1806. LOUIS BONAPARTE: abdicated 1810.
1815. WILLIAM FREDERICK of Orange, abdicated.
1840. William II.
1849. William III.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE

CHARLES THE FAT.—HENRY IV

"Mein Haar ist ergraut, mein Auge getrübt,
Die Siegeswaffen hangen im Saal,
Habe Recht gesprochen und Recht geübt,
Wann darf ich rasten einmal?
O selige Rast! wie verlang' ich dein:
O herrliche Nacht, wie säum'st du so lang,
Da ich schaue die Sterne lichteren Schein
Und höre volleren Klang."

UHLAND: *Der König auf dem Thurme.*

AMID the ruins of the Roman Empire in the West, the city of Rome itself still maintained (in some degree) its liberty and privileges. The Franks had seized on Gaul, the Goths and Vandals had established themselves in Spain, the Saxons had fixed their abiding-place in Britain, and, followers of other tribes, the bearded Lombards had spread over the fairest parts of Italy,—founding or destroying cities, and sorely oppressing the people. Amid this general wreck, the Eternal City still stood unscathed; but at length its very existence was threatened by Desiderius, the last of the Lombard Kings, who, fancying that the ancient metropolis was moribund, made a menacing demonstration, to strike a mortal blow, and lay his plundering hand upon its countless treasures.

The Pope, Adrian I., appealed to Charlemagne for succour, and the dignity of Roman Patrician was conferred on him to whose championship appeal was thus made. But Pope Leo III. allured or rewarded the champion by a higher recompense; and on Christmas

night of the year 800, all the *people* of Rome consenting, the hero "Karl" was proclaimed Roman Emperor of the West. It was thus that the Imperial dignity was obtained or earned by the Franks, with whom it remained from 800 to 912, from the magnificent Charlemagne to the broken-hearted Louis IV., under a succession of ten Emperors, when it passed to a German line. The Italians would fain have had their Emperor reside among them; but when in the tenth century they stood in urgent need of the upholding hand of Otho the Great, it was then definitively settled that the seat of empire should be no longer at Rome, but in some imperial city north of the Alps.

After the death, in 919, of Conrad I., the eleventh Emperor from Charlemagne, the imperial title was worn by five sovereigns of the House of Saxony, from Henry the Bird-catcher to Henry II., who died in 1024.

Five other 'Kaisers,' of the Salique or Franconian Line, succeeded, commencing with the second Conrad, and ending with Lothaire (who was however a Saxon) in 1137. The Fourth Imperial House, that of the Suabian Emperors, numbered also five monarchs, from Conrad III. to Frederick II., in 1250. But this period includes rival Emperors. The most celebrated was Otho IV., who was recognized as "King of Germany," only to be ultimately excommunicated and deposed.

After the long and turbulent reign of Frederick, there ensued the era of what has been called the Interregnum, when again rival Emperors ruined rather than ruled. This era was closed in 1272, with the death of Ottocar; and then arose, from comparative obscurity, that Rudolph of Hapsburg, who,—being a meek and pious man, exhibiting no ordinary intellectual powers, having a well-earned reputation for bravery, and possessing a heart which could feel for the people, and was not greatly moved by the prospect of a throne,—appeared to be more suited for the dignity than the many powerful rivals who still aspired thereto, and whose dissensions menaced the existence of the Empire.

Rudolph was elected in 1273; but the Imperial crown

was not made over as an inheritance, under the formality of election, to the House of Austria, of which Rudolph was the head. Three times five Emperors of different houses,—reckoning therefore as many as the Imperial Lines of Saxony, Franconia, and Suabia together,—reigned, from the accession of Rudolph to the death of Sigismund in 1437. "Reigned" is perhaps hardly a suitable word, for among the fifteen, stands in German annals the name of Edward III. of England, who was *named* for, but who never possessed, the dignity.

Since the death of Sigismund, the Imperial sceptre has almost uninterruptedly remained with the House of Austria. This undisturbed succession commenced with Albert II. in 1439; and his descendant, Francis Joseph, the twenty-first of the Line since the accession of Albert, now holds, at Vienna, not indeed the Imperial sceptre of Germany, but that of Austria, which he shares with the Pope, at whose feet he has flung his indignant people.

Leaving out of account one or two names which have small pretensions to reckon among the Emperors, the crown of the "Holy," as distinguished from the *elder* "Roman Empire," has been worn by threescore-and-four sovereigns, from the year 800 to 1856,—a period of a little more than ten centuries and a half, which, saving a few years, is the period during which England has been a monarchy.

In looking through the annals of the German Empire, we soon encounter a deposed monarch. We sooner still meet with one who wished to be deposed, but who, despite all the efforts of his nearest kin to fling him from the throne of which he was weary, could not succeed. This was the second monarch of the first race, Louis the Pious. He was so meek and weak, that it suited the Papal interests that he should occupy the throne, where he remained wondering and inert, weeping, and condemned to bear his phantom dignity.

CHARLES THE FAT—who has already been noticed among the deposed Kings of France—on the other hand, not only valued the perilous dignity, but when he was compelled to surrender it, by a Diet of his

people assembled at Trüber, on the plain of the Rhine, near Oppenheim, the baffled traitor and inhuman tyrant took the disgrace so to heart that he died within two months. Of the two monarchs here named, the first was unfortunate; the second, iniquitous. The field near Thann, in Alsatia, where the sons of Louis took their father prisoner, when they would fain have shorn his hair and made a monk of him, is to this day called *The Field of Liars*. The obese Charles used to excuse himself for the atrocities into which he plunged, by asserting that he was possessed by a devil;—which was undoubtedly true. In his case is again to be observed the right held and exercised by the people to dethrone a monarch who oppressed his subjects. The Germans who assembled at Trüber, in 887, made summary work of it. They passed but one resolution, and that was exceedingly brief, yet remarkably intelligble:—"Karl der Dicke ist nicht werth unsere Krone zu tragen"—Charles the Fat is not worthy to wear *our* crown! They did not acknowledge it to be *his*, but their own, held by him in trust; and having betrayed that trust, he was at once ejected from an office of which he was declared to be unworthy. In Germany however this spirit went out as pipes came in, and the Teuton land became the "Japan of Europe,—slow but very sure;" and *therefore*, as Dr Mackay sings—

"Who'd rather be oppress'd than fight
Low, low, low let him lie!
Let him feed among the sheep
Where the meadow-waters creep;
Growing fat till the danger's nigh.
Not for him or such as he,
To hold council with the free;
Let him browse while the wolf is in its den
And thank his happy fate,
When the foe is at the gate,
That he lives in the sight of men!"

They who deposed Charles the Fat declared that the deed thus accomplished would bring good fortune to

the place; and the prophecy was in some respects fulfilled when Gustavus Adolphus was ferried across the Rhine, near this spot (bringing freedom with him), on a common barn-door.

In the ensuing struggles between crown and people, Kaisers and Popes, although sad or terrible was the fate of many a sovereign, we do not meet with a deposed monarch till the period of Henry IV., whose tenure of troubled greatness lasted from 1056 to 1079. He was the third monarch of the Franconian Line. The preceding, or Saxon race, affords us no instance of a sovereign member of it dying stripped of his sovereignty.

The years above named include a period the most eventful for both the Empire and the Popedom. The father of Henry (Henry III.) had been so absolute a monarch, that when three rival Popes reigned and anathematized in Italy, he entered the country, put down the three Pontiffs, and named one of his own selection,—Clement II. The third Henry died, leaving his son a minor, and his wife, Agnes, Regent. From her hands the boy-king was stolen by the Archbishop of Cologne. The Prelate obtained the enactment of a law that, wherever the young King resided, the administration of the supreme government should be in the hands of the bishop and clergy of the district! Henry was alternately passed from Hanno, of Cologne, to Archbishop Adalbert, of Bremen. In the former he found a hard task-master; the latter was a licentious profligate, who presided at magnificent banquets, at which Hebes of no great purity served costly wines in sacred vessels. From such pupillage, Henry issued to marry, ill-treat, but subsequently to know and to value the incomparable Bertha, daughter of the Margrave of Susa. His independent career was one of continual violence. He had daily to defend his position against Church, nobles, or burghers; and his allies of one day were his foes of the morrow.

His most implacable foe was Hildebrand,—that Gregory VII., who not only reformed many of the abuses in the Church as energetically as any of the Emperors had

done before him, but effected the greatest reformation in rescuing the Church itself, and the Popes especially, from all interference on the part of the Emperors. Henry deposed Gregory, and Gregory, in return, deposed Henry; but the latter had, for a time, the worst of it, and, finding his deposition a reality, and that he was nearly utterly deserted, he resolved to seek an interview with Gregory, and obtain a reconciliation at his hands.

But let us notice here, with regard to these dissensions between the absolute Emperors and the supreme Pontiffs, that Balbo, in his 'Life and Times of Dante,' puts very clearly in contrast the respective sovereign claims of the Emperors and Popes. "The Emperors," he says, "were in part elected and crowned by the Popes, and the election of the Popes was partly confirmed by the Emperors. From these two facts, two different, or rather opposite, claims were derived; the Guelfs not only contending for the independence of the Popes, but, more or less, for the Emperors' dependence on the Popes; and the violent Ghibellines contending not only for the independence of the Emperors, but for the dependence of the Popes on the Emperors. This last is proved by the many Popes who were either deposed or threatened with deposition."

The passages of the Alps were guarded, to prevent his progress, but Henry took a long route by Burgundy, Geneva, and Mont Cenis. It was the mid-winter of 1076-7, and the winter was the most rigorous that had been known for years. The Emperor was disguised, and on foot. He was accompanied by his faithful Bertha, who carried in her arms an infant son, and these were attended by two or three true-hearted followers. The horrors of this journey were never forgotten by those who made it. They were storm-beaten at every step, blinded by snow, buffeted by the winds, bruised by falls, and every hour in peril of their lives by the thundering descent of frightful avalanches. Some parts of the Alpine road were so slippery that the way-worn travellers were compelled to pass along on all-fours, and, where the declivities were great, to slide down, as the

only method for reaching the bottom safely. At the worst part of the road, some assistance was procured for Bertha: she and her infant, both wrapped in ox-hides, were placed in a rude sledge, kept steady by a few hired peasants; but the route was so irregular, that the horses were more than once taken from the sledge, bound with ropes, and lowered over the edges of the precipices, by the attendants. The deposed Emperor and his wife, carrying the infant between them, descended the rough way, as best they might, that best being of the most painful.

Across the plains of Lombardy Henry was assisted by the friendly people; and at length he reached the gates of the fortress of Canossa, in which Gregory had shut himself up. The deposed monarch stood at the gates bareheaded, with bare and miserably lacerated feet, and attired in the hair-shirt of a penitent. As he made to enter the courtyard, he was driven back by the rude soldiers, who bade him wait outside until the Holy Father condescended to admit him to his presence. The ex-Emperor turned back, with a deep sigh, sank down at the doorway, and there remained, three days and three nights, without food, without drink, exposed to the inclemency of the season, and the cutting sarcasm of the Papal guard, by whom he was, at last, rather dragged than led to Gregory,—when the latter expressed his will that the fallen Potentate should draw near.

The negotiations were without the result desired on either side. Humbled as Henry was, his spirit arose again in its pride when he found that Gregory was not only resolved to free the Church from the Imperial power, but also to place the Empire at the very feet of the Pope. On his return to Germany, he again appealed to arms, and not without success, for the people were weary of those "Parson Kings" and "Garlic Kings," phantom monarchs, set up by Gregory to reign in Henry's stead. In the struggle which followed, the town of Merseburg fell into the hands of Henry. Rudolph, the parson-king, had just died, and had been

buried there, beneath a splendid monument. It was pointed out to the Emperor, with a suggestion that he would do well to destroy it. But he shook his head, sighed, smiled, and remarked, with a sincerity that cannot be doubted, "It is as well as it is. I only wish to God that all my enemies were as handsomely entombed!"

Henry drove Gregory into exile; and the great Pontiff died the guest of the Norman King of Sicily. The contest between the Papal and the Imperial powers did not, however, cease; and when Henry was excommunicated by Pascal II., his own son, of the same name, rose against him, assumed the crown, and declared for the Pope. After some fierce controversy, the heart-broken father referred his cause to the Diet at Mainz; and his son, promising to abide by the decision, met him at Coblentz, and, with great show of respect, escorted him on the road towards the city where the Diet held its sessions. On the way they entered the Castle of Böckelheim, to spend the Christmas night; and when the portcullis fell, Henry found himself a prisoner.

He was here visited by the Archbishops of Mainz and Cologne, and the Bishop of Worms. The old monarch, hoping to make some impression upon them, received them seated on a sort of throne, and decked in the Imperial mantle. The three ecclesiastics, beholding him thus attired, flung themselves upon him, and, seizing the mantle, tore from him, in such rude haste as nearly to strangle the fallen Potentate, the symbol of Imperial power. He was then ordered to surrender the crown jewels; and he sent for them to Hammerstein, and surrendered them accordingly, in order to purchase his life. His son again swore to protect him, and to convey him to Mainz, according to the father's request. Again, the younger Henry played the elder false, and instead of taking his sire to Mainz, hurried him to Ingolheim, where he kept him in strict confinement till the latter acknowledged by his sign-manual that the crown was indeed not *his*, since it had been taken from him by the Pope. As the Archbishop of Mainz saluted the younger

Henry as "King of Germany," he added, by way of comment to the salute, "Take good heed of the Church, or it may happen to thee as it has done to thy father."

So little heed was taken of the uncrowned Henry, that he was enabled to effect his escape. He fell, however, into such abject poverty, that, on one occasion, he was compelled to sell his boots in order to buy bread. He was willing even to work; and he applied to the Bishop of Spires, of whom he had been the benefactor, to grant him a lay prebend in his church. The ungrateful prelate treated the prayer of the penniless and vagrant ex-monarch with scorn. "Nay," said Henry, "I have studied, I know how to sing, I may be of some help to you." The Bishop dismissed the applicant with as little ceremony as if he had been a common beggar. He would not even give, he said, ground for a grave to one who was under the ban of the Church.

It is pleasant to be able to record that, in Bishop Otbert of Liége, Henry found a more practical Christianity. That Bishop gave him a home, although it was but a humble one. While the fallen monarch sat meditating therein upon his past trials, his amazing grandeur, and his terrible fall, some friends of his endeavoured to retrieve fortune for him in the field. The contest was not carried on for a lengthened period. One evening, Henry V., in arms against those who were his father's friends, was sitting in his tent, when there appeared before him his father's faithful body-servant, the valiant Erchenhold. "What now?" said the son, as he started to his feet, in full armour. Erchenhold said not a word, till he had laid at the feet of the monarch the golden head-band and the sword of his master;—and then he said, "This was all that your father, at last, possessed. God keep his soul! his heart was broken, and his dying request he has sent you through me; namely, to spare the friends who were true to him in adversity, and to see his body placed in the grave, by the side of those of his father and grandfather, in the great church at Spires."

But the excommunication was not raised, and the body of Henry IV., who died at Liége in 1106, was denied Christian burial. For some time it remained on an island in the Maas, near Liége, watched by a hermit. After some time had elapsed, it was carried, by a few who loved a man whom adversity had rendered wise and virtuous, to the Chapel of St Afra, on the north side of the Cathedral of Spires. The Bishop, nevertheless, steadily refused to open the Imperial vault to a body yet cursed by Papal ban. Five years passed away before the ban was taken off, and then the corpse was carried, with some solemnity, into the tomb of the Emperors, where it was deposited by the side of his best and truest friend, his wife Bertha.

For above five centuries and three-quarters it lay, with its once illustrious fellows, in undisturbed repose. But in 1689, when the French were in the Palatinate, among the smaller outrages which they committed was the plundering of these Imperial graves, and the scattering of the bones of those who had so long and so quietly been there sleeping. Of the fragments gathered after the French had passed, no one could decide which belonged to one potentate, or which formed part of another, and the relics of several Cæsars were consigned to a common grave.

The misfortunes of Henry were greater than his faults. He had to contend against a too powerful priesthood, a divided country, a superstition ever directed against his person and projects, and, most terrible anguish of all, hostile children. It is questionable if he merit indeed such high eulogy as has been awarded him by Sir James Stephen; but the eloquent praise of that brilliant essayist is only a little above the deserts of the grandest and the most abject of the German monarchs.

In the reign of Henry V. the respective positions of the Pope and Emperor, their rights, privileges, and duties, were clearly defined and agreed upon. On the death of Henry, the electors chose Lothaire of Saxony for Emperor; and when his short reign had come to

an end, then commenced the career of the Suabian Line —the great House of Hohenstaufen. The English reader can nowhere more profitably or pleasantly study the history of the eventful period, during which Germany was governed by this race, than in Mrs Busk's recently published volumes.

Young Count Büren, who built the Castle of Hohenstaufen, was once standing by the tomb of Charlemagne, when some one whispered, or something suggested, that the Imperial crown would one day be in possession of his poor house. It was well earned by the generous aid which the family gave to Henry IV. The struggle for empire which followed on the death of Lothaire, ended in the triumph of Conrad of Hohenstaufen. His friends assembled at Waiblingen, between Heidelberg and Stuttgart; and as they were opposed to the Guelphs, who supported the candidate for empire who favoured the Papal interest, the friends who met at Waiblingen, were called Waiblingers—a name which the Italian historians have converted into Ghibellines. These names indicate an era and a struggle, into the details of which however, it is not necessary to enter. The era was that of Guelph and Ghibelline; the struggle, however, was, as of old, whether Pope or Cæsar should have the supremacy. In this struggle, none of the five Emperors died deposed, but some of them were more than once under excommunication. The Empress Beatrice, wife of Frederick Barbarossa, was indeed once in the condition of a sceptreless sovereign lady, having been captured in a sally made by the Milanese, when Frederick was besieging the city. The Milaners treated Beatrice with great lack of gallantry. They hoisted her on a donkey, with her face to the tail, and in that absurd position conducted her through the streets in mock triumph. Frederick made them pay dearly for the insult, when he got possession of the town. He summoned the magistrates to assemble in the market-place. In front of them stood a donkey, beneath whose tail was a fig; and this fig each magistrate in turn was compelled to draw out with his teeth, and then replace

it, for his next colleague to accomplish the same feat. To this day, it is said, an allusion to figs is accounted insulting by the Milanese.

The second Frederick kept all his crowns,—and he possessed seven of them, imperial, royal, and ducal,—in spite of the excommunications from Rome. Gregory IV. was never weary of directing these weapons against the Emperor. "We devote his body to the devil," said the Pontiff, "in order that we may save his soul!"

After the extinction of the Hohenstaufen race, towards the close of the thirteenth century, it is difficult to determine who was, or who was not, rightful Emperor. How the sceptre was valued may be seen in the circumstance told of Richard of Cornwall, brother of our Henry III., namely, that when he was a candidate, he bribed electors and archbishops, with thousands of marks. Wherever he went, say the chroniclers, thirty-two waggons followed him, drawn by eight horses, and laden with a hogshead of gold. He was not the only offender in this way; and how the nobles were demoralised is hinted at by the satirical Reinmar of Zwieter, who says, that—

"When the men of Venice heard
The crown was to be sold,
They sent right trusty messengers,
With bags well filled with gold.
Nay, had th' accursed Antichrist
His coffers opened wide,
Full many a Prince, and Counts enow,
Had voted on his side."

Little need be said of the interregnum Emperors,—that is, before a "decent" order of succession was observed, by the election of a man who was a stranger to all factions, and objectional to none. That man was Rudolph of Hapsburg. Before the period of his accession—the commencement of the greatness of the House of Austria,—we sometimes meet with three Emperors and three Popes at the same time. Some of these were unceremoniously set aside, but it is not necessary to follow

them into their uncrowned privacy. Not that there are not startling incidents to be met with. The Ex-Emperor Wenceslaus, for instance, when residing at Prague, where he reigned as King of Bohemia, after his ejection from the Imperial throne, exhibited no chastened spirit under his affliction. He once punished a cook, who had sent up to him an ill-dressed capon, by roasting him on a spit before his own fire. The story might be held to be groundless, were it not that, of petty German potentates, there are many similar stories told, which are well authenticated.

A more amusing incident is recounted of Sigismund, —who, it may be mentioned by the way, had, as Elector of Brandenburg, elected himself to the Empire, on the ground that he could judge of no other person so well, and that he felt he was equalled by none in suitable qualifications. Sigismund's arrogance and ignorance were further shown, at the opening of the Council of Constance, when, in addressing the members, he used the words, "Date operam ut *illa nefanda schisma* eradicetur." "*Schisma*," humbly whispered a Cardinal, "is neuter." But this correction seemed to Sigismund like displacing him from authority, and he haughtily exclaimed, "Ego sum Rex Romanus, et super grammaticam"—I am a Roman King, and above the rules of grammar.

Sigismund, however, does not belong to our list of deposed Sovereigns, although his claim to be recognized as Emperor was long disputed. The next example of a dethroned monarch of the German Line brings before us the holder of many crowns and the alleged willing yielder-up of all.

CHARLES V

'Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not, therefore, kind.
. . . . . .
Nor therefore humble he who seeks retreat;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great."
POPE.

CHARLES V. was the fourteenth in descent from Rudolph of Hapsburg. He was the grandson of the great Maximilian. His father was a German; his mother, Joanna, was a Spanish Princess. He was born in Flanders (in 1500), was educated by a Dutchman, espoused a Portuguese lady, and had he chosen to accept the offer (made to him when a widower) of the hand of Mary Tudor, he might have added England to the many territories which his house had gained by marriage treaties rather than by conquest.

Charles was a quick and intelligent boy. He acquired the living languages with facility, but Adrian Florens failed to make of him a tolerable Latin Scholar. He led a dissolute life when young, but he early showed great capacity for business. He was yet in his teens when he became King of Spain; (he had Ximenes for his regent;)—and he was scarcely out of them when he was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, King of the Romans.

He enjoyed, or endured, royal and imperial greatness, rather more than thirty-six years. The spectacle of his resignation of both was one that astonished the world, although it did not come altogether unexpected. Early in the married life of Charles he had agreed with his wife, Isabella of Portugal, that when their children should be grown to adult state and capacity, they themselves would retire from the world, he to a convent, and she to a nunnery. Charles had already learnt that disappointment and uncertainty were connected with the most brilliant of positions. Should an overwhelming reverse ever overtake him, his retirement to a monastery

would assume the appearance therefore of a voluntary step, rather than an inevitable and unpleasant consequence.

His reign belongs to the general history of Europe. His figure is conspicuous in various groups, but it appears small in many. He was mixed up in mighty enterprises, and achieved some brilliant triumphs; nevertheless he is not seen equal to his reputation. He was more than once repulsed by enemies whom he despised, and easily beaten by foes whom it would have been lasting glory to vanquish. With less ambition he might have gained more renown. Had he possessed more steadiness of principle, he would have incurred less reproach. He fancied he could create opportunity, and did not know how to profit by it when it presented itself. He might have been greater than Charlemagne, but he preferred to be the German Diocletian. Finally, had he possessed the sagacity attributed to him by his admirers, and the sincerity which neither friend nor foe ever ventured to attribute to him, he might have so guided the Reformation as to have made the movement worthy of that name; and have secured for the world the blessing of one united Christian Church, whose members might have rendered willing homage to a spiritual sovereign enthroned in Rome.

The great opportunities were lost; nevertheless Charles, after six-and-thirty years of rule, affected to conceal his disappointment beneath expression of the conviction that he had accomplished his mission;—and then the report first began to pass from mouth to mouth, that the great Emperor was about to lay down the sceptre, and to pass from all his thrones to a cell in a convent among the Spanish mountains.

His quarters there had long been preparing. On the day that his son Philip agreed to marry our Mary of England, Charles signed directions for the construction of his retreat at the Jeronimite convent of Yuste, or St Just. When it was known that these directions had been fully attended to, Charles made solemn resignation of empire. The hereditary estates of the House of

Austria he made over to his brother Ferdinand, who succeeded him as Emperor. The Netherlands, Spain, Naples, and the newly-discovered South American Colonies, he yielded to his son Philip. After the "hollow peace" of Augsburg, in 1555, this was probably the wisest course left for Charles to follow.

On a September day, in 1556, he set sail from Flushing, with a grandeur of circumstance that ill-accorded with his new condition of a private gentleman. The flotilla consisted of fifty-six ships, at the head of which was his own Biscayan of 565 tons, the 'Holy Ghost,' commanded by Bertendona,—whose name is sometimes taken for that of the ship, bearing to his destination so renowned a guest.

For the especial service of that guest, who had renounced the pomps and vanities of the world, one hundred and fifty persons were in attendance. A further state was maintained by the presence of many noblemen and their followers; and two dowager-queens of France and Hungary, sisters of Charles, swelled the train and gave it additional importance.

A weary time and a perilous way the voyagers had of it. During a great portion of both, Charles lay in his suspended bed, draped with green curtains; and he was not the least rejoiced of the company to step ashore at Laredo, the Santander of these modern days. The wayfarers had not been expected, and there were no preparations for their welcome or comfort. Many of them fell seriously ill. Some seven or eight died. For the sick there were no physicians, for the dying no priests. It was some days before the illustrious travellers were decently lodged and provided for. When this had been accomplished, Charles, after making gifts to the Church, set out upon his journey by land.

He travelled in a horse-litter, or, where the ways were rough, in a chair carried by stout bearers, Three litters and two chairs were provided to meet the possible exigencies of the route. The progress made was little, and that little slowly effected. It amounted to but twelve miles a day, for four days, and then an entire day's

rest,—at Medina di Pomar. The discontent of the officials, the infirmity of Charles, and the tardiness of pace, gave an air of reluctance to the entire expedition;—and indeed it may be doubted if there was a single sincerely willing, acquiescing individual among the whole of the travellers. The dignity of some was sorely offended by the presence of a few shabby Alcaldes with a dozen or two shabbier Alguazils, who served for "escort." The officers of the household of Charles declared that the travellers looked like a company of thieves in custody of the police. The ex-Emperor laughed at the idea; and its novelty reconciled him to that, against which attempt was made to excite his disgust.

After the repose at Medina, interrupted by courtly visits, audiences, and receptions, the party proceeded to Burgos, which they reached in three days. The Spanish Government had so arranged, that nothing now failed them on the road. At one resting-place, Charles found a supply of provisions and preserves. With his usual selfishness, he appropriated the whole of the latter to his own use; and he wrote very urgently for a daily supply of melons,—a fruit fatal to more than one Kaiser who had eaten thereof to excess. The Imperial appetite however, was so sharpened by travel, the bracing autumnal air, and the uncertainty of supplies, that a dish of flounders was on one occasion enjoyed with a delight that had long been unknown to a palled and fanciful appetite.

Six days were consumed in travelling between Burgos and Valladolid; but, to the delight of the smaller men of the company, the Alcaldes and Alguazils were replaced by an escort of cavalry. The most remarkable visitor whom Charles received in the last-named city was his little grandson, the ill-fated Don Carlos,—who, after being assassinated by his own father, has been misrepresented by great, and murdered by small, poets. The boy, attracted by the beauty of a gold chafing-dish held by the ex-Emperor, asked for it as a gift. Charles who never loved any children, hated this boy almost as fiercely as the poor boy's own father did;—and he bade

him wait: "You may have it," he said, "when I am dead."

It was at Valladolid that he may be said to have finally taken leave of all political business. He bade farewell to the ladies of his officers, at a ball; he wrote letters of counsel to his successors, and addressed a note against the unlucky Carlos, to his father Philip. In better mood, he even bowed to a court buffoon. "Why a bow to me?" asked the licensed jester. "Because," answered the ex-monarch, "a simple courtesy is all I have now to give."

Charles was little delighted with the state maintained during the fortnight he sojourned at Valladolid; and still less with the boyish comments of his grandson Carlos, on his flight from Innspruck. The Imperial irritability was ill-concealed beneath an affected smile. With joy then he dined, for the last time in his life, in public. This ceremony he had not often observed after he had entered his fiftieth birthday; and the loss of his teeth made the performances of so large a feeder more painful to the actor and unpleasant to the spectator.

Nine days, averaging four leagues a day, were spent in passing from Valladolid to Xarandilla. There was more inconvenience felt, than incidents encountered, by the way. On the very first day, Charles was so incommoded, probably by his state dinner at Valladolid, that his attendants were compelled to carry the agonized glutton into a private garden by the way-side, where they relieved his pain by applying hot cushions to his aching stomach. At the end of the second day, he was received, at Medina del Campo, in the house of a money-broker, Rodrigo de Dueñas, who, in honour of such a guest, filled his chafing-dish, not with charred vine-tendrils, but with cinnamon. The homage was not agreeable to the ex-Emperor, for he disliked the smell of the bark. Charles would not allow his host to kiss his hand; and on leaving, in the morning, he paid for his fare, as though he had been at an ordinary inn.

The abdicated monarch experienced the greatest delight when traversing the wildest country. He exulted that ceremony could not there meet him; and on

entering the last pass that lay between him and his destination, he remarked, with complacency, that "only one other lay before him—the pass of death." His care for creature comforts, however, was exceeding great; he heard with pleasure of the supplies of anchovies, potted, and fresh fish forwarded to him on his route; and he accepted gratefully the eider-down cushions sent to him from Madrid, remarking that they would cut up into warm jackets, and that he should like dressing gowns of the same material. He already suffered extremely from the cold; and the chafing-dish was seldom from between his hands. Still his health and vigour were wonderfully well sustained; and after one of the roughest and rudest of his days' progresses, he was well enough to go out and witness the taking, by moonlight, of the trout upon which he afterwards supped with voracious appetite. The rest which offered itself at the end of his ninth day's journey was, nevertheless, most grateful to him and his weary followers; and when Count Oropesa received the travellers, in his house at Xarandilla, there was not one of them who did not feel grateful at the prospect of the three months' sojourn which lay before them.

The convent was near, on the hill beyond the valley; but the preparations for the reception of the ex-Emperor were not complete. It was hid from him by constant heavy fogs and drenching rains; and, as usual, the household were more deeply discontented than the master. The damp and cold affected him; but he made light of both, and turned his eider-down cushions into jackets, and was so defended against either. The grumblers suggested that at Yuste the damp and cold would be still worse than at Xarandilla. Charles rode over, inspected the place, gave some directions, and on returning, remarked, like the Cid, "that the lion was not so ferocious as he had been depicted."

There was still some formal state, and there was much courtly etiquette, yet maintained at Xarandilla. Charles there received many noble gentlemen, learned scholars,

gallant soldiers, and ecclesiastical dignitaries, who came to pay him homage. He seems to have given most welcome to the ex-Duke of Gandia,—that Francis Borgia who, after dazzling and perplexing the world, left it for the cloister, where he observed a discipline that only narrowly escaped from being suicidal. The monk treated Charles as Emperor, and the ex-monarch treated Francis as Duke. Their converse was of old times, old projects, and later disappointments or realizations. Each, however, had an object in view. Francis was a Jesuit, and hoped to induce the Imperial recluse to take a confessor from among the Society. Charles hated the Jesuits, and expected to be able to induce Borgia to become a Jeronimite, Each kept his own course, and neither blamed the other.

Parting counsel, like maxims uttered by the dying, was despatched by Charles to the occupiers of the various thrones now held by his successors. The affairs of the table continued to engage his attention not less than the destinies of men. Tributes of fish, flesh, fowl, and Flemish sausages, made as his mother of blessed memory used to make them, were forwarded to him from all quarters and from all classes. Some ladies sent silver saucepans, wherein to carry on the more delicate processes of cooking; others laid at his feet rich scents, in exquisitely carved flasks. The Duchess de Frijas presented for his acceptance a packet of gloves. "She should have sent me," said Charles, "hands to wear them."

These were in a pitiable state, with great chalk-stones and running sores. Charles, though he could allude to their condition himself, ill brooked reference made to them by others. Just after his abdication from his Flemish authority, when the absurdities of Brusquet, the famous French buffoon, excited such merry uproar in the church, that Philip II. was obliged to grasp the altar, that he might not fall by excess of laughing, Charles asked the jester if he recollected the Battle of Spurs. "I remember it well enough," said Sir Fool, "the better that it was there you got those

pretty rubies and carbuncles which you wear on your hands."

These honours, however, had been gained not in the field, but through abuse of appetite everywhere. The Imperial morning draught was cold beer, and plenty of it. This was less safe than grateful to the stomach of a man who not only rivalled the God whose proof of divinity lay in his consuming much meat, but who at each nightly feast had his face in the wine-pot much oftener than any other man at the board, and who never drew back till he had swallowed a full quart. His gastronomic excesses brought on intense suffering; but experience did not persuade, nor pain compel, him to moderation. With few teeth, and very imperfect digestion, he continued to eat from as many dishes, and to empty as many flasks, as in the days when his powers were great, his health flourishing, and his exercise regular. In this respect, he had never been lord of himself. He was now less so than ever. His medical men were his abettors; with the exception of Dr Mola, they allowed him to satisfy every appetite, without attempting to restrain him. They were content to provide palliations, rather than establish a preventive course. Least of all, would Charles surrender his darling beer. It was suggested to him that he must either change his *régime*, or give up the idea of living in this part of Spain. The only remark of the intensely sick epicure was, that he was bound by no vows to remain there or anywhere else. And so he went on in his excesses, and became more frequently crippled by long and debilitating attacks of gout and fever.

At length it was announced to him that all was ready for him in his residence in the convent-grounds of Yuste; and he cheerfully commenced the work of his departure. On the 3rd of February, 1577, after diminishing his train by a hundred followers, affecting them to tears by the tenderness of his leave-taking, and causing affliction no less bitter to those who found themselves compelled to continue their service, he set out in a mule-litter for the convent. It was then three o'clock in the

afternoon, and there was a two hours' march before them ere they could cross the valley and ascend the hill on whose flanks lay the Jeronimite convent. When his escort of halberdiers drew up to offer their last service, they broke their pike staves, in token that military honours were not assorted with the circumstances of the scene. One authority intimates that with the breaking of their staves ended their duty; a second states that weaponless they escorted the monarch who had descended from the throne. The difference is of little moment. Charles had still faithful, though not delighted, servants about him, and with these he arrived, at five o'clock, at the portal of the church of the convent of Yuste. The edifice was illuminated in his honour, the bells rang out a welcome, and the brotherhood stood at the portal, contemplating a spectacle which they could never have believed that they would live to see. The ex-Emperor was lifted from his mule-litter, and carried in the chair to the high altar,—the monks singing *Te Deum Laudamus* as he was borne along; and Charles addressing a few words, by the way, to the Count of Oropesa, who was on his right, and the indefatigable Quixada, who walked on his left.

At the conclusion of the service the Imperial guest held his first ecclesiastical levee. Every monk was presented to him, and they all appear to have maintained a quiet self-respect, except the Prior, who got confused, addressed the Emperor as "Your Paternity," and was corrected by a brother, who told him that "Your Majesty" was the proper form to be employed. The ceremony concluded, Charles retired to his own apartments, to forget at supper the observation of his physician, or of a more humble servant, that he would have little acquaintance with the gout if he would only keep his mouth shut something more than was customary with him.

And such was the way by which the great Charles V. passed from the highest condition of human greatness into retirement. On leaving Flanders he had prophetic

knowledge of what was to follow; and his own conviction was that he had flung the great events of his reign to the mercy or chances of fortune. The Venetian Ambassador already said of him, that his reputation had gone, or rather, as the Legate added, nearly gone. He compared it to a ship which, in a dead calm, is moved by rowers towing it in a boat ahead, and which, after the oars are shipped and the towing-rope is cast loose, still moves for a moment or two before it brings up. To this latter motion, so soon not to exist, did the Venetian compare the reputation of Charles V.

The retreat of the Emperor bore no resemblance to that chosen by Diocletian, after he had deposited the Imperial mantle, and laid upon it the splendid sword which the Emperors wore as a symbol of their rank. It was a residence for a gentleman of refined tastes, and who had regard for his comfort. It was a pleasant house, communicating with the church of the convent, situated in a pleasant garden, and in the midst of a pleasant, but not of a paradisiacal country, such as the Spanish writers have described it. It was an eight-roomed dwelling, the upper four rooms of which were appropriated to the exclusive use of the abdicated monarch. The walnut-tree which shaded it still survives; beneath its shade was often to be seen the man from whose reign dates the discovery of the Peruvian gold-mines, and therewith the decadence of Spain.

The house in the garden was comfortably furnished. The kitchen was good, the cooks accomplished, the viands abundant. Even on meagre-days, the formal fasting was merely a change of much meat for superabundance of fish and dainty dishes not disallowed by the Church. The apartments were appropriately hung with dark cloth, on which many a picture—cunning work of some glorious craftsman—challenged the readily-paid admiration of the sombre-looking epicure, who gazed at them from his easy-chair. The bed-room suited the profession and condition of the worn-out warrior. It was simple, but complete, in its arrangements; and if the weary soldier were too ill, or not disposed to rise

from his bed, he could see from it the priest at the altar of the church, and so follow the celebration and observances of the Mass. His toilet-table was covered with miscellaneous articles, like that of Charles of Burgundy, and there was as much variety in its drawers; gold ornaments and jewellery did not lack, and mixed up with these were bezoar-stones against the plague, cramp-rings from England, to protect his swollen fingers from agony, and lying about on every "coign of vantage," in every room, many dozen pairs of spectacles, ready for use whenever the old monarch required them.

The religious community possessed several members who were men of intellectual attainments,—travellers, scholars, soldiers, artists, musicians,—and with these Charles loved to converse or otherwise amuse himself. The best vocalists among the brotherhood attuned their voices, a little to the glory of God, but very much more for the Imperial gratification. They sang with diffidence before an exquisite judge, who not only winced at a false note, but could at once detect the very throat from which it issued, and who never spared the unlucky offender. Pains too were taken to provide for him the most able preachers; several were attached to the church, and if any happened to be travelling in the vicinity, there was sure to be despatched to them a summons, which they were as sure to obey with alacrity. Finally, he had a household of sixty servants, and a library of only thirty books.

This contrast might seem to warrant a sneer, but in truth the sneer would be ill-founded. The servants were perhaps more than were needed for either dignity or comfort; but the volumes, if few, were excellent of their sort; and, as it proved, the thirty were more than enough for a man who had not thirty months to live. Among them were the works in which he most delighted,—his favourite Fathers, the most esteemed divines, the choicest historians, and a selection of poets,—a few of each; and one philosophical work, which is said never to have been absent from the library of any well-read gentleman of those days,—the well-known work

of Boethius, 'on Consolation,'—that salve for bruised minds, which Madame Roland says is never wanting to the virtuous; which Vauvenargues placed in religion and which Voltaire divided between friendship and study giving the first place to friendship.

The Imperial recluse could very well fill up his day. Infirmity, rather than nicety, rendered his toilet long, and the religious service which followed was frequent and not brief. With the exception of innocent and not undignified pastime, his hours were passed either at table or at the altar. Even after his midday meal he was read to sleep by means of a homily, from which he was aroused to attend the ordinary afternoon services.

But perhaps the happiest hours of the declining years of Charles were spent with the great mathematician and mechanician, Giovanni Torriani. The ex-Emperor had always experienced infinite enjoyment in the study of works of mechanism. When he entered Nuremberg, of all the phases of the form of welcome which he there encountered, none pleased more than the artificial eagle which flew to meet him. When the fly, invented by Jean de Montreyal, flew round him in the air, and ended by alighting on his arm, the feat delighted an emperor and inspired an indifferent poet. The esteem of Charles for Torriani was gained by that marvellous clock, projected but not completed, which was to give record of a score of things besides passing time, but which never even told the hour with strict correctness. Charles had a passion for clockwork. When his diseased appetite refused to be pleased with the artistic preparations of his renowned cook, the latter great man expressed both his peevishness and contempt, by remarking that he supposed the only dish his master would look into with pleasure, would be a pie stuffed with timepieces. In the construction of such pieces Charles and Torriani consumed many an hour. Louis XVI. had a similar taste; and these illustrious personages worked much to the same end. They endeavoured to make many clocks observe an exact

and invariable conformity in marking the time. They of course failed. Charles is said to have impatiently observed, under his disappointment, that since he could not make two clocks strictly agree in a matter so simple, it had been folly in him to imagine that he could compel many men to be of one mind. It may be doubted whether Charles ever made so foolish an observation, for certainly none knew better than he the difference of conditions;—and yet it may be admitted that, great politician and tolerable workman as he was, he did not know how to rectify in some degree the variations that will be found among pendulums of different lengths, and among people of diverse faiths and nations.

In the pursuits of Charles and Torriani at Yuste, there was a mixture of the great and the trivial. After dinner, while a brother was reading some pages from St Augustine, the Italian mechanician would place on the table before Charles, figures of knights armed and mounted, who tilted at each other with as much energy as foes who had as little cause for hostility. Another day, it was a mimic drummer, who beat the point of war, or a trumpeter who furiously blew his little charge; and finally, small troops of chevaliers would cover the circumscribed plain, and, levelling their lances, rush through each other's ranks with imperturbable regularity. The Superior of the Convent was one day present at an exhibition of Torriani's skill. On the occasion in question, the artist sent a flight of birds into the dining-room; and these so closely imitated nature in every respect, that the astounded Father declared that the devil had to do with it;—and Torriani was contemplated by him with an evil eye.

It was only the hours which the weary gastronome required for his painful digestion that were devoted to the enjoyment of these laborious trifles. There were other seasons, when the brain was not obscured and the stomach was less oppressed; and then, beneath the porch which caught the rays of the sun in which Charles loved to bask, or in the study of Torriani himself, the atten-

tion of master and disciple was given to the solution of great and useful problems. Among others, mention is made of a bold and gigantic project, which was duly accomplished, but not till after the death of Charles, when it was achieved by Gianello, and which consisted in raising the waters of the low-lying Tagus to the heights—the truly thirsty heights, as they might be called without affectation—of Toledo. Bourgoing says that the remains of this ingenious machine are still to be seen on the high rocky peninsula occupied by the city; and, near them, "ruins still more ancient, which must have formed part of an aqueduct designed to convey water to the height of the Alcazar from springs seven or eight leagues distant,—a legacy at once useful and magnificent, by which the Romans have marked their residence in more than one place in Spain."

With spring flowers, clear skies, and softer breezes, the sojourners at Yuste experienced a greater measure of content and an improved condition of health. Therewith Charles concerned himself more than ever, touching the troubled condition of politics, and the gloomy aspect of things in general. He made the whole world sensible that he had not really laid down the Imperial mantle, but that he was merely adjusting it ere he fell,—and meanwhile he claimed and obtained obedience. The Diet did not make legal acceptance of his resignation till May, 1558. Down to that day, he designated himself "Emperor," named and received ambassadors, and had crowds at his garden-gates,—noble and simple, true men, impostors, and intriguing women, seeking audience and assailing him or his secretaries, with prayers and petitions.

The income appropriated for his use did not amount to much more than fifteen hundred pounds sterling, per annum. He had a reserved fund at Simancas, which he would not touch,—nor allow to be touched when the poverty of the Spanish government, in spite of all its golden revenue, compelled them to ask him to disburse a little of the hoard, for the public weal. Charles showed a vicarious generosity in pointing out wealthy

churchmen whom the supreme authority would do well to despoil of a portion of their treasure. The Government went even further than this. They seized on the gold belonging to private proprietors, which had just been brought from America by the bullion fleet. The owners, not liking the terms offered, boldly attacked the officials who held their property, and went off triumphantly with their gold. Charles could not tolerate in others the unwillingness to lend pecuniary aid to the Government which he felt himself; and he declared that he would have those disloyal recusants punished,—ay, although he held "death in his teeth." And indeed the offence was not expiated without a taste of the torture and the hangman.

At this period, however, it was, that Death began to close his jaws upon the Emperor. The latter was, it is true, so stirred by public news from beyond his retreat, that men began to speculate upon the probability of his again appearing in arms, to pursue his enemies, by the last argument of Kings. It was a foolish speculation, for he who had been so perfect an equestrian that men said, had he not been born a King, he would have become the prince of light horsemen, was now so infirm that, after being assisted to cross the saddle on an Andalusian pony, he tumbled out of it, through mere giddiness. But there were younger persons in his vicinity who were suffering from a worse vertigo than that which springs from old-age and an abused stomach —the vertigo of famine. Great and dreaded as he was, the hungry peasantry of the vicinity forgot their respect for him, in their sufferings. They stripped his kitchen-garden, plundered his orchards, impounded his cattle, drew the fish from his ponds, and waylaid and rifled his mules, which traversed the hunger-district, laden with dainties.

The ex-monarch chafed under these petty vexations; and he allowed even smaller troubles to unnecessarily vex him. He loved his two sisters, the dowager-queens of France and Hungary,—the first especially. But he loved them none the more that their residence in his

vicinity, when they paid him a visit, caused meat to rise to the exorbitant rate of 2½*d.* a pound. Neither to these, nor to any visitor, however illustrious, did he ever extend the hospitality of a place at his table, or a bed beneath his roof. Francis Borgia formed the only exception to this rule,—but the Jesuit was of a profession to establish such exceptions; and in fair weather Charles would take a repast with him beneath a spreading tree, and the Ducal monk was even known to have slept or watched a night through, within the cottage-palace in the garden at Yuste.

That they were not all honest men there, or that dishonest men could find means to penetrate therein, is proved by the fact of the theft of eight thousand ducats. The impossibility of discovering the thieves showed, perhaps, that the Castilian principle of honour among this class was not different from that which is proverbially said to prevail among similar practitioners in other nations. However this may be, the attention of Charles was soon drawn from minor trials to matters of more moment. The autumn brought mists, fevers, and catarrhs. Charles indulged his appetite more, and resisted the effects of indulgence, less. He suffered mentally and bodily, in consequence. His favourite sister Eleanor, Queen-dowager of France, unexpectedly died. Charles felt this blow acutely. "She was fifteen months older than I," he said, "and in that period I shall rejoin her;"—and he helped the fulfilment of his prophecy, by following a diet that would have destroyed the powers of a younger stomach.

A settled gloom began to gather around him. It was dispersed for awhile by the little festival, in the open air, which marked the anniversary of his arrival. The master of the novices is even said to have put aside his gravity, and to have jokingly alluded to the termination of the year's noviciate, and to the "profession" to be made by the new brother. The pleased Emperor followed up this joking vein, by inscribing his own name first in a new register of the brotherhood,—a register which travellers loved to look at, but which disappeared when the armies

of a monarch mightier in his power and more humbled in his fall—the armies of Napoleon—visited and devastated the spot made famous by the residence of Charles.

The health of the latter was now rapidly giving way; but there was life in the old man yet. On Ash-Wednesday, he did not fail to stand on the steps of the altar in the church, to see that every one of the members of his household, from Quixada to the very scullions, approached to communicate. In Lenten processions he carried the symbolic light, symbolically extinguished it, and then scourged himself with most unselfish severity. The religious festivals were his gala-days. His only difficulty was in fasting. This seemed to a man of such appetites the first of duties; but he only observed it by changing his diet,—not reducing the quantity, or mortifying his inclination. His most joyous day was that of St Matthias. He would then put on the old Jupiter, and appear at the window of his room which looked into the church, in as much of the imperial glory as he had by him to assume,—his robes, his orders, and his ineffable air of majesty. It was the day on which he was born, crowned, and married. It was the anniversary of more than one victory; and it was the birthday of his illegitimate son, Don John of Austria. For these and all other blessings he returned grateful thanks on the festival of a Saint, under whose further favour he hoped to die. At one or two minor festivals, too, he exhibited much graciousness, and even once dined with the friars; but he liked not their fare. At this time his ulcerated fingers could no longer hold a gun; but he looked after the onions in his garden, watched his flowers, and altogether (and always excepting his heavy hours at table) he lived so refining and chastening a life, that it is impossible not to feel surprise at his forbidding the approach of women to the convent, under a penalty of two hundred lashes.

The truth is, and it is a most melancholy truth, that the more ceremonially pious he grew, the more irritable and the less charitable and tolerant he became. Amid his own acute pains, the horrors of his indigestion, and

his anxieties touching the future destiny of the Empire, of Spain, of the Netherlands, and of Christendom as opposed to the Moslem power, he never ceased to urge, earnestly, incessantly, imploringly, imperiously, that one practice should not be allowed to fall into disuse—the burning of heretics. For these he had no bowels of mercy, were they his own friends, or the most faithful of his followers. Burn them, destroy them, curse them and their memories, seemed the burden of his dying song. If there were one thing in him that took the shape of sin, and seemed to him past chance of forgiveness, it was that he had not burned Luther, when he had the Reformer in his power. It is true that he had pledged his word for his safety. The Imperial honour had been the warranty for Luther's safety; but what was such honour, he now thought, in comparison with the inestimable benefit he should have conferred on the Church and Christendom by breaking his pledge as King, Knight, and Christian, and burning Luther to ashes before the eyes of the whole world? Charles never ceased to regret his foolish good-nature, and his censurable fidelity in this respect. He groaned and wept at the thought that he had not led Luther to the stake, and consumed him and his doctrines, if that were possible, in the same flames.

Meanwhile the fire of fever began rapidly to consume himself. The heat of his stomach, gout, weak sight, and his inflamed and itching legs, kept him in a continual state of irritation. His impatience and his obstinacy were terrible. To ease his burning and itching limbs, he would sleep with his legs uncovered. Chills were the inevitable consequence, and therewith fever. But he preferred the latter to being tortured by cutaneous irritation. The cold was, at all events, grateful to him for a time;—though he could burst into fury at it when he found that the autumn frost had been severe enough to kill the melons in his garden. He poured cold beer into his heated stomach, slept with doors and windows open, and dashed his inflamed legs into cold water. Day by day he grew worse. He was weaker,—*so* weak that he was unable to rid himself of the phlegm in his

throat, which threatened to choke him. Robertson speaks of the decay of his intellectual faculties; but trustworthy authorities followed by Prescott, Stirling, and Mignet, and the more full and admirable 'Charles Quint' of Amédée Pichot, attest that, however feeble he became in body, his mind preserved its strength, brightness, dignity, and courage to the very last. When most feeble in body, and most acutely suffering, he neglected no religious duty; and, helpless as an infant, he was aided by his faithful and attached servants to perform all the prostrations, even as the most vigorous among the monks. Their hands let him gently fall to the ground, and as gently raised him, and placed him in his seat. It was a touching, rather than a contemptible, spectacle; for no doubt, fiercely uncharitable and grovellingly superstitious as the moribund monarch may seem to us, he was sincerely religious according to the instruction he had received, and the conscience by which he was guided. There was something sublime in the way in which he cast himself down before the throne of mercy, acknowledging his sins, and imploring with earnest voice the benefits of a redemption—from which he would very heartily have kept that accursed Luther who had crossed his path, and the arch-heretics who accepted the Reformer's doctrine.

The spectacle of the ex-Emperor celebrating his own funeral service, has been divested of much of its apparent absurdity by the simple statements of eye-witnesses, and modern writers who have reproduced their statements. It was a solemnity however on which even Charles did not venture till he had received ecclesiastical permission. He did not attend it in his shroud, nor lie down in his own coffin. There were the ordinary ornaments which the Romish Church uses at the usual services for the dead, and nothing more. The only exception to the ordinary service was when Charles, extinguishing the light which he held, surrendered it into the hands of a priest, in token of yielding up his life, and his immortal spirit, to the will of God.

The excitement of the scene however was too much

for his shattered nerves. The following day he was in his garden, too ill to walk. In obedience to his expressed desire, the portrait of his first wife was brought out to him, and he sat and silently gazed at it, in deep meditation, for a considerable time. His thoughts were then with the past, but his infirmity soon recalled him to the present. He was borne into the house, and carried to his bed, never again to issue from either alive. About three weeks he thus lay, surely though slowly dying, and very sincerely regretted by his faithful attendants. The details of his illness are given with the regularity of a bulletin, in the recently published accounts of his cloister-life, but there is nothing sufficiently striking in them to call for their reproduction here. Suffice it to say, that on the 21st of September, 1558, the once lord of many thrones, and the victor in many fields, died, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His last expressed wish was to be entombed with his dear first wife; and among those who heard the wish was his illegitimate son, Don John of Austria, whose presence there was a smart practical comment upon the conjugal fidelity and affection of Charles V.

In the garden in front of the house, there was a lily, which, in the month of May previous to the Emperor's decease, had two buds. Only one of these flowered in the month named. The other remained closed, but fresh, and it continued in that state till the night on which Charles died; when it suddenly opened, putting forth one single leaf. There was something so unusual in the circumstance, that the flower was exhibited on the high altar, and its condition was taken as a happy omen for that of the deceased ex-monarch. One consequence of his infirmity merits also a word of record, as it passed into a fashion. He suffered so intensely from headache, that he had his hair cut close, and thence arose the mode of wearing it short.

The bodies of father and illegitimate son were reunited in death, but not till long after the peasants of the Vera of Plasencia, had forgotten the boy whom they used to pelt with stones for despoiling their cherry-

trees. The corpse of the ex-Emperor remained, till the year 1574, shut up in a rude chest, which was deposited in the chapel, where it may be yet seen, empty. The corpse was transferred, at the date above mentioned, to the Escurial, where it lies among those legitimate and illegitimate loves which most affected the living monarch. The monks of Yuste were reluctant to lose a sacred deposit which brought them many visitors and acceptable fees. They addressed Philip II. for some compensation, under the circumstances; but Philip, who had made spies of half the household of his father, and received from them full and regular details of his sire's designs and opinions, very untruly told the poor brothers that it was not at all likely that they had among them, for so many months, so great a monarch, without well "feathering their nests."

Doubtless, if it were a satisfaction to the *manes* of Charles V. to be laid by the side of his consort, there was not less content when by the remains of the sire were placed those of the illegitimate son,—the great hero of Lepanto, the victim poisoned in Flanders, and first buried in Namur, as those may remember who have passed that way, and whose thoughts have not been exclusively devoted to "My Uncle Toby."

How the body of the gallant warrior, Don John, was taken up, disboned, carried piecemeal in a courier's wallet to Spain, there strung together again by wires, covered with the ordinary dress of the living Don John, and, truncheon in hand, so presented to Philip II. at a private interview, has been told in another work. When the interview was over, the gaily dressed corpse (with a crown on the brow, intimating the Irish crown, it is said) was unrobed and committed to the silent company of the paternal Charles. The mystery touching the mother of Don John has led to one hideous and "impossible" tradition,—as unfounded as the more agreeable fourteen misstatements which Von Platen has contrived to insert in one sonnet, "Der Pilgrim von St Just."

If the causes which led to the abdication of Charles,

and the manner of life which he led after surrendering the crown be compared with the reasons which drove earlier monarchs into cloisters, and the course of life to which they were condemned, the examiner will not fail to discern that, powerful as the Church had grown in later times, the State—that is, the monarch—had grown even more potential in proportion.

In primitive times, the rude King, worn out by opposition, or terrified by attempts at assassination, was often rejoiced to be permitted to plunge into a cell, and there find oblivion and safety. It is certain that some of our deposed Saxon sovereigns lived very much at their ease among their cowled brethren; but this was an exception rather than a rule. There are instances where the ex-monarch was reduced to the condition of a menial, and, like Carloman, milked the cows of the sacred community. They were monks in deed as well as in name, and were bound by their vows of obedience, to submit to all the directions of their spiritual superiors. It was far otherwise with Charles V. If circumstances of public pressure and personal health compelled him to surrender his crown, the accomplishment of the act had a voluntary aspect. Then, he was among the monks, but he was not of them. There was many a poor joke about his being a "brother," but he was only so in jest. He never ceased to be Emperor; he retained as many Imperial privileges as furthered his enjoyment of life, and got luckily rid of those which did not agree with his pleasures or his health. He indulged in luxurious living; and although he laid the scourge lustily on his own back, no churchman dared to order him to do so, and he could pause whenever his loins began to ache. He was the most impetuous of penitents; and the director of his conscience was not bold enough to go beyond his pupil's own suggestions. This confessor, indeed, was in some sort a very slave. Juan Regla had risen from the condition of a shepherd-boy to be one of the first of theologians. It was with great reluctance, however, that he undertook to keep in the fold so precious a lamb as the

capricious ex-Emperor. He blushed to sit in presence of Charles; and the latter was not sorry to see this sign of diffidence in a man who was supposed to have the Imperial salvation in his keeping. The Imperial recluse styled him "master," but he was really the ward. Regla one day took the liberty of going over from Yuste to Plasencia, without first asking the Imperial permission. Charles despatched a messenger, with an express order to the confessor, to return immediately. "Look you here," said Charles to his spiritual director, "let it in future be a well-understood matter that you never leave the convent without my being first informed of your intention; for it is my desire that you never leave me for a single instant." The monk was affected at this burst of displeasure; and after that time he never crossed the boundary of the monastery till Charles had breathed his last. This training fitted him for the post which he afterwards filled, that of confessor to Philip II., in the Escurial.

Charles was never more despotic and irresponsible than when at Yuste; and he consequently never regretted the resolution which had brought him thither. Sovereign in all essentials, he could very well dispense with those attributes of royalty which Mr Stirling classes under the head of "pageants, guards, and gold-sticks." Even after the Diet had accepted his resignation, and Charles had designated himself as "a private man," he was still addressed under the courtesy title of Emperor; —and with the courtesy there was still much substantial power. His seal no longer bore crown, golden fleece, or eagle; but what was under the seal lacked nothing of emphasis or influence because these outward signs were wanting. The only memorial now existing of the residence of the ex-Emperor in this place, is in an inscription, surmounted by the Imperial arms, in the corner of the garden. It is to the following effect, and is of that mendacious quality which led the Ephori to forbid the use of epitaphs. "In this holy house of St Jerome of Yuste, ended his days he who spent the whole of them in defence of the faith and in support

of justice, Charles V., Emperor, King of Spain, most Christian, invincible. He died on the 21st September, 1588." The monks had no other profit from his residence among them than the honour resulting therefrom. Quixada cleared the house of all valuables; the French injured the dwelling; silkworms have been reared in the Emperor's room, and some of the Imperial vases were carried off by an apothecary to decorate his shop at Xarandilla.

Fifteen Emperors and one Empress succeeded to the responsibilities of government, and nearly three hundred years elapsed before Germany again saw the spectacle of an Imperial abdication. Charles voluntarily laid down the trappings rather than the substantialities of sovereign authority, in 1556. Ferdinand, Emperor indeed not of Germany, but of Austria, was prayed, persuaded, and pushed from his uneasy seat, in 1848. Before we touch upon his story, let us render it somewhat more intelligible, by briefly noticing the Kaisers by whom he was preceded; some of whom were virtually deposed, although they wore the crown.

When the dominions of Charles were divided, Austria and the Imperial crown fell to his brother, Ferdinand I., —a man who compassed the murder of Martinizzi, that he might oppress Hungary, and who rendered the elective crown of Bohemia hereditary in his family, without consulting the feelings of the Bohemians. A better fame attaches to him, as having established the great fact that Papal coronation was unnecessary to render valid the possession of the Imperial crown. *Obsequium*, and not the stereotyped *Obedientia*, was henceforth the tribute to be paid by Austria to Rome.

The Kaiser of our days has gone back to worse than the old slavery, and Austria has been surrendered by the boy Emperor, bound hand and foot, gagged and throttled, to the Pope.

Ferdinand was a pupil of Erasmus, and, like his great master, he could recognize the errors of Popery without thereby feeling any the more warmly in behalf of the Reformation. He had almost banished his son Maxi-

milian from his country, for daring to retain a Lutheran preacher in his service; and he was not indisposed to force upon the Reformers his conviction of the naughtiness of the Reformation, by having Protestants publicly whipped through the streets. The obstinate fellows remained unconvinced, in spite of the weight and smartness of the argument. The Reformers hailed the accession of Maximilian with joy, and indeed they found him an equitable master. He was emphatically a "knight and gentleman;" and it is said that he never purchased an article of jewellery for his own adornment. The Reformers looked for halcyon days through him; but he left the education of his children to his bigoted wife, Mary of Spain, and when she, as a widow, saw her fiery son, Rudolph, Emperor, she thanked God for *that*; and, repairing to her native country, she further blessed Heaven that she was again in a country where no heretic could remain and live. The son ruled as the mother had taught him, and his Protestant subjects passed through an ordeal of fire and blood. He brought the kingdoms over which he reigned, and the empire wherein he governed, to the very brink of ruin. He died, as he deserved, crownless and abhorred. Apart from the questions of religion, Rudolph, besides being accomplished in all abstruse sciences and modern acquirements,—besides being grave with Tycho Brahe, and merry with a professional jester,—was the gayest and most gallant of cavaliers. He was so fond of horses that his ministers were often compelled to disguise themselves as grooms, that they might obtain access to the permanent refuge he had taken in his stables; and there, by the side of rack and manger, more weighty questions were discussed than ever troubled the late Duke of Parma and Thomas Ward, stud-groom to the Duke, and regent of the Duchy.

The succeeding reigns of Matthias and Ferdinand II., were almost exclusively occupied by wars. It was the age of Wallenstein, of Tilly, and Gustavus; and the Reformation in Germany had well-nigh been suffocated in blood. Ferdinand is infamous for the number of

Protestants he destroyed, and for the multitude of monks whom he pensioned; for Reformed churches which he burnt, and for the innumerable convents which he built. And yet, despite all he did for Rome, a single agent of that power foiled his most ardent desires; and when this took place, he exclaimed with a groan, "A Capuchin friar has disarmed me with his rosary, and covered six electoral caps with his cowl." His favourite and second son, Leopold, was a singular character. Men called him "the Angel." His prayers were believed to have an intercessory power. He was fond of rearing beautiful plants; but he refrained from smelling them, on a principle of mortification! He held that such abstinence would be accounted to him for righteousness. The eldest son succeeded to the Empire, and he healed many of the wounds inflicted by his father. Ferdinand III. reconciled Protestants with Catholics; but Pope Innocent refused to ratify the peace. Ferdinand was weak of constitution; and his death was caused by a singular accident. As he lay indisposed in a room in his palace, a fire broke out in the apartment of his infant son. A guard, who had secured child and cradle, rushed so impetuously with them into the Emperor's room, that he struck the cradle with such force against the wall that it dashed to pieces. The child rolled out unhurt, but the Kaiser died of the fright.

Ferdinand had basely offered to hold Hungary as a fief of the Porte. His son, Leopold III., was worthy of so mean-spirited a sire. When the Turks had swept through Hungary itself, and appeared in force before Vienna, Leopold ran away from the capital, amid the execrations of his deserted subjects. The capital and country were saved by the chivalrous and henpecked Sobieski, King of Poland. When the Turks had been routed by that king among knights, and the danger had ceased, Leopold returned to his palace. His gratitude, like his courage, was small. He made difficulties as to the reception by him, an apostolic Emperor, of one who was only an elective King. The terms were arranged

for the meeting as though the rescued Emperor was conferring a favour on his deliverer. They met on horseback before their troops. Leopold bowed coldly, and stammered out a few meaningless words. Sobieski smiled, shrugged his shoulders, wheeled round, and galloped back to his men. And so the debt of gratitude was paid; and yet this Leopold was called 'the Great.' The Jesuits, of whom he was a pupil, and of whose society he was at one time a member, had made this man a sanguinary persecutor. His domestic life is illustrated by an anecdote told in connection with his recluse habits. An Imperial chamberlain, once seeing a little dark figure in one of the corridors, asked him if he knew where the Emperor was. A hollow voice replying, "I am he," nearly frightened the official to death. It is a fact that, saving to a select few, with whom he could be sprightly enough, Leopold was a stranger to the inmates of his own palace. That he had some sense was exhibited in his giving his son Joseph other tutors than the Jesuits. The fruits thereof were manifest in Joseph's toleration of the Protestants. But there was good reason for it. Joseph had to thank Marlborough for the preservation of his dominions. The Jesuits, who hated Sobieski, perfectly detested the English general; and they impressed upon the Emperor that to be saved by a heretic was not to be saved at all. Joseph could not recognize any logical conclusion in such an argument. That it was a good one was doubtless clear to Jesuit speculation, by the Emperor's being retributively attacked with smallpox in the thirty-third year of his age. All that art could do to save him was tried, but all in vain. His physicians hermetically closed his apartments, kept up a blazing fire, gave him strong drinks, and even swathed him in twenty yards of English scarlet broad-cloth. In spite of these well-advised remedies, the patient died, and doctors wondered wherefore.

Joseph was too modest to allow his Laureates to praise him in their odes. "I want to hear good music," he said, "and I detest flattering eulogy." At his death,

his brother Charles was in Spain, endeavouring to fight his way to the Spanish crown, which Louis XIV. had so cleverly contrived to fix on the brow of his grandson Philip. Charles proceeded to Germany, through England, and was Queen Anne's guest at Windsor. He remained at Court three days, and, though well pleased with all he saw, was not observed to smile once during the whole time. The light-hearted circle were as glad when he had gone as if they had got rid of a gentleman-vampire. He was slow in moving towards the greatness that awaited him; and he was not excited to greater activity by a remark of General Stanhope that "King William, Sir, entered London in a coach with a cloak-bag behind it, and was made King not many weeks after." Charles was inordinately fond of finery, particularly of jewellery. His reign was one long war, in which the fortunes of his House appear to have departed with Marlborough and Eugene. The Jesuits compelled him to dismiss all his Protestant generals, and to enter on measures which threatened to ruin England, whose blood and treasures had been lavishly poured forth for his advantage. He will be ever remembered as the author of that puzzle to schoolboys, the "Pragmatic Sanction." His father Leopold had settled the succession of the Austrian dominions on Joseph, and, failing male heirs of Joseph, on Charles. Should both die without male heirs, the daughters of Joseph were to succeed in preference to the daughters of Charles. The latter, on becoming Emperor, induced Joseph's daughters to renounce their rights, and he fixed the succession, having no sons, upon his daughters. This was the "Pragmatic Sanction." By virtue thereof, Maria Theresa, the eldest daughter of Charles, inherited the Austrian provinces. France and Prussia supported the Elector of Bavaria, as Emperor (Charles VII.), but after three years (1745) Maria Theresa became Empress of Germany through her husband, Francis of Lorraine, the elected Emperor; but she ruled as monarch *de jure*, and her consort was little more than first gentleman of her chamber. Her father, who died in 1740, of over-

feeding on mushrooms stewed in oil, when suffering from indisposition, was a strange compound. When war was raging, his country falling into ruins, and his Court receiving the bribes of his enemies, he composed an opera. The parts were filled by noble amateurs. He himself led the orchestra. In the ballet which followed, his daughter enacted the principal characters, and danced in flesh-coloured tights and very brief muslin.

In Maria Theresa the dramatic propensity was very strongly developed. On receiving intelligence of the greatest of the victories gained by her army over that of Prussia, she manifested her gratitude to Heaven by getting up a chariot-race, in which she herself appeared, drove six fiery steeds abreast, and scoured through the sawdust of her Hippodrome with a mimic fury that would have delighted the experienced eyes of Mr Ducrow. She *was* a heroine: it is not to be disputed; but she was a most ungrateful woman. To maintain her in her position, we gave her annual millions, and furnished her with successive armies. But when we added a little sound advice, she averred that England had never done anything but injure her, and that all our service was based upon selfishness. Finally, she coalesced with our most inveterate enemies, and united with France in order to destroy England, which had stood between France and her when, without our aid, she would have been driven into exile and destitution. To effect the alliance, Maria Theresa addressed the French King's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, as "ma chère cousine;" but she did worse than this:—when she told our Minister, Mr Keith, that she would sign no treaty with France which could injure England, her signature had just been affixed to just such a treaty.

Her husband, Francis, played ever a secondary part. Once, at a levee, when the Empress-Queen was giving audience, he withdrew from the circle, and took a seat in the retired corner of the apartment, among some ladies, who rose as he approached. "Sit down, I pray," was his remark, "for I shall stay till the Court leaves."

—"But while your Majesty is here, here is the Court." "Tut, tut," said Francis, "I am but a poor cavalier; the Empress and my children are the Court." He was kind-hearted, gentle, and brave: and when he died, Maria Theresa made with her own hands the shroud that was to cover his body. Her own last words to her son Joseph, who was persuading her to try and sleep, were, "Joseph, when God is calling, who dares sleep?"

This Emperor Joseph is thus described by one of his biographers:—"His toilet is that of a common soldier; his wardrobe that of a sergeant; business is his recreation, and his life perpetual motion." A Grenadier in the Bavarian war said of him, "Why should I complain of dangers, when I see the crown of my sovereign as much exposed as my own cap?" Joseph said of himself, in the epitaph he wrote for his own grave, "Here lies a Sovereign, who with the best intentions never carried a project into execution." Frederick of Prussia said of him, "His head was a confused magazine of despatches, decrees, and projects." His fixed idea was to give one faith, one language, one system of government, throughout his diversely constituted dominions; he thought it was possible to allow unrestrained liberty, and yet compel every man to think as he did. He was infinitely superior, however, to his brother and successor, Leopold, whose private life was licentious, and who was bewailed by his wife, at his death, only because she then lost the unlimited rule which Leopold had allowed her in the affairs of government. In 1792, Leopold's son, Francis, ascended the throne. He was the last sovereign of the Elective Empire of Germany; the first (in 1804) of the hereditary Empire of Austria, wherein the third heir now holds the sceptre, and yet not by direct inheritance. The annals of the House show that none of its princes ever reached power but when war or insurrection was raging, or was imminent. The first Emperor of Austria, indeed, died when peace blessed the nation, but his heir, Ferdinand, dropped the sceptre amid the flames of revolution; and the young prince who picked it up, holds it under the tutelage of a nobility who are said to make

little of the Emperor, in order to make the more of themselves. Let us now look at the Kaiser whom he displaced, and who is now resident in the Hradschin, at Prague.

FERDINAND I. OF AUSTRIA

"The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends."

CHURCHILL.

FERDINAND the First, of Austria, was born in the year 1793. In his early years he was kind-hearted, and has throughout life been weak of mind and infirm of body. He was thirty-two years of age when he succeeded to the crown; and during the thirteen years it was worn by him, he may be said, according to Vehse, to have done little, but, in the closing years of the period, and particularly in the double flight from Schönbrunn to Innspruck and Olmütz, to have suffered much. He reigned, under the simple illusion that he governed; but he really did neither. His *cretinism* rendered him incapable, but his imbecility concealed from him his want of capacity. Vehse adduces two illustrations of his weakness of mind; and that lively writer sarcastically calls them "touching." When Ferdinand was yet in the Imperial Palace, at Vienna, he remarked, "I once very readily paid a visit to one of the theatres in the suburbs; but I don't know,—I can't make out whether they wanted me or not." He thought he was there to put his signature to some document, and he was puzzled as to whether he had been asked to do so, or not! At Prague, when he was at issue with the patriots or rebels in his chief capital, he asked the Commandant in Bohemia, Count Clam Gallas, how matters were going in Vienna. The latter replied, that they were coming round to the condition in which they had been under his Imperial Majesty. "Ah!" exclaimed poor Ferdinand, "we really did make our people happy;—but it was a dog's life, after all!"

When Ferdinand ascended the throne, he found that his father had left him the old minister Metternich, as a legacy, which he was compelled to accept. When he unwillingly took that minister by the hand, Metternich bound him tightly in swathing bands; and from that day, Ferdinand was a mere puppet, who made motions as the Minister pulled the strings. The object of the Minister was to keep things as they were, and to prevent their being changed by a successor. One of the greatest of minds was thus devoted to the least possible of objects.

Ferdinand, ever sickly, indifferent, and imbecile, was moreover completely under the "government of the slipper." His consort, and his sister-in-law, the Archduchess Sophia, held powerful sway over his weak mind. Influences scarcely less powerful were exercised over the Emperor by one of the ladies-in-waiting, Catherine Cibbiai. She was a favourite with Ferdinand, for two especial reasons; she could play with him on the piano,—the only thing he himself could do tolerably well; and in his epileptic fits, no person attended him with such zeal and success as this lady. Between the ministerial oligarchy, who made the Court as well as the people their servants, and the female Camarilla, who followed the instructions of the oligarchy, Ferdinand was paralyzed. The people recognized his want of capacity, even had he been free, to save them from bitter oppression, and the nation from anarchy. Things went on from bad to worse, until May, 1848, when an insurrection broke out in the capital, and Emperor and Court took their flight from Schönbrunn to Innspruck.

The details of the revolution; the course by which a good cause was ruined; the ministerial changes; the Diet held at Krunsler, and the residence of the Imperial Court at Olmütz,—these subjects are of too recent occurrence to require narration here, even were there space for them. It must suffice to say that to every man but the Emperor it was manifest that no progress to a good end could even be commenced till a new monarch was at the helm, with a ministry between him and the people, who could respect the one and help the other. Bohemian

Countesses, in loyal and limping poetry, in vain sang of Jellachich "reseating the Kaiser on his victorious sabre;" and Prince Windischgrätz fruitlessly penned documents in which the spelling was nearly as loose as the syntax, and the logic so ferociously absurd that the Westminster Epilogue might have extracted more from out of him than it did. All the world saw that not only must the old mummies be swept away, but that the chief, the most unconscious, and the least blamable of all, must be swept away with the rest. The difficulty lay in bringing about the consummation delicately.

In very early days, monarchs who were "in the way" were very easily got rid of, by the road of cloister, prison, or more violent means. The method by which Ferdinand was deposed shows the changes which had come over society. The Church, indeed, effected it, but the influence applied was well concealed. Recourse was had, by those who were desirous of soon accomplishing the end in view, first to the conscience-keepers of the chief Court ladies; and when those ecclesiastical gentlemen had been fittingly instructed, the well-intentioned plotters betook themselves to Empress and Archduchess, bewailed the desperate condition of the Empire, implored them to ask frequent counsel of Heaven, and directed them to the ghostly aid which could best serve all parties. The result was exactly that which was looked for. The Emperor was convinced that Heaven demanded of him the surrender of his throne. In bringing about this result, the Empress (a Sardinian Princess) was less influential and less interested than the clever, intriguing Archduchess Sophia, who is not clear from suspicion of having promoted the revolution itself. The Archduchess is a Bavarian Princess, and she has skilfully turned events to the advantage of her House. She ejected her brother-in-law from the throne, and placed thereon her own son. In the early days of her marriage with Prince Francis Charles, she was remarkable for her pride and beauty; exacting homage from all, and making but haughty acknowledgment in return. In these later days, says the author of 'Bilder aus Oestreich,' she may be

sometimes seen on the Esplanade, at Ischl, — a tall woman, unsteady in gait, her head bent forwards, but with traces of beauty in her face. Near, and generally behind her, walks a meek-looking gentleman, his head inclined on one side, and whom a painter might be well justified in taking as a model for the figure of the St John Nepomucene. The gentleman is Prince Francis Charles, and the lady is taking him to church. In ten months, intrigue and anxiety have added ten years to her appearance; and liberal as she is, there is not more love for her in Ischl, than in the Viennese suburb of Gumpendorf. No more official respect is paid her than custom requires; but for mere popularity she has a contempt. She is not without great qualities, but she has the defects of little minds. One of her faults is want of tact, and rudeness in betraying it. When the National Guard of Ischl greeted her with a serenade, and began to play as she was engaged in reading a despatch, the Archduchess, angry at being thus interrupted, sent word to the musicians, through Count Wurmbrand, that "the band, with its accursed piping and blowing, might go to the devil!" Many other stories are told of her; and in the matter of the abdication of Ferdinand, she is felt, if not seen, to be a more prominent character than the Emperor himself.

Although Ferdinand was told that Heaven willed his resignation, he had no will, in that direction, of his own. The plot however was admirably managed, and on the 2nd of December, 1848, even Vienna was almost surprised to hear that Ferdinand I. of Austria had ceased to reign. The ceremony of renunciation of the throne took place in presence of an illustrious assembly, in the coronation hall of the Archdukes, at Olmütz. The scene was not acted through with a joyous aspect. Poor Ferdinand, who had no conviction of his own at all, protested that he was convinced that the necessity of the times required an Emperor of younger blood and wiser head! and he whose intellect was so weak as to be a matter for jest to his own subjects, asserted that he had been "repeatedly convinced" that his nephew Francis Joseph,

then eighteen years of age, had come to the maturity of his intellect;—which, indeed, after-events have shown to be true, for the new Imperial intellect has not improved since the day Ferdinand pronounced it "mature." Francis Joseph, too, had his convictions. He was convinced, he said, of the necessity and value of free institutions; and he solemnly declared that he would rule on a compound basis,—the basis of liberty,—of equality of all citizens, whatever their creed, before the law,—and of the right of each citizen to equally partake in the representation and legislation of the country. He has deliberately, wilfully, and wickedly broken his sacredly pledged word to all parties,—not only to his people, but to his allies; and the youngest of Cæsars stands forth before the world, the most obnoxious to a charge of shameless mendacity.

But the outgoing Emperor was not inferior to his nephew and successor on the day of abdication. When Ferdinand laid down the sceptre, he declared that he did so "from calm and sincere conviction, unswayed by any influence whatever!" But these were written words, to which he subscribed his signature, perhaps without examination. That he knew the force of the document and the consequence of his own deed, is clear enough from his own unprompted remark to his Imperial nephew, after the ceremony: "I have been surprised and taken unawares; but since it is for your sake, I have made renunciation with goodwill."

Dr Vehse asserts in his 'Geschichte des Oestreichischen Hofs und Adels,' that the termination of his presumed burden of government was a true deliverance for Ferdinand. "He now resides at Prague," adds the doctor, "where he has more money than he ever had before, invites many ladies to dinner, and is much happier than in the olden time." As a *vir idoneus puellis*, or "a lady's man," as Mr Riley cleverly translates the well-known phrase, Ferdinand has never made himself acceptable by his wit. Many a story was told of him in this respect, when he was nominally Emperor, in Vienna. The simple-minded Ferdinand, it was said

at every ball, put regularly the same question to the Princess Lory Schwartzenberg,—if she had got her cloak with her for going home in? Just as regularly he was accustomed to ask the Princess Bertha Lobkowitz, whether she remembered the great storm to which they had both been exposed some years before. Whether this was a storm in which he played the Æneas to the Bohemian Dido, is not worth inquiring; but the wit cited is very like those specimens of Imperial humour given by Suetonius, and which afford so miserable an idea of the wit of the Cæsars. Such as it was, Ferdinand was the true heir and possessor of the Imperial prerogative to make indifferent jokes.

With the Emperor abdicated, so to speak, the Archduchess Sophia. She had deposed Ferdinand, had induced his weak brother, her husband, to renounce his right of succession, and had placed her son on the throne. Her part was played out when Ferdinand retired into privacy at Prague. "Her motherly ambition," says the admiring author of the 'Bilder aus Oestreich,' "is satisfied, and she has withdrawn exhausted from her gigantic labour, to *enjoy* in rest and peace the ingratitude of the world. She is still popularly looked upon as the brewer of storms. To her diplomatic art will be ascribed the tempests and shipwreck by which Austria is threatened. Were she to die now, people would say it was a mere report got up between the Court and the police. 'She lives,' they would say: 'she has shut herself up in a cloister, where she is engaged in making Ligorian nets, and fabricating eternal darkness.'" However this may be, one thing is certain, namely, that numerous as are the ladies who give life to the otherwise dull household of the fallen Cæsar at Prague, the triumphant Archduchess is not among those who find welcome at the Hradschin. Ferdinand is not likely to forget that she it was who most iteratively hissed into his ear the query, like that singular-sounding one in *Britannicus*:—

"Prince, que tardez-vous? Partez *en diligence!*"

BOHEMIA

THE WINTER KING

"Well did he write, and mickle did he know,
Who said, 'This world's felicity is woe,
Which greatest states can hardly undergo.'"

HEYWOOD:
Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.

IN connection with Austria, some brief notice may be made of the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary, and especially, but still briefly, of those who lost their crowns. The old country of the Celtic Boii had been governed by Dukes of the invading Slavonic race, from A.D. 550 to A.D. 1061, when in the latter year the title of King was conferred on Duke Wratislaus by the Emperor, Henry IV. The Bohemian Kings were vassals of the Empire; but they at length refused to do homage to the Emperor for the crown held by right of popular election. This refusal caused King Ottoacer to be attacked by the Emperor Rudolph with success in 1281; but it was not till 1648 that the crown of Bohemia was secured to the Austrian family by treaty.

Of the Kings who meanwhile were of more than ordinary renown for good or evil, the chief were the good Wenceslaus III., and the as evil Wenceslaus IV., who was deposed and slain for his vices, A.D. 1305. Forty-one years later, John, the blind King of Bohemia, who was Count of Luxemburg at the period of his election, fell fighting against the English at Crecy. Seventy years subsequently, the Emperor Sigismund, the betrayer of Huss and Jerome, lost the Bohemian crown, and the Imperialists were driven from the kingdom. During more than a century, the crown

was worn by Austrians or Poles. In 1527, the Emperor Ferdinand I. married Anne, daughter of Louis, the late King, and thus obtained the crown. The intolerance of his namesake, Ferdinand II., drove the Bohemians to rebellion; and as these had never surrendered their claim to elect their own king, they made choice of Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, and husband of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of our James I., A.D. 1620.

Frederick had been married two years when the crown was thus offered to him. He was a young man of mild manners and weak judgment; was more gifted in languages than any other science, knew little or nothing of the art of war, was a rigid Calvinist, and believed in astrology. He felt great reluctance to accept the crown; but his consort urged on him that it was his duty to make her the wife, as she was the daughter, of a King; and she added that, for her part, she would rather starve under a crown, than be rich beneath an Electoral hat. On the other hand, King James supported the "divine right" of Ferdinand; and his Danish Queen laughed at the ambition of "Goody Palsgrave," her daughter.

Frederick, at length, signed his acceptance of the crown, but he did so with tears in his eyes, and with heavy forebodings of evil to come. Nevertheless he was vain of his position, titles, and privileges, and his entry into Prague cost the impoverished city fifty thousand florins in congratulatory festivals. During the few months of his reign, he was childishly pleased in making progresses from town to town, in order to see repeated the ceremonies of greeting him as King, and to enjoy the festival by which those occasions were illustrated. This proceeding showed the infirmity of his character. His despoiling the churches of their best pictures, and bringing them to the capital, exhibited his avarice. The gallant Bohemians had evidently made a mistake in electing their monarch. They hated "King Stork" at Vienna, and they began to despise "King Log" whom they had with them in Prague.

But they had to defend *him* and themselves. Tilly and the Duke of Bavaria, at the head of Imperialists and Bavarian troops, were approaching, to recover the kingdom for the Emperor. The Bohemians entrenched themselves on the "White Mountain," near Prague. The day was the 8th of November, 1620. While the battle was being fought the churches were open, and in one of them, Frederick heard read the Gospel which contains the injunction to "give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." To a superstitious man this must have been at once startling and depressing.

The battle was adverse to the Bohemians. Their rout was complete. Little, but bravery, had been provided for a victory, nothing was prepared to soften a defeat. There was no "rally." The Bohemians were scattered in all directions; and the helpless Frederick asked for four-and-twenty hours, for consideration. The Duke granted him eight. Before they had elapsed, the "Winter King" was flying in all haste, and hardly knowing whither.

He had offended the Bohemians by sending away his son and heir before the battle, and he gained their contempt by his precipitate and undignified retreat. So precipitate was it, that he lost his decoration of the Garter, as he hurried along. The Imperialists, since their weapons could not reach him, assailed him with their wit. A Hue and Cry, from their hand, was posted on the gates of Prague. It promised, "that a great reward would be bestowed on any one who could give any tidings or intelligence of a certain runaway monarch, in the flower of his youth, of a complexion inclining to the florid, diminutive in stature, with a beard entirely juvenile, and eyes squinting a little; of himself, a well-conditioned and worthy young man, but seduced by evil-minded and seditious advisers." Harte says that this was the first Hue and Cry after a King that he remembered to have met with in ancient or modern history.

And yet there were many persons in the Palatinate who loved him even after his fall. In his hereditary

dominions, Frederick was long affectionately remembered for his mildness and justice. "Friend," said a Spaniard to an inhabitant of the Palatinate, into which the Spaniards had penetrated, "what makes you adhere so pertinaciously to an exiled and nominal sovereign?" "Just for this reason," was the reply, "that when Frederick presided over us, he raised fewer taxes in a year than you extort from us in the space of a month;"—and a very excellent reason it was.

Frederick reigned scarcely one "season,"—a circumstance which gained for him the title of "Winter King." He had the honour of opening (by proxy) the Thirty Years' War; and then became a poor fugitive. Ferdinand placed him under the ban of the Empire. His electoral dignity was transferred to Bavaria, in 1622; and, more grievous still, his famous library, rich in manuscript and printed works, was carried from Heidelberg to the Vatican.

The ex-King found an asylum, now in Silesia, now in Brandenburg, subsequently in Holland. He and his family were frequently reduced to great straits, and many an empty project did he form for the maintenance of a suitable dignity. This was only indifferently maintained upon a pension from Holland of 10,000 guilders: it was hardly the pay of a respectable head clerk in a Dutch counting-house.

Years wore on while Frederick, by various aids, kept modest house in Holland. He hunted, fished, looked feverishly towards Germany and Gustavus Adolphus, lived the life of a country gentleman, and saw his family increase to the number of thirteen.

Gustavus Adolphus was the champion of the Protestant cause, Christian of Brunswick was the especial champion of Elizabeth; but by neither champion, gallant as was each, was cause or Queen triumphant.

Frederick was not used to triumphs. He had seen three armies lost in three battles within nine weeks. He had stood by the side of Mansfeldt, who could not however carry him back to Prague, and he dismissed an army, thinking to conciliate the Emperor. When

disarmed, he was only the more notly persecuted by his enemies.

His chief dexterity was exhibited in passing in disguise through hostile countries, to the head-quarters of the Protestant champions, and in returning also in disguise to his home in Holland;—a home made additionally sad to him in 1629, by the loss of a son. Father and child were together in a packet-boat which was run down by another vessel, Frederick saved himself by swimming; and, strong swimmer as he was, his boy perished in his sight, and screaming to him for succour.

When the victories of Gustavus Adolphus augured well for the dearest objects of the Winter King, the latter joined the head-quarters of the glorious Swede. Together they passed in triumph into capitals whose lords were hostile to their cause; and in these localities they behaved rather as benefactors than as enraged conquerors. But the splendid achievements of Gustavus brought Frederick no nearer either to his throne or his Palatinate. The hopes of the Winter King were altogether blasted when the great Gustavus fell at Lützen, in 1632. This catastrophe killed the poor ex-king of Bohemia: his heart-strings snapped at the intelligence, and he survived Gustavus only a few weeks.

The Peace of Westphalia restored the Palatinate to his family, in the person of his son, Charles Louis. His grandson, George I., son of his daughter Sophia, succeeded to a more glorious throne than that of the Winter King. His consort, Elizabeth, the ex-Queen of Bohemia, ultimately found a home, perhaps a husband, at Hampstead Marshall, built expressly for her reception by Sir William, first Earl of Craven,—a man who served her with as much affectionate fidelity as Christian of Brunswick. The ex-Queen died in Leicester House, in the north-east corner of Leicester Square, when her nephew Charles II., reigned in England.

"She seems a very debonair but a plain lady," writes Pepys, when he went to kiss the ex-Queen's hand, on her arrival in England, in May, 1660. The throneless lady often attended the theatrical representations of the

day. When Davenant's comedy of 'The Wits' was played, in 1661, Pepys makes the record that "the Queen of Bohemia was here brought by my Lord Craven;" and on the 13th of February of the following year, the very concise entry that "last night died the Queene of Bohemia," shows that she survived the loss of her crown more than forty, and that of her husband nearly thirty years. Leicester House had been to her a less splendid but a more tranquil home than that she had had, for a not much briefer period, in the Hradschin, overlooking Prague.

HUNGARY

THE FOUR DEPOSED KINGS OF HUNGARY

"*Goddwyn.* Whatte wouldest thou wythe the Kynge?
Harolde. Take offe his crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster hym ordeyne,
And sette uppe dygner than I han pyghte downe."

CHATTERTON

DOWN to the fourth century of the Christian era, the Romans ruled in ancient Pannonia. They were driven out by the Vandals, who, themselves migrating, made way for the Goths, and these, in their turn, were ejected by Attila and his Huns, in the fifth century. Hungary formed a portion of the German Empire, under Charlemagne, but it secured its independence in the tenth century (997). Stephen, Duke of Hungary, having established the Roman Catholic religion, the Pope conferred on him the title of "Apostolic King," which is still borne by the Emperors of Austria, as sovereigns of Hungary.

During four centuries, from the accession of Stephen, this fine but unhappy country was subject to many calamities, not the least of which were the devastations committed by the Poles, Tartars, German Emperors, or its own Kings. The national misery was at its highest in 1382, when King Mary, as her title ran, married Sigismund, Marquis of Brandenburg (who subsequently became King of Bohemia and Emperor of Germany). The tyranny of these sovereigns drove the Hungarians to seek assistance from the Turks; and these allies became as oppressive as if they were foes. For three centuries

(during which time the elective throne had passed into the power of Poland, and in 1437 to Albert of Austria, who thereby laid the foundations of the power of his House) the kingdom was exposed to war and other miseries. The great Bajazet vanquished Sigismund in 1389; and the issue of the battle of Mohacz, in 1526, seemed to place Hungary at the mercy of Solyman II. Buda, Slavonia, Temeswar, Transylvania, successively fell into their power; and it was not till the Duke of Lorraine carried Buda by storm in 1686, and Prince Eugene recovered Temeswar, in 1716, that the Turkish power in Hungary was seriously shaken.

In the year 1526, there were two candidates for the throne left vacant by Louis II., who was drowned at the battle of Mohacz. John Zapoyla was elected by the Hungarians, and supported by Solyman II.; but his rival Ferdinand I., King of Bohemia, and brother of Charles V. of Germany, established his claim; and since that period Hungary has been annexed to the Imperial dominions.

The succession of the Hungarian Kings, from the reign of Stephen to that of Ferdinand I., who became Emperor of Germany, stands thus:—

HOUSE OF ARPAD

A.D.

997. Stephen, great-grandson of Duke Arpad.
1038. PETER I., twice deposed, then blinded.
1047. ANDREW I., deposed.
1061. Bela I., killed by the fall of a tower.
1064. SOLOMON, deposed.
1075. Geisa I.
1077. Ladislaus the Pious.
1095. Coloman.
1114. STEPHEN II., surnamed "Thunder" died a monk.
1131. Bela II., the blind King.
1141. Geisa II.
1161. Stephen III., poisoned.
1174. Bela III.
1196. Emeric.
1204. Ladislaus II.
1205. Andrew II.
1235. Bela IV.
1270. Stephen IV.
1272. Ladislaus III. murdered.

1290. Andrew III., the Venetian, son of Stephen IV. and a Venetian lady; poisoned.

ANJOU, LUXEMBURG, AND AUSTRIA

1309. Charles Robert, son of Mary (daughter of Stephen IV.) and Charles, Prince of Salerno (son of Charles of Anjou).
1342. Louis the Great, his son.
1382. Mary, daughter of Louis.
1392. Mary and her husband Sigismund.
1437. Albert of Austria (their son-in-law), and Elizabeth.
1440. Vladislaus I., also King Vladislaus VI. of Poland.
1444. Interregnum; period of Huniades and Corvinus.
1453. Ladislaus IV., posthumous son of Albert; poisoned.
1457. Matthias Corvinus, son of Huniades, late regent.
1490. Vladislaus II., also King of Bohemia.
1516. Louis II. (I. of Bohemia), drowned.
1527. Ferdinand of Austria, husband of Anna, sister of the late King.

From this period the succession may be seen under the Empire.

The first deposed monarch of the Hungarians was Peter, the nephew of Stephen, who was called "the German," chiefly because he employed Germans in all the high offices of the kingdom. This led to an insurrection, which carried a Stephen Aba temporarily to the throne. Aba forthwith began by ameliorating the condition of the peasants; but this gave such offence to the nobles, who had no idea of liberty for anybody, and wanted only "license" for themselves, that they invoked the fatal aid of Austria. Peter, after a dethronement of three years, was restored, and Aba was got rid of by assassination.

The nobles however failed to find under Peter the "license" which they required. The restored monarch declared his intention of holding his kingdom as a fief of the Empire, and he even sent a crown and lance to the Emperor in token of subjection. Exasperated by this, and also by Peter's renewed patronage of Germans, to

the exclusion of Hungarians, they now not only deposed, but imprisoned him. They shut him up in the gloomy fortress of Stuhlweissenburg; here his eyes were put out, and in this prison he passed the remainder of a miserable existence.

Peter's cousin, Andrew, was raised to the throne on conditions which he entirely disregarded. The blind captive Peter could hear from his cell the rejoicing shouts which hailed the crowning of his successor. In the same fortress where the one lost his eyes, and was immured in darkness, the other gained a crown, and grasped a sceptre, which he used as a weapon to strike down liberty.

Andrew lost what he had thus gained and grasped. His tyranny drove his subjects to rebellion; but it was a family quarrel which finally cost him his throne. He had associated his brother Bela with him, as governor, with the title of Duke (and promise of the succession) over a third of the kingdom. Andrew however became father of a son, Solomon, whom he caused to be recognized as his successor. The King nevertheless evinced his continual jealousy of Bela, whom he at length summoned to his presence. Bela found Andrew on a couch; at his feet lay a crown and a sword. The elder addressed the younger brother. Andrew acknowledged that the inheritance of the crown belonged to Bela, but that the interests of the kingdom demanded that the young Solomon should succeed. "Notwithstanding this," said Andrew, "I leave the decision to yourself. If you would be King, take up the crown that is at my feet; if you prefer to remain Duke, take up the sword." Bela had been privately instructed that if he chose the crown, his life would be forfeited. He accordingly took up the sword, and retired, with a determination therewith to cut his way to the throne. In the insurrection which ensued, Andrew was deposed and slain. The unsceptred monarch fell in a great battle near the Theiss; and Bela occupied his vacant seat. It is probable that the new King himself was got rid of by the partisans of Solomon, and the friends of paganism.

The one could not forgive him his usurpation; the other could not pardon him for abolishing the old forms of religion, to which the Hungarian nobles clung with great tenacity. Bela was one day sitting in judgment, as was his custom, when the building suddenly fell upon him, and he was buried in the ruins. Nothing more is said of the catastrophe, in which there must have been many participators; but as it was followed by the accession of Solomon, we may conjecture that there was in it less of accident than design.

Solomon was deposed, at the end of a reign of eleven years, chiefly on the ground that he had engaged to hold Hungary as a fief of the Empire, and to place six of the fortified towns in the possession of the Emperor as a guarantee of his good faith. The fate of this deposed monarch belongs to the region of romance. The Pope adopted the cause of Solomon, on hearing that Ladislaus, the successor of Geisa, by whom Solomon had been dethroned and banished, had given refuge to that Boleslaus II. of Poland, who had killed a bishop at the altar. The course of events, however, placed Solomon in the power of Ladislaus, who confined the deposed King in the fortress of Visegrad, near Waitzen. From this prison Solomon was freed, in honour of the canonization of King Stephen, by Pope Gregory. He could not however, be happy with simple freedom and a fixed revenue. Solomon attempted to regain his lost crown, but the fortune of battle drove him across the Danube. In an attempt to make his way through a thick forest, he became separated from his followers, and was never again seen of man, or even heard of.

Soon after this period, however, a pilgrim was observed constantly at the shrine of the canonized King, St Stephen. His face was ever concealed, his garb was of the humblest, and there was a corresponding humility in all his actions. The solitary man only left the shrine to repair to a remote cell, where he spent his remaining days as a hermit. As people looked on this mysterious being at the shrine of the royal Saint, or passed by the rude hermitage, within which he might be seen at prayer,

some whispered to the others, "There kneels one whom men once knelt to; the meek man there was once the fierce Solomon who wore St Stephen's crown."

Meanwhile the Hungarians rejoiced that he wore it no longer, and that it had been transferred to Ladislaus. The excellence of this latter King is shown in the fact that when he died, the kingdom went into mourning for him, for the space of three years. In wisdom, however, he was exceeded by his son Coloman. In the twelfth century this enlightened monarch forbade the persecution of persons described as 'witches,' on the ground, he said, that there were no such persons; and that supernatural powers belonged to the Divinity alone. When we reflect that, according to the estimate of Barrington, 30,000 witches were executed within two hundred years, in England; that 3000 were executed under the Long Parliament; that Sir Matthew Hale burnt two persons as 'witches;' that several suffered at the stake during the last century, under a similar accusation, and that the sanguinary English laws against the so-called witchcraft were not repealed till 1736, we may feel a little ashamed at the enlightenment of King Coloman, who reigned in a 'barbarous' country, in 'barbarous' times.

There is an incident connected with Coloman's successor, "Stephen Thunder," which deserves to be noticed. The gay and noisy court of Stephen was the refuge of every King in Europe who happened to be in difficulties, and of every "Prinz Schnapps" who was suffering the consequences of having pledged his honour, and who had forgotten to redeem his pledge. To restore a worthless Russian Prince to his place of power, Stephen led an army into Russia, and sacrificed nearly the whole of it, in a vain attempt to reduce Vladimir. Stephen ordered a last assault, but the reply of the chief Magyars shows the spirit which animated those troublesome subjects:—"The city cannot be taken but at enormous cost of our blood; and it could not be kept, if it were taken. If you want it, take it yourself; we will not assist you; and let us tell you, that if you prefer these foreign expeditions to quietly governing your own

country, we will return home, elect another sovereign, and declare you to be deposed."

This speech was so clear and circumstantial, that Stephen put away his own "Thunder," and reigned meekly as long as he had power even to do as much as that. Infirmity however overtook him, and he made it his excuse for assuming the habit of a monk, under which character he died, in the year 1131.

If Stephen saved himself from deposition by his docility, Emeric, some years after, gained the same end by his courage. His brother, Andrew, was at the head of a large force, intent upon dethroning him. The friends of Emeric, deeming his cause lost, advised him to fly. Emeric, on the contrary stripped off his armour, laid aside his sword and lance, and placing the crown on his head, walked alone to the camp of the insurgents and demanded if there was any one there who dared to dip his hand in the blood of their King. They to whom he spoke, shrank back from him. Unmolested, he went to the tent of Andrew, and with his own hand led him away a prisoner. By this bold act, the rashness of which finds apology in the result, Emeric saved himself from deposition.

In England, an insult offered to a young maiden once nearly cost the King his crown; a similar insult nearly led to the deposition of Charles, the first Hungarian King, of the House of Anjou. This King had, for his third wife, Elizabeth, sister of Casimir of Poland. Casimir escorted his queenly sister to Hungary; and at her court there, once grossly insulted a beautiful maid-of-honour, daughter of the magnate Felician Zacs. The latter hearing of the wrong done to his child, rushed to the palace with a drawn sword, and followed by an infuriated crowd. Felician sought everywhere for Casimir, and grew the more enraged as his search was unsuccessful. In his ungovernable fury, he encountered the Queen herself, and, with one sweep of his sabre, he cut off four fingers of her right hand. He then assailed the King; but by this time the friends of the latter had assembled; the growing insurrection was bloodily sup-

pressed, and Felician was captured. The vengeance inflicted on the latter and on his innocent family was fearful. The defender, or avenger rather, of his daughter's honour was cut to pieces, by executioners; his son was dragged to death at a horse's tail; his injured daughter was paraded through the capital, with her nose, fingers, and lips cut off; a second daughter was beheaded, and her husband was starved to death. The remainder of the family was banished or reduced to serfdom. In suchwise did Charles Robert, whose general humanity is often eulogized, take vengeance upon a father rendered mad by an outrage offered to his child.

One more incident, more closely connected with the subject of deposition, must close this section. It refers to the reign of Mary, granddaughter of Charles Robert. The Hungarians disliked being governed by a young female "King," and they had little love for her youthful husband, Sigismund, of Bohemia. They consequently favoured the attempt of Charles of Naples to gain the crown, and even elected him King of Hungary. His brief tenure of authority is known as that of Charles the Little. After this election, he found himself powerful enough to compel Mary to consent to pronounce her own abdication. It was only with reluctance, and under the influence of the old Queen, Elizabeth, that Mary could be brought to consent to this step, in the absence of Sigismund, who had fled to Bohemia. At length, she formally stated that the burden of government was too heavy for her, and that she was willing to resign the crown. Charles, in return, declared that he looked upon Mary as his sister, and Elizabeth as his mother. He insisted on the presence of both these royal ladies at his coronation, in Stuhlweissenburg. "The imprudence of this step," we are told by an anonymous author, "was soon manifest. The ungenerous conduct of the new King appeared the more glaring, beside the beauty and patient endurance of Mary. The hearts of the people were touched; and when, during the ceremony of the coronation, the Queens prostrated themselves, in tears,

on the grave of King Louis, the nobles repented having abandoned them for a foreign monarch. Fatal omens attended the accession of Charles: the banner of St Stephen was rent as he left the church; and, a few days later, a storm and earthquake destroyed part of the palace."

Elizabeth was a strong-minded woman, and her observation was as acute as her intellect was strong. She profited by the desire she had detected in the nobles, to recover the throne for Mary. In her presence, one of her attendants felled the usurper with a blow, which failed to kill him. His person, however, was in her power, and, flinging him into a dungeon, she declared him deposed, and ordered him to be strangled. Mary, by this stringent process, recovered her throne.

The government of the native princes of Hungary presents examples enough of insurrection against it, but no more incidents that can fairly come within the scope of this Work. That native government ceased with the accession of Ferdinand I., the first of the regular line of the House of Hapsburg. Since that period the struggle has been between foreign despotism and the friends of constitutional monarchy. In this struggle Austria has been hitherto the victor, but at a terrible cost, and leaving the final issue deferred rather than decided.

BAVARIA

LUDWIG, "THE LOVER"

"And Kings in wit may want discerning spirit."—POPE.

THE royal family of Bavaria are Guelphs and Saxons by descent. The first Duke of Bavaria was Henry Guelph, who was raised to that dignity by the Emperor Conrad II., in 1024. The Electorship was first conferred on the Great Duke Maximilian, in 1597. The Ducal Line gave, as elected Emperors, to Germany, Louis IV., in 1314, and Charles (VII.) Albert, in 1742. The last of the Ducal Line was the simple-minded Duke and Elector, Maximilian Joseph, who in 1805, six years after he had succeeded as Duke, was named King of Bavaria, by the Emperor Napoleon.

Maximilian Joseph reigned twenty years, and was succeeded, in 1825, by Louis I., a poet-King, who, in his leisure hours, not only wrote verses, but printed them.

"Ludwig," as he is more familiarly known in Germany, was born in 1786, the year in which the great Frederick died. His mother, Caroline of Baden, was a Protestant, and remained so after her marriage. Her sister, Louisa, married the Czar Alexander I., and changed her religion for a crown, only to meet with misery and disappointment.

The maternal influence had much to to with the education of Ludwig. It taught him, at least, to be bitterly hostile towards France. Ludwig married, in 1810, Theresa of Hildburghausen, a plain but exemplary Princess, whom he treated with shameless infidelity. Ludwig himself had no personal beauty to boast of. Nostitz described him, in his eight-and-twentieth year,

as having a mouth without teeth, and a face without expression.

Ludwig, at his accession, in 1825, found his capital, Munich, a quiet, moral, somewhat dull, and unattractive city. He recalled the monks, restored them their property, became the patron of artists, added a city of palaces to the new city, restored all that was worth restoration in the old, and rendered Munich, by his example, one of the most immoral cities in Europe. At sixty years of age he openly took under his protection the notorious woman, Lola Montes. He created her Countess of Landsfeldt, and insulted his wife by intimating his intention to have this Countess presented to her, at Court. To this outrage, however, the Queen, who had endured in her presence many other favourites of the King, would not submit. The foolish old man consoled himself by submitting, in his turn, to the ridiculous pretensions of Lola. The whole capital burst forth into an expression of its indignation. Their hatred of the dancing-woman was only equalled in intensity by their contempt for the King.

Lola took advantage of political difficulties, and sought to gain partisans by intriguing against the Jesuit party, upholding the Liberals, and advocating the cause of the Protestants. But the Jesuits disregarded her, the Liberals would not accept her co-operation, and Protestantism declined to take the proffered arm, and walk with such a woman in the face of day.

All parties detested her; but after all, it is thought that her fall would not have been so speedy and so sure, but for the ladies of the Court, who looked on her as an interloper, and felt a special interest in seeing Bavaria rid of a woman who could attract the admiration of their wicked old monarch.

It was difficult of achievement. The influence of Lola was equal to her impudence. On one occasion, we are told by Vehse, that, as the King lay ill, and the Queen came to visit her sick husband, Lola fastened the chamber-door, and prevented the approach of the royal consort to the bedside of this sample of the lion in love.

The degradation through which this woman dragged her royal lover is inconceivable. There was scarcely a folly which he did not commit at her bidding. For her sake, all order of government, rule of police, and social regulations were overturned. She insulted the noblest in the land, and she was herself insulted and howled at in the streets, by the lowest of the people. She defied such outrage against herself, and showed that she could use her hands and whip as vigorously as she could her tongue. A multitude surrounded the palace, and angrily demanded her dismissal. Ludwig's daughter-in-law went on her knees, and, with tears and prayers, besought the wretched simpleton to "send the lady away." Ludwig "sighed like furnace," and, in a copy of ardent verses, declared that life without the lady was intolerable.

The mob repaired to the lady's superb *maisonnette* in the Barer Strasse, and threatened to pull it to the ground. When the tumult was at its highest, the King arrived, accompanied by a single officer. He was unassailed by anything but rough truths: with these he was well pelted as he entered the house. The mistress thereof appeared in the balcony, carrying a knife; she flung a dog among the crowd, and is even said to have thrust her tongue in her cheek at the people, who behaved with wonderful patience till Ludwig took his departure, but then their rage knew no bounds. They were assured that the King had spoken to her for the last time, but they seemed determined upon having her life. In the midst of the tumult she dashed through the crowd in a carriage, and was hotly pursued by that part of the mob not engaged in the destruction of her house. She had the shamelessness to drive to the royal palace; but she was repulsed by the sentinels, and she passed the night in a suburb of the city. On the following day Lola appeared in the streets in male attire; but she found it impossible to renew the attack on the sexagenarian heart of the poet-King. She was compelled to leave the kingdom; but she carried with her some

royal spoil, and withdrawing to Switzerland, she found there an English friend, younger than Ludwig, but twice as foolish.

The wretched woman dragged with her, in her fall, the wretched King. The position of Ludwig had become what is called "impossible." Overcome by shame and vexation, he suddenly abdicated, in 1848, in time to prevent worse consequences; and withdrew to Aschaffenburg. Since that time, he has lived a better life and written worse verses. As a private individual, he has become one of the most amiable of men. He occasionally appears at the Court of his son, the reigning king, Maximilian II.; and there his presence is marked by so much that is pleasant, intellectual, and generally delightful, that he is treated with a consideration which almost throws his successor altogether in the shade.

His happiest hours, however, are those which he passes at his palace of Ludwigshöhe, in the Palatinate. Among the memorials of the past there collected, the most cherished is not a memorial of his royal time, but one of his infancy, when his father, then only Prince of Zweibrücken, was the commander of an Alsatian regiment, in the French service, at Salzburg, where Ludwig was born in 1786. In honour of his birth, the soldiers of his father's regiment presented the infant with a velvet-covered mattress stuffed with their beards and moustaches, which they had cut off for the express purpose. Ludwig calls this a truly military mattress; and on it his uncrowned head often finds repose.

There is something in his downfall which will remind the classical reader of the causes which led to the catastrophe which concluded the reign of Pyrenæus, King of Thrace. One rainy night, the Muses, their hair wet and their robes draggled, arrived at his palace and asked for hospitality. The King took them in, welcomed them to supper, and delighted them by his gallantry. But as this began to take a form which was rather startling to the reserved daughters of Mnemosyne —although Terpsichore called her sisters prudes—they spread the wings which they occasionally wore, and

took to flight. One or two lingered a little, to be caught alone; and in pursuit of these, Pyrenæus having put on pinions of his own invention, boldly dashed out of his own window, and the next moment lay, crownless and senseless, on the ground. The fate of Pyrenæus is a poetical rendering of the more prosaic destiny of Ludwig of Bavaria, who entertained the Muses at a sore cost to his people, and who fell headlong from the tower of popular regard, in his ignoble pursuit of Lola Terpsichore.

THE GERMAN EMPERORS[1]

THE Roman Empire in the West terminated with Augustulus, in the year 476. It was restored by the Popes, under the title of the Holy Roman Empire in the West, in the year 800. Although the term German Emperor may not be applicable to all the Sovereigns enumerated below, it is so far so as to indicate the monarchs of what is now understood as the German Empire.

A.D.		A.D.	
800.	Charlemagne.	877.	Louis III.
814.	Louis, the Pious.	877.	Carloman.
840.	Lothaire I.	880.	CHARLES III., the Fat.
855.	Louis II.	887.	Arnulphus.
875.	Charles II., the Bald.	899.	Louis IV.

SAXON LINE		FRANCONIAN LINE	
911.	Conrad I.	1024.	Conrad II.
918.	Henry, the Fowler.	1039.	Henry III.
936.	Otho I.	1056.	HENRY IV.
973.	Otho II.	1106.	Henry V.
983.	Otho III.	1125.	Lothaire, the Saxon.
1002.	Henry II.		

[1] The divisions are adapted from Zedler, and also the dates down to the death of Charles VII.

THE GERMAN EMPERORS

SUABIAN LINE

A.D.	A.D.
1138. Conrad III.	1208. (Otho.)
1152. Frederick I.	1212. Frederick II., deposed and restored.
1190. Henry VI.	
1198. Philip.	

The period which followed was that of the Interregnum, during which time the following were more or less titular Emperors :—

1250. Henry.	1256. Richard.
1250. Conrad IV.	1256. Alphonso X. of Spain.
1250. William of Holland	1256. Ottocar.

After the termination of the Interregnum, the following Emperors (of different Houses, Hapsburg, Luxemburg, and Franconia) were elected :—

1273. Rudolph of Hapsburg.	1308. Henry VII.
1292. Adolphus of Nassau.	1314. Louis V., and
1298. Albert I.	1314. Frederick of Austria.

1347. Charles IV.
1347. Edward III. of England, Frederick the Strong Gunther of Schwarzburg, nominal Emperors.

1378. Wenceslaus.	1410. Jodocus, or Jossus
1400. Rupert.	1410. Sigismund.

HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.

1438. Albert II.	1637. Ferdinand III.
1440. Frederick IV.	1658. Leopold I.
1493. Maximilian I.	1705. Joseph I.
1519. Charles V.	1711. Charles VI.
1558. Ferdinand I.	1740. Maria Theresa.
1564. Maximilian II.	1742. Charles VII.
1576. Rodolph II.	1745. Francis I.
1612. Matthias.	1765. Joseph II.
1619. Ferdinand II.	1790. Leopold II.

1792. Francis II., became Francis I. of Austria, 1804.
1835. Ferdinand, abdicated.
1848. Francis Joseph.

POLAND

THE EARLY ABDICATIONS

THE crown of Poland was the least enviable of the circlets of royalty that ever adorned or tortured the brow of a wearer. The troubles which accompanied it are well illustrated in stories of more than one Polish King, whose names however have not come down with the legends. However they are happy in their application. Of an unnamed sovereign (Boleslaus II. ?) we are told that he suddenly disappeared during the chase, but that he was discovered, some days afterwards, in the market-place of the capital, disguised as a porter, and carrying on that laborious office. He was entreated to return to the vacant throne, but he obstinately refused, declaring at the same time, that he had carried no weight on his shoulders, since he had been porter, half so heavy as that which had nearly crushed him while monarch. He had slept more, he added, in four nights, than during all his reign before; had good health and appetite, no cares, was king of himself, and did not care a doit who was King of Poland. It is said that when search was made for a successor to this philosophic ex-monarch, one was found only with extreme difficulty. He was elected against his will, reluctantly promised to undertake the kingly office, and when the sceptre was placed in his hand, as he was seated on the throne, he groaned forth a declaration that he would sooner "tug at the oar," than occupy such a place.

Few are the Kings of the Poles who might not have given utterance to the same sentiment,—whether they were of the country, or, as was so often the case after Casimir, obtained from foreign lands. It was the boast

of the Polish nobility that they held their Kings, and were not holden by them. In the four goodly volumes of the works of Stanislaus Leczinski, King of Poland,—volumes published as those of a "beneficent philosopher," but in which the philosophy is not profound, and the beneficent quality of a very mild and harmless nature,—in those volumes there is one solitary anecdote to be found which bears upon this question of Kingship, as it was in Poland. A French nobleman remarked to a young Pole, "*Vos Poloni non habetis regem.*" "*Imo,*" was the answer of the ready-witted Polander, "*nos habemus regem, sed vos rex habet,*"—which is a very happy distinction; but it had very little beneficial effect on the people at large, of either country.

Till the last year of the tenth century however there was no King in Poland. The earliest rulers appear to have been Dukes, or leaders of troops. Subsequently, a revolution placed a single Palatine, Cracus, the founder of Cracow, at the head of the government. During two centuries of alternate tranquillity and anarchy, we distinguish among the rulers of "the country of the plains," the beautiful maiden sovereign Wenda, who drowned herself to get rid of her responsibility. Prczemislaus, by his defeat of invading Hungarians, was raised to the dignity of sovereign Duke, under the name of Lesko I. At his death the Poles were so perplexed upon the selection of a successor, that they at last settled the difficulty by allowing it to be determined by a horse-race! In addition to these names may be mentioned that of Popial II., a tyrant who, with his family, was devoured by rats.

Again were the electors troubled in their choice of a successor; but ultimately (in 830) a peasant named Piast was elevated to the dignity of supreme ducal chief. He lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years, and ruled so wisely and so well, that every *native* King of Poland, in subsequent times, added the name of Piast to his own appellation. The Piast dynasty of dukes is said to have been hereditary.

However this may have been, the dynasty was not Christian till about the year 970, when Duke Miecislaus I., struck by the beauty of a Christian princess of Hungary, abjured Paganism in order to gain her for his bride. It was his son Boleslaus (Chrobry, or the Lion-hearted) who, in 999, was created King by Otho III., Emperor of Germany.

Russ, Tartar, Bohemian, and Hungarian by turns, were the enemies of the new kingdom. Many were the triumphs of the latter, but vast also were her calamities. Her desolation was complete; but in the eleventh century arose Casimir the Restorer, whose name, indicative of his services, is still dear to the Polish heart. His son and successor, BOLESLAUS II., ranks among deposed monarchs. He was a generous soldier, but a merciless King; and so impatient of counsel, that when Archbishop Stanislaus was bold enough to offer him sage advice, Boleslaus assassinated the prelate. The sovereign was deposed, and was probably shut up in a monastery in Carinthia. Some accounts speak of him as a wanderer over the earth; others, that he was torn to pieces by his own pack of hounds; while a third class speak of him as living in disguise among a labouring people, and only revealing his identity when at the point of death. However this may be, it is certain that, subsequently, for more than two hundred years, the title of "King" of Poland was not acknowledged by the Popes.

More than one "Duke" who reigned within that period suffered deposition; among them, Lesko the White and Vladislaus; and several were celebrated for stupendous debauchery, and for the ostentatious piety which they practised by way of "set-off." The title of "King" was restored at the end of the thirteenth century, in the person of Przemislaus. Towards the conclusion of the following century, Hedwig, Christian Queen of Poland, married the handsome heathen, Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. The barbarian husband added his dukedom to the country of which he now became King, was baptized by the name of Vladislaus,

and founded that illustrious race of Jagellon, which was not extinct in the male line till the decease of the liberal Sigismund Augustus, in 1571.

Three-quarters of a century of misrule, intrigue, and disaster followed. Foreign princes were elected to the crown, several of whom, previous to their deaths, implored the nobles to abolish the elective system, if they would not see the kingdom ultimately perish. The system however was preserved; and therewith, added to traitors within, and foreign enemies—particularly the Russ—from without, the country was brought to the brink of ruin. In 1649, the celebrated John Casimir stripped off his Cardinal's suit and was elected King. After nineteen years of rule, he withdrew from the throne. A sketch of the singular career of this singular monarch will be found in a succeeding page.

The glory of the country grew fainter with each succeeding reign, exception being made of that of Sobieski, who however, bold as he was in the field, was the abject slave of a proud and exacting wife. The crown was virtually put up for sale, and the degradation of Poland was complete when Augustus, Elector of Saxony, entered Poland, and was crowned at Cracow, amid a Saxon army, in the year 1697.

Charles XII., of Sweden, only temporarily displaced the Saxons, and carried to the throne that Stanislaus Leczinski, of whose unsceptred condition ample notice will be found below. There only remains to be added here that in 1763 Russia, whose capital had once formed part of the Polish territory, forced Stanislaus Poniatowski on the Poles as their King. In the following year, the Czarina, for herself and her heirs, published a solemn declaration, renouncing all claim and pretence to any portion of the Polish territory. Eight years after this solemn declaration, Stanislaus Poniatowski was dethroned, and Russia, Prussia (great part of which had once belonged to Poland), and Austria, which had owed its salvation to a Polish King, seized on the country, partitioned it between them, and each illustrious

plunderer entered into a treaty, guaranteeing to his confederates an uninterrupted enjoyment of their booty!

Previous to noticing the principal Kings of Poland who have laid down or been deprived of their sceptres, it may be interesting to trace the fate of the descendants of Sobieski. They will be found in connection with another race debarred from ascending the throne.

Sobieski died on the throne, but the sceptre fell from his family. His widow was anxious to secure the election for her favourite younger son, Alexander; but finding that failure was certain, she denounced her older son James as incapable, and successfully implored the Diet to pass over the Sobieski family if they would not bring ruin on the kingdom. This conduct led to the election of Augustus of Saxony. After the defeat of the latter monarch, at Klissow, Charles XII., of Sweden, offered to raise James Sobieski to the Polish throne. James accepted the offer with grateful delight; but the Saxons contrived to seize his person as he was out hunting with his brother, Constantine; and both princes were immured within the Castle of Pliessenburg, near Leipzig, in 1704. They passed more than two years in captivity, before they were enlarged by the treaty which dethroned Augustus, for a time, and elevated Stanislaus Leczinski to the throne.

A daughter of Sobieski, Theresa, married the Elector of Bavaria, afterwards Charles VII., Emperor of Germany. Her granddaughter, Maria Antoinetta, married into the Electoral family of Saxony, and through her the *royal* family of Saxony trace their descent from Sobieski. Of the sons of the great Marshal and Monarch, Alexander and Constantine died childless; and as James died (in 1737) without male heirs, the name of Sobieski became extinct. James had two daughters. Mary, the elder, married the Duke de Bouillon, and had issue, a son and daughter; the latter espoused a Rohan. The younger daughter of James, Clementine, married (in 1719) James Edward, the old Pretender. Their children were Charles Edward, "Count of Albany," and Henry, Cardinal of York. The former married the Princess of Stolberg,

who, when a childless widow, gave her hand to the poet Alfieri,—a gift which could not increase the intimacy which had long existed between the poet and the Princess.

The Stuart family held a mortgage on several estates in Silesia, for money lent to Austria by James Sobieski. When the King of Prussia seized Silesia, in 1740, he confiscated the estates as Austrian, and the Stuart holders of the mortgage were plundered alike by Prussia and by Austria. The first robbed them of their securities, and the latter refused to compensate them for what they had lost.

JOHN CASIMIR V

"J'ai vu monter, j'ai vu descendre,
J'ai vu l'aube et l'ombre en mes cieux,
J'ai connu le pourpre, et le cèndre,
Qui me va mieux."—V. HUGO.

A BRAVE and honest King was Casimir V. He was the second son of Sigismund III., by a second marriage, with Constance of Austria. He was twenty-four years of age, in 1633, when his widowed mother urged him to endeavour to secure his election to the throne. Casimir, aware that his father had expressed a desire that his elder son Vladislaus should succeed him, disregarded the ambitious promptings of his mother, zealously promoted the election of his brother, was the first to render him joyful homage as King, and having done so, enrolled himself in the Imperial armies, where he performed the duty of a soldier with the greatest *éclat*. Although he loved peace better than war, he was rash in his bravery, and led many a cavalry charge headlong to almost entire destruction. But, if he was the first *in*, on such occasions, he was not also the first *out;* and he did not leave his men to suffer all sorts of privations while he was luxuriously cared for by his cooks and valets.

If he was often unlucky in war, he was not less so on his

diplomatic missions and in his naval enterprises. In 1638, he was the Imperial Legate chosen to conclude a treaty with Spain against France, and to command a fleet, with the object of destroying French commerce in the Mediterranean. The military-diplomatic admiral embarked at Genoa, and was soon after wrecked on the shores of Provence. He was recognized, captured, and suffered a light imprisonment for two years, during which he charmed the ladies by his gallant behaviour, and the men by his urbanity.

Casimir owed his liberty to the intercession of his brother, the King; after personally thanking whom, he set out on his travels. He visited Loretto, on his way; and he no sooner beheld the miraculous house, when he was seized with a desire to lead a holy life, and thereupon he became a member of the Order of Jesuits, in 1643. After a three years' trial, he grew weary of the life, but the Pope rewarded the attempt by conferring on him a Cardinal's hat. Just at this period he heard that his brother's son was in a hopeless state of health; and Casimir, reflecting that this opened to him a prospect of the throne, sent back the hat to the Pope. The Holy Father received it with reluctance; but Casimir found the act justified, on hearing of his brother's death, the next year, and on being elected to the throne, in spite of the opposition of his younger brother, the Bishop of Breslau, and of the Czar himself. The Pope even hastened to grant him the necessary dispensations, and my Lord Cardinal succeeded to the throne of his brother.

John Casimir did more than this,—he succeeded to the possession of his brother's wife, that famous Marie de Gonzague, who is the heroine of the 'Cinq-Mars' of De Vigny, and who was never in the least degree like the tender young lady in the charming novel of the French Academician.

John Casimir enjoyed no luxurious life on the throne of Poland. Cossacks and Tartars assailed him. He beat both separately, only to meet them in arms again as vigorous as ever. The former, when they found them-

selves unequal to cope with him, united with Russia, and the King was speedily bewildered by the number of his enemies, the loss of his great cities, and conspiracies in his very capital. Faction within was as fatal as the former without; and the deliberations of the Diet could at any time be disturbed and suspended by any single member pronouncing a *veto* against further discussion!

Disaster, however, could not render the King humble. On the abdication of Christina of Sweden, he raised pretensions to her throne, then occupied by her cousin, Charles Gustavus. The latter punished these pretensions by desolating Poland and capturing Warsaw. Casimir fled into Silesia, and formally placed his kingdom under the protection of that Virgin to whom he was in the habit of promising endless festivals in her honour, if she would only crown his arms with victory.

Meanwhile Swede, Russian, and Transylvanian overran Poland with fire and sword. Ultimately, the patriotic people drove out a part of their invaders, and made terms with the remainder. The Treaty of Oliva, signed in 1660, restored Casimir to his unstable throne, with the loss of some fair portions of his dominions.

To secure the favour of Our Lady he oppressed the Socinians. To gratify his wife, he proposed that the Duke d'Enghien, son of the great Condé, should be elected his successor. Prince Lubomirski boldly told him to his face that he would not be permitted to do for his own brother what he proposed to do for the son of a foreigner.

The patriotic speaker escaped death, by flight, but his property was confiscated. He appeared at the head of an armed force and conquered Sobieski, who was commissioned to destroy him. The high-minded victor refused to profit any further by his victory than by exacting the reversal of his sentence and the promise of the King to claim the right of naming his successor. Lubomirski then went into voluntary banishment at Breslau.

Again was Poland assailed by foreign enemies; but

Casimir sent Sobieski to encounter them, and the Grand Marshal accomplished his mission effectually. The King now hoped for tranquillity, but he soon found intestine divisions as inimical to his peace and safety as foreign invasion. Thence arose a secret desire to lay down the burden of government, and prepare himself for a better world than this on earth. This desire had been especially strong in the King since the period of the decease of his wife, in 1667. A rumour to this effect had got abroad; but it was discredited, rather because the popular sentiment wished for the preservation of the King, than that it was ready to admit the possibility of losing him.

The report was realized, however, when a summons was issued for the assembling of the States at Warsaw, in 1668. At this meeting, Casimir, in modest costume, sat in presence of the nobles while the trembling Pro-Cancellarius read aloud the motives which impelled the King to resign a load he could no longer carry. This document produced a double effect. It was so touching in its truthfulness that half the assembly burst into tears. The other half, however, uttered cries of indignation, so exasperated were they at the idea of a Casimir laying down a sceptre which they had vouchsafed to confer upon him. The serene King smiled gratefully on the weeping, and looked calmly on those who shouted. Both parties were silent while he explained his motives for descending from the throne, pleaded that they were well-founded, and almost implored permission to abdicate, yet also declared his determination not to be turned aside from his resolve. If he made vast sacrifices himself, he did not spare his hearers. He showered on their heads a cataract of wholesome but disagreeable truths. He painted the Poles as they were; censured them for their disunion, rebuked them for their selfishness, and crowned all by these remarkable words, which served to establish John Casimir on the roll of royal prophets.

"I foresee," he exclaimed, "the calamities which menace my country; and would to God that I were

a false prophet! The Muscovite and the Cossack will unite with the people who speak the same language with themselves, and will appropriate to themselves the Grand Duchy of Lithuania. The frontiers of Great Poland will be opened to Brandenburg, and Prussia herself, will one day, by power of treaty or by force of arms, invade our territory. In the midst of this dismemberment of our State, the House of Austria will not fail to take advantage of the opportunity to seize upon Cracow;"—and in this strain the King continued, till his auditors were weeping tears of rage or sorrow at the vaticinated downfall of their nation. The sorrow at losing a King who, foreseeing the coming peril, might also be able to divert it, increased rapidly. No persuasion, however, could induce Casimir to depart from his resolution. In a burst of grief and explosion of gratitude, the assembly voted him a pension of princely character, with regard to amount,—which was paid him grudgingly for awhile, and which ceased altogether at a subsequent but not distant period.

The ex-King rode away from the scene in which he had consummated his voluntary abdication, in a plain chariot, and amid the sighs of a mourning people, After the expiration of a brief delay, he turned his steps towards France, where he was received with all the cordiality that Louis XIV. could show to such a welcome guest as an uncrowned King. He took up his residence in the pleasant Abbey of St Germain-des-Prés, where the community saluted him with the title of "Your Majesty." Casimir felt that such a salutation was now an epigram, and he would playfully pull the ear of any priest who presumed to render such homage to a "poor brother." The King of France, however, made him something more, and put him at his ease with regard to pecuniary matters, by elevating him to the headship of the community, and bestowing on him a similar dignity in the Abbey of St Martin of Nevers. John Casimir led a very pleasant life in these retreats. He changed his residence according to the seasons, looked out at the world from the "loop-hole of his retreat," and learned

to consider contemporary history with as little of partisan feeling as if it was the history of by-gone times. The cell of the Royal Abbot was by no means a repulsive locality. It was not, indeed, splendidly furnished, but it was a comfortable refuge from the cares of the world; and many a gossiping party assembled therein, and talked wonderful things touching their own wisdom and the folly of the world. When the gossips were gone, or when the ex-King was in Paris or Nevers, he was not necessarily alone. Casimir indulged in the great and exhaustless luxury of reading, and not a little in correspondence and composition. He "wooed the Muses," and wrote Latin odes which flattery thought would have made old Horace blush with envy, but which the modest author only accounted of as the pastime of an ex-King who had turned monk, and who cultivated his taste and scholarship from morn till eve,

"Then talked of virtue till the time of bed."

Neither was the recluse alone in other respects. He was visited by the most brilliant nobles and ladies of the day, who remembered his consort, Marie de Gonzague, when that clever lady was at the head of the gayest society in Paris. These, however, were not the visitors he most ardently welcomed. There often came one alone who was more welcome than all. This was a lady of fair looks, bright wit, and a gentle yet sprightly nature. She was of some celebrity, and was no other than that famous Marie Mignot, who was the daughter of a washerwoman, and the widow of two noble gentlemen of France. The conversation of Marie charmed the last years of the regal Abbé, who, Abbé as he was, and stoutly as he had declared, when first a widowed King, that he would never wed again with another, was said to have privately married the laundress's pretty daughter. And why not? There was no derogation in espousing the child of a hard-working woman. The mother of the Imperial Romanoffs had stood over the tub, and not one of the good woman's descendants has equalled her in virtue.

Much was said of the little private household of John Casimir; but nothing worse could be said of it than that the parties were probably married and were certainly happy. Whatever the condition of this household, it did not long endure,—only three months. John Casimir fell ill, suffered a brief while, and died at Nevers, at the close of the year 1672. Wedded or not, Marie Mignot, now relict of a counsellor of Grenoble, the second Maréchal de l'Hôpital, and of a King of Poland, regretted the demise of a fallen monarch, around whose last days her presence had shed a charm for which Casimir was grateful, He had been submissive to the will of his first wife, but Marie Mignot was too happy to fulfil only his own.

France kept of this royal Abbé only his heart. For three years, indeed, his body was deposited in the church of the Jesuits in Paris. It was ultimately taken to Cracow, but the heart was first extracted, and placed within a ponderous tomb, which bore as ponderous an inscription, in the church of St Germain-des-Prés.

Bishop Zalerski, in his massive volumes 'Epistolarum historico-familiarum,' speaks touchingly of the death and funeral of his old King. "Tristis nuntius" he calls the messenger who brought the intelligence of the demise of Casimir. The *exequiæ* of the last male descendant of the Vasas were performed in the Basilica of St John, with a ceremony worthy of so "modest and pious a Prince." *Cecidit corona capitis nostri!* is his mournful funeral song: "The crown has fallen from our brow!" It was no dissembled sorrow, he says, that was witnessed at the side of the royal grave; but some of it seems to have been caused by the memory of the calamities which had fallen on Poland. "Nullus honor erat," adds the Bishop, "quem non illi publica benevolentia non præstiterit, quem non ei et Senatûs et Regis auctoritas detulerit." In such wise, amid honours contributed by present King, Senate, and People, the ex-Jesuit, ex-Cardinal, ex-Legate, ex-General, ex-King, and ex-Abbé, ending so very nearly where he began, descended to the tomb. His body still rests in peace.

His heart was trodden into dust amid the riot of the first French Revolution.

Marsy sculptured the monument beneath which the heart was deposited, in the church of St Germain-des-Prés. That heart lay in good royal company,—of Childerics and Chilperics, and their spouses with more barbarous names, and royal children of early and barbarous times. The most conspicuous object there, however, was the white marble statue of Casimir, in royal robes, kneeling, and offering his crown and sceptre to heaven. The effigy thus knelt upon a tomb of black marble, around the base of which was a bronze bas-relief, the work of one of Casimir's monks, a certain John Thibaut, who was a most cunning caster of metals. The bas-relief represented barbarian captives chained to trophies of arms, thereby signifying the triumphs of Casimir over Turks, Tartars, and Muscovites.

Another brother of the house, more of a scholar than an artificer, Brother Francis Delfau, honoured the memory of John Casimir by composing the inscription for the tomb. Its length precludes its reproduction here; but its chief assertions were, that John Casimir was a King who had been especially designated "the orthodox" by Pope Alexander VII., that he had traversed all the pathways of glory and the virtues, and that this scion of Vasa as well as of the Jagellons was celebrated for his courage, learning, and piety. "Ever invincible," says Brother Francis, who admits however that he lost one battle out of seventeen, in which he led the way to dismal glory. He subdued, we are told, not only by strength of arm, but by sweetness of disposition, before which even "Cossacks and other rebels" dissolved into allegiance. "Truly," says the poetic brother, in thundering Latin, "this man, who overcame fortune by his virtue, had his hall behind his fortifications, his palace in tents, and his public spectacles in triumphs and ovations." For the death of the children of Casimir, Brother Francis assigns a curious reason. Had they lived, he says, to be greater than himself, *he* would not have been the greatest of his race; and had they been

inferior to him, it would have been said that his line had degenerated! And then, says the enthusiastic author, "he fought for heaven as well as for the throne;" in proof of which we are told how he built monasteries, destroyed the chapels of the Calvinists in Lithuania, and expelled the Socinians from Poland. For, adds the Brother, in reference to this last achievement, "John Casimir would not allow *those* to have Casimir for a King, who would not have Christ for their God." He had, we are then informed, exhausted the list of glorious actions to be done, and, finding nothing more to be performed, he laid down the sceptre! This very act caused the first tears which he had ever made to flow from Polish eyes; for his subjects "wept not only because of a departing King, but also because of a departing national glory." At length he died, wounded mortally by a fatal disease,—knowledge of a reverse which had fallen on Polish arms; and so, affection for his country killed a monarch, who left his heart to the Abbey of St Germains; "and we have buried it here," says Brother Francis, "weeping as we performed the pious office!"

Never was epitaph so highly pitched as this. This must strike all who remember the irresolution of Casimir, how thoroughly he was "hen-pecked" by his (and his brother's) wife; and that he gave up the crown, not because there were no more glorious deeds to be performed, but because he was worn out by national and domestic dissensions. He lost all his melancholy when he became an Abbé *in commendam*. He was far from episcopal jurisdiction; felt some pride that he was not the first King who had been Abbot of St Germains; spoke gravely of the charge he had of the body of the great Saint, and of those of the Saint's parents; looked smilingly on the relics in his church, the tunic of St Vincent (brought by Chilperic from Spain), the crown of thorns, one of the very many arms of St George, one of the fingers of St Peter, and a leg of one of the Innocents, whose name was, unfortunately, not known. Then there was the actual chin of St Margaret, given to the

church by Marie de Medicis,—at sight of which the wits grew speculative touching the hue of the lips and cheeks which were once in connection with it. But above all, Casimir was proud of that girdle of St Margaret which devout married ladies used to put on in the church, in the hope that the wearing it would help to deliver them from a world of unpleasant trouble. On all these matters, and on the traditions of the abbey, the old questions of servitude, and the arrangements which had to be made when a woman within the jurisdiction of the abbey desired to marry with a man within the limits of the authority of another abbey,—on these questions the "orthodox King" could talk pleasantly, albeit that his heart broke at hearing bad news from Poland!

And yet how small a sensation was caused by his death among the gay and gossiping people of France! Madame de Sévigné was, at the very time, in plentiful lack of incidents to communicate to her daughter. While Casimir lay dying, she wrote the most delicious nonsense, but said, perhaps knew, not a word about the moribund King. But this pleasant lady was a very selfish person; and a month before the death of Casimir she had dismissed all thoughts of the downfall of Lauzun with the complacent phrase, "Voici un beau pays pour oublier les malheureux!"

STANISLAUS LECZINSKI

"Pologne! le plus doux des Princes
Cesse aussi de regner sur toi;
Il t'en reste encore l'espérance. .
Sois son asile, heureuse France,
Séjour des Rois dans leurs malheurs!
S'il perd des sujets trop volages,
Tu lui remplace leurs hommages."—GRESSET.

STANISLAUS LECZINSKI was a descendant of the old Royal family of Bohemia, one of the Princesses of which married a Polish Duke, and settled at Leckno.

Of this marriage Stanislaus was a descendant. He was born in Red Russia, in 1682, in the town of Lemberg. His celebrated father, Raphael, was the author of a phrase which gained the warm eulogium of Rousseau :— "Malo periculosam libertatem quam quietum servitium" —*I prefer a dangerous liberty to quiet slavery.* Stanislaus was reared like a young Spartan, and educated as though it had been intended to make of him a miracle of erudition. He studied, travelled, became a courtier, held high office at Court, and was created Palatine of Posnonia by Augustus III. By the leaning of the latter monarch towards Peter I. of Russia, he incurred the hostility of Charles XII. of Sweden. The result of the active hostility and the no less active intrigues of the latter, was, that the Poles declared the throne vacant, to which Stanislaus Leczinski was elected in July, 1704. Objection was subsequently made to this election, that it had taken place on a Saturday, the "unlucky day," for Poland, and that the accession of Stanislaus had been proclaimed after sunset. Some fighting and hostile intriguing followed, but Stanislaus was solemnly crowned in October, 1705, in presence of the Swedish King, whose armed force had rather irregularly helped him to ascend the throne. For several years he was maintained there by the power of the sword of his great ally; but the enemies against whom he had to contend were powerful, and Poland was devastated by the ferocity of the united Russians and Saxons. The fortune of war was however favourable to Stanislaus. Augustus was compelled to surrender all pretensions to the crown; and to a letter addressed to him as Elector of Saxony, in which he was officially informed of the accession of Stanislaus, he made due reply, in his Electoral character. For a brief period Poland acknowledged the wise rule of the most beneficent of Kings; peace however was not a blessing the country was permitted long to enjoy. It was swept by the scourge of war, and suffered dreadfully, even in its victories. The result of the fatal day of Poltowa deprived Stanislaus of his Swedish ally. In the absence

of the latter, the King of Poland, although driven from his own dominions, gallantly defended those of Charles. Convinced of the hopelessness of resistance, he sent messengers to the royal Swede, who was then at Bender, imploring permission to resign the Polish crown. Charles bade him be resolute, promising soon to be at his side to give him succour and lead him in triumph to Warsaw. As a last resource, Stanislaus proceeded in disguise into the Turkish dominions, and entered Jassy in November, 1712. Being challenged by the commandant of the place, he simply announced himself as being a French officer in the Swedish service. "*Major sum*," he added, to the commandant. "*Imo*," said the latter, who had recognised him, "*Maximus es.*" During many months Stanislaus, after being conducted with much ceremony to the quarters of Charles, was detained in a species of splendid captivity; nor did he finally leave Bender till the year 1714. The intervening time had been passed in hot discussion with Charles and the ministers of the Porte, and in abortive attempts to defeat the intrigues of Russia. Stanislaus, previous to his departure, declared to Charles that he would never draw his sword again for the sake of keeping or gaining a crown. "Then I will draw it for you," exclaimed Charles, "and will carry you triumphantly to Warsaw. Meanwhile I put you in possession of the Duchy of Deuxponts."

To this Duchy Stanislaus withdrew in disguise. He there was joined by his family,—his mother, wife, and two daughters. He enjoyed there but little repose, for plots were made to seize his person, and an attempt to assassinate him was attributed to the ministers of his rival Augustus. Added to this, the death of Charles, in 1718, deprived him of his refuge in the Duchy, which was occupied by the new heir. After some delay the Regent Duke of Orléans gave him a stately asylum at Weissenburg, in Alsace, and offered him a guard. Stanislaus replied, that he had sufficient protection in the honour of the King of France, and the hearts of the French people. He lived here the happy life of an

accomplished country gentleman. Russia and Saxony, jealous of his felicity, and utterly disbelieving the extreme disinclination of Stanislaus to re-assume royalty, demanded his extradition. The demand was haughtily refused by the Regent. The great enemies of Stanislaus next attempted to deprive him of life, by means of poisoned snuff. The attempt failed; but the crime so affected the gentle King, that he earnestly besought permission to resign the crown. The French Government would not yield consent, and the health of the refugee-monarch began to give way. It was in some degree revived by an intimation conveyed to him by the young Louis XV.; the nature of which may be judged by the fact that one morning he entered the bedroom of his daughter Maria Leczinska, and, saluting her with unwonted formal ceremony, he joyfully exclaimed, "My child, you are Queen of France!" Not the least happy portion of his life was that which he passed at Chambord, near the royal residence of the youthful and married sovereigns, in whose society he spent a part of nearly every day. He himself had fain hoped that he had done with crowns for ever; but the death of Augustus, in 1733, plunged this most unwilling pretender into new difficulties. The hostile powers had insisted on the Polish Diet proceeding to a new election. France and the Polish friends of Stanislaus urged him to proceed to Warsaw and assume the crown. 'Alas!" said the poor Prince, "I know that the Poles will acknowledge me; but I am quite sure that they will not support me." Overcome by the almost commands of the French Government and the entreaties of his friends, he contrived to enter Poland, in spite of the watchfulness of Russian and German spies to catch him on his way. So discreetly did he travel, that those very spies often helped him on his road, and never were more surprised than when they heard of his safe arrival within the Polish frontier. Three days after his arrival, on the 11th September, 1733, he was once more elected King by his enthusiastic subjects. What followed however

showed the correctness of the foresight of Stanislaus. The Poles failed him when the overpowering armies of Russia were sent against him. His partisans had nearly dispersed, but they made him magnificent promises; and it was to await the result that the Polish King sought safety within the fortified walls of Dantzic, —a free city, which enjoyed the sovereign protection of the Kings of Poland. The Russians besieged the city, and pressed it so closely, while demanding the surrender of Stanislaus, that in order to save it from annihilation, he resolved to leave the city in disguise, in order to enable the citizens to capitulate. This they had resolutely refused to do as long as the King required their protection. The narrative of the escape was written by the hand of the royal fugitive himself, in a letter to his daughter, the Queen of France. The illustrious writer informs her that he quitted the city in the night of Sunday, the 7th of June, disguised as a peasant, and accompanied by General Steenflieth, and four men hired for the occasion. The party embarked in two small boats, and hoped to reach the Vistula by rowing through the floods. They were unable to accomplish this end, and were compelled to pass the night in a hut in the midst of the waters, and exposed to be searched by the enemy. Monday was passed in this refuge, from which Stanislaus could see the bombardment of the city. At nightfall, the party again embarked. They had to row through reeds and shallows, and to drag the boat over the marshes into the ditches, where the water was of greater depth. After a night's incessant toil, during which the King was separated from the General, Stanislaus was once more compelled, at daybreak, to seek shelter in a hut, near the dyke of the Vistula. The fugitive King was concealed in a garret, where he tried to sleep upon some straw; but the hut was filled below with Russian soldiers, whose noise and dangerous vicinity kept him awake. For a whole week did this sort of life last; the King lying concealed by day in places which scarcely promised him security, and paddling about at night through the dark marshes and water-courses, making

but small progress in many hours. On the Thursday, Stanislaus consulted with his rough companions as to the course it would be most advisable to take, to escape from this labyrinth of waters. "Our consultations," he says, "were regulated by a great bottle of brandy, which the ambassador had ordered to be put into a hamper, with a bottle of Tokay, to which I may justly affirm I owed my subsistence, during the vagrant life I led for seven days. I was obliged to proportion the quantity of brandy; for when my peasants had taken but a sup, they would be faint-hearted, and cry that they did not see how we could go forward, and that they were afraid of being taken and hanged; but when they had drunk deeper, they would have taken me through the enemy's camp." The Thursday night was passed in scrambling along the dykes and through the marshes, on foot or on horseback, the cowardice of the escort threatening to betray the King, whenever they came near an enemy's post. The party succeeded however in finding a boat, and in crossing the Vistula. On the other side, a rude calash was procured, into which one of the peasant escort was tumbled in a state of helpless drunkenness, while the other acted as coachman. Through various difficulties the royal fugitive continued to make way, his greatest dangers arising from the drunkenness and stupidity of his guides; but Stanislaus crossed the Nogat in safety, and on Saturday night, the 3rd of July, found rest, protection, and General Steenflieth, in the friendly city of Marienwerder. Prussia treated the fugitive King with great distinction; but Stanislaus remained still a fugitive, till the end of the war, in 1738. At that period, Germany, against which France had declared war, on account of the Emperor's conduct with regard to Poland, was reduced to accept the terms imposed by France. It was therein agreed that Stanislaus should abdicate, but that he should retain the title and honours of a King; and that he should be put in possession of the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which, at his death, should be annexed definitively to the French crown.

From this period, Stanislaus became a happy un-

crowned King. The sovereign Dukes of Lorraine, descendants of Charlemagne, and connected with the Imperial House of Austria, had been, for the most part, beneficent rulers, and the inhabitants of the duchies looked with some distrust upon the new ruler who was now set over them, a "King and no King." But Stanislaus was a man of good common sense, and of a naturally kind disposition. He resolved, therefore, that his new subjects should find in him the chief source of their happiness; and he well knew that such a resolution was, in itself, the best policy. He did not, however, realize all he resolved, nor always act as if he knew that his best policy lay in such a resolution.

The last Duke of Lorraine, Francis, was no loser by the treaty which gave his duchies to Stanislaus, and ultimately to France. He obtained in exchange for them the hand of Maria Theresa, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and, with his wife, the Imperial Crown.

The first step taken by Stanislaus, was to invite around him those great artists, such as Duval, the mechanician Wayringe, and Chamant, the architect, who had adorned the old Ducal court in past times. But these men had heard the proclamation read at Nancy, amid the curses of the enraged people, surrounded by French troops, which destroyed their old nationality, and the artists followed into foreign land the fortunes of the old Ducal family. Stanislaus consoled himself by welcoming as his visitors, at various times, Voltaire, Maupertuis, Helvetius, and the philosophers of their school. He was kind, pious, and enlightened, but he was also an epicurean of the first order. He taxed his ingenuity on this point with great success. He invented many a new dish, vastly improved the style of cooking, and astonished the Lorrainers by eating his sauer-kraut raw, and by having served up at his table dishes of meat with fruits, both of which had been cooked together. Geese which had been plucked when alive, then whipped to death and *marinées*, were set down in his bill of fare as foreign birds; and after a somewhat similar fashion, turkeys were metamorphosed into *coqs de bruyères*, and were

brought to table buried under the strong-smelling herbs of Lorraine. One year was remarkable for the entire failure of the fruit, but Stanislaus would not be deprived of his *dessert*. Compositions of sugared vegetables, and especially of turnips, proved the ingenuity of the uncrowned King, turned confectioner. All these dishes were popular during his lifetime; and even now the Lorrainers dip their *babas* (or cakes in which there are *raisins de caisse* and saffron) into their wine, and think pleasantly, the while, of the royal inventor.

On one occasion, there appeared on the hospitable board of Stanislaus, a huge pie; the guests were admiring its dimensions, beauty, and odour, when suddenly the almond cakes which covered it flew in all directions, and from beneath them leaped up Bébé, the ex-king's favourite dwarf, armed like a knight. The whole table was in a roar of delight, except indeed one noble gentleman, whose nose the dwarf had pricked with his lance, and who vowed mortal vengeance for the two or three drops of blood which fell in consequence. Stanislaus loved his dwarf so well, that he provided for his security by putting him under the care of two soldiers of his bodyguard.

The Duke of Lorraine, who had made way for Stanislaus, became, among other things, by right of his wife, King of Hungary, and every year he forwarded to Nancy a little cask of Imperial Tokay. Stanislaus received the present with grateful ceremony, and the joyous cask entered the gates of his palace under an escort of grenadiers, and beneath the shadow of the flags of Hungary, Austria, and Lorraine.

But little casks will soon run dry if the spigot be often turned, and when the Tokay was out, Stanislaus would sigh for more. He was not well able to purchase it, for the produce was small, and, moreover, Imperial property. He bethought himself, however, that he might imitate it. Forthwith he girded on an apron, and after various trials, he succeeded, by means of amalgamating Burgundy with ingredients known only to himself, in composing what he thought might pass for Tokay. A

droll thought inspired him when he first rejoiced in the invention. He kept it a secret; and when the annual small Imperial cask arrived (it contained but a hundred bottles), he made presents of his own Tokay to his courtiers, while he kept the genuine wine to himself. The lords of the Court were delighted at the favour conferred on them; but when they came to compare notes, and discovered that his ex-majesty had distributed in gifts not less than six hundred bottles, they thought of the readiness of his concocting hand, and laughed at the trick he had played them. The Stanislaus Tokay was not consumed so quickly as the imported wine, but it rose in value with its years, and within the memory of persons still living in Nancy, a single bottle of it has fetched the exorbitant price of forty-two francs. It was indifferent wine, but an ex-King made it, and the price was paid not merely for the liquor, but for the name of the composer.

People at a distance had little idea of the splendour and cost of the household of Stanislaus, till the details were published at his death. It was then found that the court of this monarch, who had withdrawn from active life, consisted of five grand officers, sixteen gentlemen of the chamber, five gentlemen in waiting, eight stewards, seven chaplains, four private secretaries, ten medical men, twelve *valets*, and ten *domestiques de chambre*, three *maîtres d'hôtel*, twenty-four cooks, three treasurers, eight "personnes à l'office," seven persons to superintend the roasts, four confectioners, five cellar and pantry men, seven table deckers, six *fourriers*, twenty-six footmen, seventeen servants in *petite livrée*, two runners, three chairmen, thirty-one porters, ten masters of the horse, thirteen postilions, eleven helpers, five chaise postilions, eighteen grooms, eight muledrivers, eight Heiduques, sixty-three instrumental and vocal performers, seventeen architects, painters, marble-workers, etc., forty-one gardeners and gate-keepers, and twenty-two other functionaries of different style and title. There were also four or five dozen of pensioners on the list, and the "appointments" of all these

individuals cost 57,964 livres 12 sous, or about 2400 pounds sterling per month. Never was retired monarch (save Diocletian) so magnificently served, and never was so much magnificence had at so small a cost. The list of pensioners presents a curious admixture of names and personages. Goudichaud, the horse-keeper, is set down for 12 livres 10 sous, between the Princess de Talmont for 2000 livres, and the Marchioness de Boufflers, who passed for the King's very particular favourite, but who figures on the list for the small sum of 625 livres, or 25 pounds a month!

One of Walpole's pleasantest anecdotes is told of this celebrated lady, in a letter to Mann, dated 1764. "I love," he says, "to tell you an anecdote of any of our old acquaintance, and I have now a delightful one, relating, yet indirectly, to one of them. You know, to be sure, that Madame de Craon's daughter, Madame de Boufflers, has the greatest power with King Stanislaus. Our old friend, the Princess de Craon, goes seldom to Luneville for this reason, not enduring to see her daughter on that throne which she so long filled with absolute empire. But Madame de Boufflers, who, from his Majesty's age, cannot occupy *all* the places in the palace that her mother filled, indemnifies herself with His Majesty's Chancellor. One day the lively old monarch said, 'Regardez quel joli petit pied, et la belle jambe! Mon Chancelier vous dira le reste!' You know this is the form when a King of France says a few words to his Parliament, and then refers them to his Chancellor."

Stanislaus could be just as well as witty. Voltaire presented to him his History of Charles XII., and expected to be overwhelmed with compliments. The ex-King, after reading the book, humiliated the philosopher by demanding, how he dared to present to him, an actor in the scenes described, a book in which veracity was outraged a thousand times over?

Stanislaus not only entertained nobles, but artists and philosophers, at his well-laden table. He was himself an accomplished musician, and he painted *pastels* almost

as charmingly as Howell of Huddersfield is now said to do. Letters and the arts celebrated gratefully, in return, the virtues of their magnificent Mæcenas. He was the most courteous of hosts, but very far from being the most gracious of masters.

Stanislaus was a King without a sceptre, and a Duke without a Duchy. He was merely nominal Duke of Lorraine. The administration of affairs was in the hands of his Chancellor, M. de la Galaizière, who acted for the King of France, and exercised all real authority. Stanislaus had the less responsibility, and enjoyed all the more the two million crowns which were annually forwarded to him from Versailles for his support.

His household was composed chiefly of Poles and French. There were few Lorrainers on the establishment. The consequence was, that, for some time after the arrival of the King, neither Pole nor Frenchman could go abroad without fear of outrage. One or two were even murdered, and the Lorraine priests were said to have had voice or hand in the matter; but these outrages soon ceased, and Stanislaus won some degree of popularity by employing the workmen.

He became a huge demolisher and builder. Churches, chapels, ducal palaces, castles, towers, and town-houses —he swept away dozens, in order to raise others, and antiquaries at least owe him little praise for his destructiveness. His greatest glory, according to some, is that brilliant church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, which no one leaves Nancy without visiting, and in which he and his consort, Caroline Opzinska, were entombed. But antiquaries see in this building the ex-King's greatest crime; for in order to construct it, he demolished that famous old church of the same name, erected by René II., Duke of Lorraine, in gratitude for the great victory over rash Charles, Duke of Burgundy, in 1477,—won on the very spot. An honest pewterer, who lived in sight of the old church, was so indignant at the profanation, that he walled up his windows, that his eyes might not be offended by the continual sight of what was going on. Stanislaus built all his edifices in

an entirely modern style, and rendered their interiors entirely unfit for the decorations, the pictures, arms, or tapestry by which the original edifices had been once adorned. His grand triumphal arches, his Italian façades, his broad yet light edifices, are indeed full of beauty; but they impressed me, even very recently, as wearing an 'impertinent' look, when compared with even the few remains of the old feudal Nancy which still exist. The fact is, that Stanislaus entirely changed the face of the city. He may be said to have nearly rebuilt it, but not at his own cost. The citizens were heavily taxed, the French government contributed largely, and Stanislaus himself added small sums, as advances were needed. The city authorities became plunged in debt, but their King-Duke dined gaily, and his banquets were none the less costly because of the city's discontent. When the city suffered, or when the Duchy generally was in distress, Stanislaus was compassionate enough to suggest to others to make sacrifices in order to alleviate the misery. At last he supplied considerable sums from his own treasury,—and published the details of his own charity. His courtiers called him the "Benevolent," and Stanislaus caught at the title, and wore it with much complacency.

His public works have been highly praised; among them is the great road between Nancy and Toul. The old road was, so to speak, broken in two by a valley; this valley Stanislaus filled up, not at his own cost, nor by the remunerated labour of the peasantry; it was effected by that ante-revolutionary imposition called the *corvée*, by which every peasant was compelled to construct, or keep in repair, a certain length of road in his own district. The farmers were as little cared for as the labouring men. Stanislaus kept up a truly royal state in his preserves, chases, and forests. He took great pride in his deer, and these were so numerous that the harvests were often ruined by them,—so destructive were they to the crops. The amiable monarch is praised indeed for having reduced his hunting establishment, and opened his preserves for cultivation. He certainly

did this,—but it was not till he was too old to mount a horse or hold a gun. Before that, if a hungry man snared a hare, he was sent to the gallows. During the twenty-nine years that Stanislaus reigned in Lorraine, he was rather the munificent patron of artists than the father of his people. And yet there is much difference of opinion on this subject; and this difference is not to be wondered at. Stanislaus spent freely where he was entirely his own master; but where his Chancellor, M. de Galaizière, held the control, Stanislaus exercised as much of his will as he could, and paid no more than he was compelled to do.

Among the warmest of his admirers was Frederick of Prussia, who was so delighted with the report made to him, by Maupertuis, of the way of life of Stanislaus, that Frederick addressed to the latter, notes full of admiration and praise, neither of which was unacceptable to Stanislaus. The latter had as great a eulogist, at one time, in Voltaire, who was often the guest of the Pole at Nancy, Luneville, or some of the country residences of Stanislaus. The King visited the philosopher in his chamber, as another sovereign did Titian in his studio; and Voltaire acted without ceremony towards his host and the rules of the household. There was no man more irregular in his habits than the philosopher. He had an utter contempt for the fixed hours for meals, and often required his own to be served to him, alone, in his own apartment. It might be considered that this especial irregularity could not very seriously have troubled the routine of so well-mounted a house as that of our pensioned monarch. Nevertheless it offended the latter, and M. Alliot, the Controller of the establishment, intimated to Voltaire that he would henceforward be required to dine at the table of the gentlemen of the chamber. Voltaire chose to consider this as a monition that his presence was no longer required at the palace; and *he* who had been the chosen companion of the King in his visits to Versailles, now quitted him in dudgeon. The hospitality of Stanislaus was, however, too welcome to Voltaire to be for ever renounced; and the philo-

sopher, suppressing his anger, again rejoined the motley circle, where free-thinking philosophers sat by the side of the most bigoted of priests and the most rabid of Jesuits. Stanislaus was strangely attached to the "Society of Jesus," and when the edict for its suppression was sent abroad, he would not permit it to be published in his Duchies. The architect of Stanislaus once turned the ex-King's predilection for the Jesuits to official account. Stanislaus complained of the inconvenience he experienced in his library from the smoking of the chimney. "That would be cured," said the architect, "if your Majesty would set a Jesuit at the top of it. The Jesuits draw everything towards themselves." And again, when the ex-King was granting pensions to ex-Jesuits, M. de Tressen asked him if he would do nothing for the family of Damiens (the Jesuit-prompted assassin), which was in the deepest distress. Stanislaus was more troubled at the persecution of the Society than he was at the perils which threatened him when France supported the claims of the Elector of Bavaria to the Imperial crown, against those of Maria Theresa, and the forces of the latter approached so near to Lorraine as to threaten his safety. Stanislaus, rather precipitately, took refuge behind the ramparts of Metz, nor did he return to Nancy or Luneville till all danger was over.

He possessed more equanimity in contemplating the vacancy of and succession to his own old throne. When his rival Augustus died, the Czarina procured the election of Stanislaus Augustus, Count Poniatowski. This latter nobleman, before his accession, was glad to eat a poor dinner at Dolly's Chop-house, at the expense of the son of a dethroned King, and he lived to be a sceptreless monarch himself. Meanwhile, Walpole says of him, in a letter to "Sir Horace," dated 1764, "Count Poniatowski, with whom I was acquainted when he was here, is King of Poland, and calls himself Stanislaus the Second. This is the sole instance, I believe, upon record, of a second of the name being on the throne while the first was living, without having contributed to dethrone

him. Old Stanislaus lives to see a line of successors, like Macbeth in the Cave of the Witches."

Twenty years before this, Stanislaus entertained Louis XV. The French King had left Paris for Alsace, to defend France against the Imperialists. He was seized with smallpox at Metz, and the loyal people entered into a solemn engagement that if Heaven would cure him, they would manifest their gratitude in an extraordinary way. Louis recovered. Metz has perhaps the finest Gothic cathedral in France. The grateful citizens covered its Gothic west front with a Grecian portico; and when one remembers why it was placed there, the wish will arise that Louis had died of the malady under which he had laboured.

When Stanislaus heard that the daughters of Louis—Adelaide and Victoria—had suddenly set out from Metz to Luneville, to visit their grandfather, the ex-King ordered magnificent preparations for their reception. His steward hinted that so much splendour was not needed for his "petites-filles." But the ex-King said with a smile, "Mes petites-filles sont plus grandes que moi." For a moment however he was himself uneasy at the idea that he might exceed his means by giving the young Princesses a more gorgeous welcome than was necessary. Walpole alludes to this unexpected visit of "Mesdames his granddaughters;" and adds that Stanislaus "was so disturbed for fear it should derange his finances, which he thought were not in advance, that he shut himself up for an hour with his treasurer, to find resources, was charmed to know he should not run in debt, and entertained them magnificently." Indeed there was something princely in his character, and, as the writer last quoted observes, "Not only the court tables were regularly and nobly served, but he treated and defrayed his old enemy's (Augustus II., King of Poland) granddaughter, the Princess Christina, on her journey hither (to Paris) to see her sister, the Dauphiness."

There were two of the children of this Dauphiness who frequently corresponded with Stanislaus. They

were the boys who were afterwards known as Louis XVI. and Charles X., and both of whom died stripped of their crowns. When their father, the Dauphin, died, a funeral oration on the event was delivered at Nancy. A copy of the speech was previously shown to Stanislaus, who, much to his surprise, found in it a warm eulogium on his own virtues. "Strike out that passage," said he calmly, "and keep it unsaid till after my death."

Wraxall, in the gossiping 'Memoirs of his own Time,' in describing the royal residence at Luneville, says that "Stanislaus, during the last years of his life, withdrew to rest every night at nine o'clock, and his departure constituted the signal for commencing Faro. All the persons of both sexes comprising his court and household, then sat down to that infatuating game, which was continued, without intermission, to a late hour. But a circumstance seemingly incredible is, that the rage for it became such as to attract by degrees to the table all the domestics of the palace, down to the very turnspits or scullions, who, crowding round, staked their *écus* on the cards over the heads of the company. Such a fact," adds Sir Nathaniel, "proves the relaxation of manners which prevailed in the Court of Lorraine under Stanislaus."

Although he was, even after passing fourscore years of age, of robust health, he looked forward to his own demise as a circumstance which could not be very remote. One day, in the year 1765, he drove from his Château of Malgrange to the Church of Notre Dame de Bons Secours, in Nancy,—and remained, long after the service, alone in his "tribune" near the altar. When he came out to his expectant attendants, he remarked, "I have been kept there by the thought that very soon I shall probably be lying three feet lower than where I was then kneeling." Some courtier-like words of encouragement were officiously murmured around him; but he observed, "I am the most aged King in Europe; what then is to be expected? I have endured, too, as many hardships, and encountered more accidents than most men. Except being burned, I do not know what

I have *not* suffered. Of new mischances, there is really only some catastrophe by fire that could befall me."

And by that catastrophe he perished. His daughter, the Queen of France, had visited him in 1765, and she banteringly reproached him with the shabbiness of the thin *robe-de-chambre* in which the octogenarian passed his days. On her return to Versailles, she despatched to him a wadded dressing-gown, of much finer quality. The old King had it on on the morning of the 5th of February, 1766. He had just risen from his prayers, and had drawn near to the wood-fire on the hearth, in order to light his pipe; he went closer than usual, to look at the dial on the chimneypiece, and while he was trying with his feeble sight to make out the hour, the lower part of his robe caught fire. He stooped to extinguish it, but in doing so lost his balance, and fell forward. His face struck against a point of the brass "dogs" which supported the burning wood, and his left hand was plunged into the midst of the burning mass. He attempted to cry aloud, but he speedily became senseless, and knew no more, for the present, even of pain.

The Guard who kept watch outside the door from which the King's room was separated by an antechamber, soon "smelt fire," as he said, and opened the door of the anteroom, to warn the attendants. There were none at hand. He was certain that the fire was in the King's apartment, but his orders forbade him to enter, and his excellent discipline accelerated the King's death. The sentinel however shouted lustily, until a dozen idle lacqueys rushed up, and with them one who was privileged to enter the royal chamber when he would. This official's name was Sister; he was an old Pole, who had been a follower of Stanislaus since the latter was only a Starost, or judge, in Poland. Sister burnt his own hands severely in drawing his unhappy master from the flames. Stanislaus was dreadfully burned from the left temple to the knee; but when he recovered his consciousness, he bore the pain with philosophical patience. He improved slightly,

but fever supervened, and all hope was lost. The suffering old man of eighty-eight did not however lose his own gaiety of spirit. His old gown had been made of material that was not inflammable; but he wrote to the daughter who had presented him with the new *robe-de-chambre* which was so fatal to the wearer,—"You thought, my love, to keep me warm; but I have been much warmer than you intended." A lady had audience of him, as he lay ill; she was herself suffering from an accident to her left arm, the ruffle of which had caught fire. The gallant old monarch could not forbear a compliment to the fair, even in the arms of death; "Ah, Madam," he faintly exclaimed, "we are consumed by the same flame!"

By some writers, his death is said to have been accelerated by the fact, that the pious King wore a silver girdle with points inside, next the flesh, and that these being heated, and pressed into his body, when his attendants were endeavouring to extinguish the fire, produced wounds, the suppuration from which caused exhaustion. As Lady Mary and Mr Churchill were standing by his bedside a day or two previous to his death, he spoke of his strange life, and added, "There only wanted a death like this, to close the career of an adventurer like me."

He lingered on during eighteen days. For a great portion of that time, the churches of Nancy and Luneville were crowded with citizens, who eagerly joined in the prayers for his recovery. When public announcement was made, on the 23rd of February, that Stanislaus of Poland had breathed his last, crowds of his old subjects rushed into the palace with exclamations of sorrow, and cast themselves on his body. They honoured the man, although they had suffered under an administration which they knew was forced upon him by France. Stanislaus, says Grimm, could not have a more touching funeral oration than this testimony of the popular affection. "His subjects are in despair," writes Walpole, "for he was a model of goodness and humanity uniting, or rather creating

generosity from economy." He bequeathed, according to the same writer, 600,000 livres and a life-annuity of 40,000 crowns to his daughter, the Queen of France. His other daughter had died early. "His buildings, his employment of the poor, his magnificence, and his economy were constant topics of admiration." The funeral oration of Stanislaus is emphatically declared by Walpole to be "a noble subject." Grimm is of much the same opinion; but the correspondent of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha adds, "Stanislaus has not cared to preserve the name of 'the beneficent,' after his death. He has left a pension to nobody. His benevolence to the officers of his household, great and small, is limited to allowing them a full year's salary." Grimm hinted that the liberality of Louis XV. would make up for the want of it in his father-in-law, whose death, nevertheless, is described by Grimm as an irreparable loss for Lorraine.

As I recently stood by the tomb of Stanislaus, in the church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, at Nancy, the recollection of the extraordinary career of the man was forcibly impressed upon me. He found compensation for his own fall, in the thought that he had founded a dynasty in France; but his daughter's son, the Dauphin, died before he could enjoy his great inheritance, and the Dauphin's three sons, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., the great grand-children of Stanislaus, endured a worse fate by succeeding, for a time, to the inheritance unenjoyed by their happier sire. There is still one male heir of the line of Stanislaus—the exiled Bourbon Prince who, in his retirement at Frohsdorf, is known by the title of Henri V., and whose chance of recovering the throne once occupied by Louis XV. and Maria Leczinska might be considered small indeed, were it not that, according to the old saying, "tout arrive en France!"

On the right-hand side of the altar, in the church at Nancy, is the tomb of Stanislaus. He is represented, semi-recumbent, attired in the *robe-de-chambre* in which he was so fatally burned at Luneville. Beneath the

figure is a half-concealed globe, signifying perhaps that the *demi-monde* went in mourning for the gay yet pious old Prince. Beneath the globe is the genius of Lorraine, busily occupied in engraving the name of Stanislaus on the tablet of memory. On a line with the busy genius, is a large Charity; she looks sleepy, sick, and maudlin; and a hungry baby is tugging at her breast, in apparent disgust at the inefficiency of his attempts. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the altar, is the monument of the wife of Stanislaus, Catherine Opzinska, who, after an unobtrusive life, died in Lorraine, in the year 1747. Her graceful effigy is being led heavenward by a still more graceful angel, who leaves below, on earth, a magnificent testimony of the worth of the departed Catherine. Among the fair things said of her is (I quote from memory) that she was "Supra modum admirabilis magno animo quo prospera tulit et adversa" —worthy of admiration for the greatness of mind with which she bore both prosperity and adversity. The heart of their daughter, the wife of Louis XV., was deposited in the vault beneath; but in the fury of the first Revolution, neither mortal remains, nor the monuments beneath which they were entombed, were spared. At the restoration, Stanislaus and his family recovered their tombs, which continue to be among the great attractions of all visitors to Nancy.

The statue of Stanislaus has been erected on the "*Place*," which bears his name, by "grateful Lorraine." The effigy is that of a fat old gentleman, with a sensual look. There is warrant in his face that he could get powerfully refreshed with Tokay, and not only invent new dishes, but consume them with alacrity. The pedestal is covered with the list of his good deeds; and in face of such a register, we may pardon his human failings in connection with gallantry and gastronomy.

The literary works of the ex-King Stanislaus were published in a collected form, a few years after his death, in four quarto volumes. They were published under the title of the 'Works of the Beneficent Philosopher.' Two volumes of this collection are occupied by the King's

work on Poland, entitled, the 'Free Voice of the Citizen.' Stanislaus was among the first who attacked the "discourse" of Rousseau, against the sciences. As an author, the ex-King perhaps mistook goodwill for capacity; his powers were respectable, but not great. He was in the twenty-ninth year of his government of Lorraine when he died. Exactly the same number of Dukes of Lorraine had ruled in the Duchies before him; and Stanislaus reigned — a year for every Duke. Lorraine is singularly proud of him as a writer. They who will consult his letters in the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum, will find that he was a careless speller and an indifferent grammarian. An equal contempt for orthography and syntax marks the letters of the quiet Queen Catherine, and their daughter, who ultimately married Louis XV. Stanislaus writes "*ce s'ent*" for "*ce sont;*" the Queen speaks of the "*estime avec le qu'elle,*" etc., and Maria Leczinska thanks a lady for "la *chiene,*" which had been sent her as a gift, but which is so spelt as to leave us in uncertainty whether "Marie, Princesse de Pologne," meant to return thanks for a golden chain to decorate her royal neck, or for some curled *chienne* of a poodle, trained to her office like Belinda's *Shock.*

It is germane to my subject to notice that the pedestal on which the statue of Stanislaus rests, once supported a royal figure, which was summarily cast down, never to be restored. Thereon originally stood the bronze presentment of Louis XV. The person most active in procuring subscriptions for the erection of this statue, was sent to Versailles by Stanislaus, to reap the reward of his loyalty. Louis offered him the chief honour of being accounted "noble." This honour however had been already conferred on the gentleman. Louis consulted Stanislaus, who recommended that the "noble" gentleman should be "*en-nobled,*" — that is, have ancestors allotted to him by the heralds. "Pardi!" said Louis, "why not?—at Berlin they are getting up a book to explain the sixteen hundred and sixty-four quarterings in the arms of the Prince of Prussia. We will give half as many right noble ancestors to this

gentleman of Lorraine." And it was done accordingly!

The Lorrainers, despite their boasted nationality, accepted every new master submissively, and they now saw the departure of the old one with resignation. They loved their strong-handed old Duke; they paid affectionate homage to Stanislaus, without troubling themselves about his orthography; and they cheered lustily, with some reservation of grumbling, when they were annexed to France. In short, like the "sauntering Jack and idle Jane" of Prior,

> "Their billet at the fire was found,
> Whoever was deposed or crown'd."

And they echoed the prophecy of Gresset, the poet, whom Stanislaus laughingly allowed to write odes in his praise, and who was so little inspired as to enunciate the following vaticination, which cannot be read now without a smile at the predictions of rhyming court-favourites. Good-humoured Gresset thus fancied the future destiny of mankind, as affected by the marriage of the daughter of Stanislaus with Louis XV.: –

> "Ainsi, par d'heureux avantages,
> Le sang des Héros Jagellons
> Va couler pendant tous les âges,
> Joint au sang des Héros Bourbons.
> Cette source illustre et féconde
> Donnera des vainqueurs au monde
> Et des maîtres à nos neveux;
> Et les souverains de la France
> Compteront, avec complaisance,
> Stanislas entre leurs aïeux."

Perhaps the best legacy left by this good-humoured monarch to posterity, was his collection of 'Traits of Moral Courage for Every-day Life.' Each one commences with a "Have the courage to—;" but one such commencement may be economically made for the introduction of many. The 'Traits' of Stanislaus are as practically useful as the Golden Rules of King Charles. "Have the courage," says Stanislaus, "to pay your

debts at once; to do without what you do not need; to know when to speak and when to be silent; to set down every penny you spend, and to look at the sum-total weekly; to pass your host's lackey without giving him a shilling, when you cannot afford it, and more especially when he has not earned it; to acknowledge that you are poor; to confess a fault; to keep to a resolution only when it is a good one; to make no secret of your age, and to compare it at the same time, with the allotted age of man; to make your will,—a *just* one; to face difficulties, which are often like thieves, and run away if you only look at them; to avoid accommodation-bills; to refrain from borrowing money, even from your dearest friend; to have suspicion of projects promising large interest; to tell a man why you won't, rather than that you can't, lend him money; to enhance every gift by making it at *some* sacrifice; to wear old clothes till you can afford to pay for new; to openly obey God in spite of the ridicule of man; and to keep your feet from getting damp, and to see that your wife and family take the same precautions!

These are homely truths, and there are many more of them; but it is not every monarch that has done as much for contemporaries or posterity, as Stanislaus in the above maxims;—some of which he pleasantly neglected; and he suffered accordingly. But there is nothing so easy as to furnish excellent precepts; nothing so common as for them to be broken by the furnisher. Calanus, who was in the train of Alexander, was reputed the very wisest of philosophers. He had never in his life been ill, and he enjoined patience as a necessary *régime* to those who were. Suddenly, he was attacked with colic; and the wisest and most stoical of philosophers, disgusted with a humanity that was subject to stomach-ache, very deliberately destroyed himself at Pasargada.

STANISLAUS PONIATOWSKI

"He walk'd his perilous way,
With the grey hairs of kingly sorrow crown'd."
GERALD MASSEY.

IF Stanislaus Leczinski was, according to his own expression, an "adventurer," with equal propriety may the term be applied to Stanislaus Augustus II. He was of an old and impoverished family, but he had the tastes of an heir to boundless wealth. He was known in the circles of London and Paris, long before he himself suspected that he should ascend a throne, or be the favourite of a sovereign. In the latter city, his extravagance brought him within the walls of a debtors' prison, whence the liberality of Madame Geoffrin rescued him. In London he lived poorly; but he was a Count and a foreigner, and he had ready access to all saloons. With one of the friends he made there, Sir Hanbury Williams, he repaired to St Petersburg, where his companion, Ambassador from England, presented him to the Grand-Duchess Catherine; and that celebrated and well-judging lady welcomed the Polish stranger with a warmth which gave promise of a brilliant future to Poniatowski. The position of the latter at Court was improved by his being appointed Ambassador from Poland; but he so abused his position that even the Court of Versailles affected to be scandalized, and the young Envoy was recalled.

At the death of Augustus III., in 1763, the influence of Catherine, then Czarina, carried Poniatowski to the Polish throne. He was crowned in 1764, at which time he was thirty-two years of age. He ennobled his family, governed with prudence, and established religious liberty. But he failed to please the nobility; and the toleration he had reluctantly declared was so resented by the leading Roman Catholics, that they proclaimed the throne vacant, and resolved to get possession of his person. He was dragged from his

carriage, by the conspirators, on the night of the 3rd September, 1771. He was fired at, beaten, trailed through the mud by mounted horsemen, and he found none to strike a blow for him but a menial servant. The rest of his attendants took to flight. The conspirators tore his orders from him, flung him on to a horse, compelled him to leap the city fosse with them, and, having carried him into the open country, wandered they hardly knew whither; and not till they came upon a Russian post, from which Stanislaus himself warned them, did they waver in their design of murdering him. Some fell away from their comrades; and at last Stanislaus, exhausted and bewildered, was left alone with Kosinski, the chief agent of the Roman Catholic conspirators. With infinite difficulty the King softened the heart of this cruel man towards him; and under promise of pardon, Stanislaus was conducted to the Mill of Mariamont, whence he despatched a letter to the capital, where doubt and consternation reigned. On his being restored to his friends, the conspirators were seized, tried, and subjected to various punishments,—death or imprisonment,—save Kosinski, with whom Stanislaus kept strict faith.

The restoration of the King was of no advantage to the kingdom. The latter was torn by rival parties and desolated by the plague, when it was surrounded by the armies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The partial partition of Poland, resolved upon in 1772, was effected in 1773; and the constitution was so modified by Russia, that Stanislaus saw himself reduced to a mere magistrate, incapable of coming to any decision, save under the sanction of Russia. He did his utmost, however, in the difficult circumstances which surrounded him, for the benefit of his country. He was opposed by the nobles and trammelled by the three Powers who had seized upon four thousand square miles of Polish territory! Prussia was extremely active in urging Stanislaus to act independently, and promised him full support. It is to his credit that he struggled to create a middle class between the nobles and the serfs, and

to make the succession hereditary. The constitution of the 3rd of May, 1791, brought about by his efforts, and lauded by Fox, Burke, Volney, and Tom Paine, would have secured a wholesome liberty to the nation; but it was denounced by Russia, vainly defended by Kosciusko, and finally destroyed, in 1792, when Stanislaus was compelled to accept the terms of the confederation of Targowitz, and the decision of the Russian-organized diet of Grodno. Poland struggled again, and that nobly, against her powerful assailants. But she struggled vainly; Kosciusko fought fruitlessly. The second partition of Poland was made between her gigantic plunderers, Russia and Prussia; and thirty years after Catherine had helped Poniatowski to ascend the throne, she dragged him from it, and reconsigned him to obscurity.

The last effort of the Poles was deprived of ordinary chance of success, by the popular imitation of the excesses of the French Revolution. A great portion of the nobility, and the entire body of clergy, held aloof from the insurgents or patriots who had established in Warsaw a tribunal of terror. The cause of Poland, in fact, had fallen into bad hands, The first Polish triumphs were avenged by Suwarrow,—that Russian chief whose "catechism" suggests the utility of massacring the wounded,—and Kosciusko was a prisoner. While the catastrophe became more imminent, Stanislaus Poniatowski remained in Warsaw, entirely neglected, almost forgotten; and it has been suggested that had success attended the popular cause, his life would probably have been sacrificed,—for 'hatred against Kings' was the new Paris fashion imported into Poland—though adopted only by a party.

The Powers by whom Stanislaus Poniatowski had been so pitilessly despoiled, assigned him a pension of 200,000 ducats, upon which he lived respectably, yet sadly, at Grodno, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and composed a few psalms. In 1797, after the death of Catherine, he removed to St Petersburg, on the invitation of Paul. In whatever circle he moved, the

fallen monarch made friends. The Court was too barbarous to know how to respect the victim of such great calamities, and he was there treated with studied contempt. One day, at a crowded Court, overcome by fatigue and the infirmities of age, he timidly ventured to sit down on a chair. Paul observed the act, and with the malice of Batou Khan, whose Tartar blood was ever uppermost in him, he sent an Aide-de-camp to the old King, who insolently commanded him to rise, and impudently reproved him for daring to be seated in the presence of the Czar. The aged King obeyed, and resumed the required attitude of respect. Subsequently he retired to St Petersburg, where the broken-hearted old man lived in retirement; and *that* but for a short time. The last and best-intentioned of the Kings of Poland was carried off by apoplexy, on the 12th of February, 1798.

KINGS OF POLAND

HOUSE OF PIAST

A.D.

999. Boleslaus I. He was the sixth Duke, reckoning from the peasant Piast, in 842, and the first King, of Poland.
1025. Miecislaus II.
INTERREGNUM.
1041. Casimir the Pacific.
1058. Boleslaus II., killed Archbishop Stanislaus
1081. Vladislaus I., the Careless.
1102. Boleslaus III., Wrymouth.
1138. Vladislaus II.
1146. Boleslaus IV., the Curled.
1173. MIECISLAUS III., the Old. Deposed.
1177. Casimir II., the Just.
1191. LESKO V., the White.
1203. VLADISLAUS III., resigned.
1206. LESKO V. restored; he was killed in 1227.

KINGS OF POLAND

A.D.

1221. Boleslaus V., the Chaste.
1279. Lesko the Black.
ANARCHY.
1295. Przemislaus.
1300. Wenceslaus of Bohemia.
1306. Vladislaus IV., the Short.
1333. Casimir the Great; who named as his successor,
1370. Louis, King of Hungary.
INTERREGNUM.
1384. Hedwige, his daughter. She married Jagello, Duke of Lithuania, who subsequently reigned alone.

JAGELLON DYNASTY

1386. Vladislaus V.
1434. Vladislaus VI.
INTERREGNUM.
1445. Casimir IV.
1492. John I.
1501. Alexander. } sons of Casimir.
1506. Sigismund I.
1548. Sigismund II., Augustus. Last of the male line of Jagellon.
INTERREGNUM.
1574. Henry of Valois; Duke of Anjou, elected. He was afterwards Henry III. of France.
1575. Stephen Batthory.
ANARCHY.
1586. Sigismund III.
1632. Vladislaus VII.
1649. John (II.) Casimir; abdicated.
INTERREGNUM.
1668. Michael.
INTERREGNUM.
1674. John (III.) Sobieski.
INTERREGNUM.
1697. Frederick Augustus of Saxony; set aside by Charles XII. for
1704. Stanislaus Leczinski; abdicated.

A.D.

1710. Frederick Augustus, restored.

1733. Frederick Augustus II.

INTERREGNUM.

1764. Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, the last King of Poland; deposed 1795.

END OF VOLUME I

NOTES

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Bracton.—Henry de Bracton, English jurist, died 1268. He was one of the earliest writers on English law.

7. *exergue.* — The space underneath the base line of a subject engraved on a coin; it is generally reserved for inscriptions.

9. *maravedi.*—A Spanish copper coin, worth about half a farthing.

10. *the Marquis of Halifax.*—George Savile (c. 1630-1695) a statesman who was concerned in the Restoration, and served under James II. and William III.

14. *Oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull,* etc. — Tennyson's "Maud," Part I. vi. vi. and xiii. i.

15. *And God's just doom,* etc. — "Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar." "Maud," Part III. vi. i. Tennyson's poem was published in 1855, at the time of the Crimean War.

16. *Apelles.*—He flourished in the fourth century B.C. and was the greatest painter of his times, or, indeed, of all ancient time.

43. *tun of man.*—1 Henry IV. ii. 4.

44. *Maine liquor law.*—The state of Maine (U.S.A.) was one of the first to adopt (in 1851) a stringent law against the free sale of liquor.

49. "*Hosier's Ghost.*"—The Ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost was written by Richard Glover (1712-1785). It was much admired by Hannah More.

53. *Abraham Fleming.*—A London clergyman, one of the group of Elizabethan translators.

55. *The King of the Two Sicilies.*—When Dr Doran wrote this Ferdinand IV. of Sicily ruled (tyrannously) over Naples and Sicily as Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies. His successor was brought to reason by Garibaldi in 1860.

64. *Tom Wharton.*—Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, the Whig Statesman (1640-1714), to whom has been attributed the authorship of the political squib "Lillibullero."

66. *Mason.*—William Mason, 1725-1797, literary executor of the poet Gray.

68. *Sharon Turner.* — 1768-1847, the author of a History of the Anglo-Saxons (1799-1805),

73. *Dr Lingard.*—John Lingard (1771-1851), author of "Antiquity of the Anglo-Saxon Church" (1806), and a "History of England to 1688," 8 vols. (1819).

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86. *Weaver.*—John Weever (1576-1632) author of "Ancient Funerall Monuments," 1631.

66. *the Récollets.*—Friars of the Strict Observance.

100. *La Hogue.*—The roadstead, Normandy, in which the French fleet on behalf of James II. was defeated by the English and Dutch fleets, on May 19, 1692.

109. *nephritick collick.* — The pain caused by the passage of a calculus from the kidneys to the bladder.

114. *St Hubert's Day.*—St Hubert is the patron saint of hunters.

119. *the famous Expedition to Darien.*—A commercial adventure in the last years of the seventeenth century, subscribed to by all classes in Scotland, but looked upon with disfavour by the English Parliament and William III. It ended disastrously.

139. *Neuvaine.*—A Novena, or nine-days devotion to obtain a particular request, addressed to gain the suffrages of the B. V. Mary or a Saint.

190. *minniver.*—A Siberian squirrel.

221. *Law's Mississippi scheme.* — John Law (1671-1729) projected a commercial scheme in France in 1717, for the development of the basin of the Mississippi and for the carrying on of French East Indian Trade. It had a similar vogue to that of the South Sea Bubble in England and a similar end.

230. *Mr Ridley.*—James Ridley, whose "Tales of the Genii" were published in 1765.

237. *Osymandyas.*—*Cf.* Shelley's Sonnet.

239. *He that is valiant,* etc.—Butler's, "Hudibras," Part I. Canto III.

248. *Zaire.*—A Tragedy of Voltaire's, 1732.

253. *Mr Clay.*—Henry Clay (1777-1852) a famous American statesman and orator.

284. *Henry IV. . . Sir James Stephen.*—See the latter's Essay on Hildebrand in "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography."

288. *Ximenes.*—Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, Spanish Cardinal and Statesman (1436-1517).

298. *bezoar-stones.* — Secretions from the intestines of Eastern ruminants and American lamas. They have been sold for ten times their weight in gold but are now utterly discredited.

299. *Vauvenargues.*—L. de Clapièrs, Marquis de V. (1715-1747), one of the greatest of French *Pensées* writers.

310. *Mr Stirling.*—Sir William Stirling-Maxwell (1818-1878), author of "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," etc.

310. *the Ephori.* — The Spartan Board of Ephors, five annually elected citizens, practically superintended the commonwealth.

321. *St. John Nepomucene.* — John of Nepomuk, patron saint of Bohemia (1330-1383).

323. *Britannicus.*—A play by Racine, 1669.

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358. *an Abbé* in commendam. — Recommended for the office, as distinguished from actually elected.

365. *Duval.* — Valentine Jamerai Duval (1695-1775), shepherd boy and, later, librarian to the Duke of Lorraine.

Maupertuis Helvetius. — P. L. M. de Maupertuis (b. 1698), astronomer and mathematician: C. A. Helvetius (1715-1771), materialist, descendant of a family of Dutch physicians.

marinées.—Pickled.

367. *fourriers . . . Heiduques.* Quarter-masters . . . Hungarian footmen.

371. *another Sovereign.*—Charles V.

372. *Damiens (the Jesuit-prompted assassin).* — R. F. Damiens (1714-1757) who attempted to murder Louis XV.

379. *Belinda's* Shock.—See Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

380. *the Golden Rules of King Charles.* — Twelve pithy "Table Observations," probably of seventeenth century origin. They were as follows:—

Pick no quarrels,
Make no comparisons,
Maintain no opinions.

Report no sad news,
Repeat no grievances,
Reveal no secrets.

Tell no long tales,
Take no tobacco,
Touch no state matters.

Lay no wagers,
Urge no healths,
Use no long meals.

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